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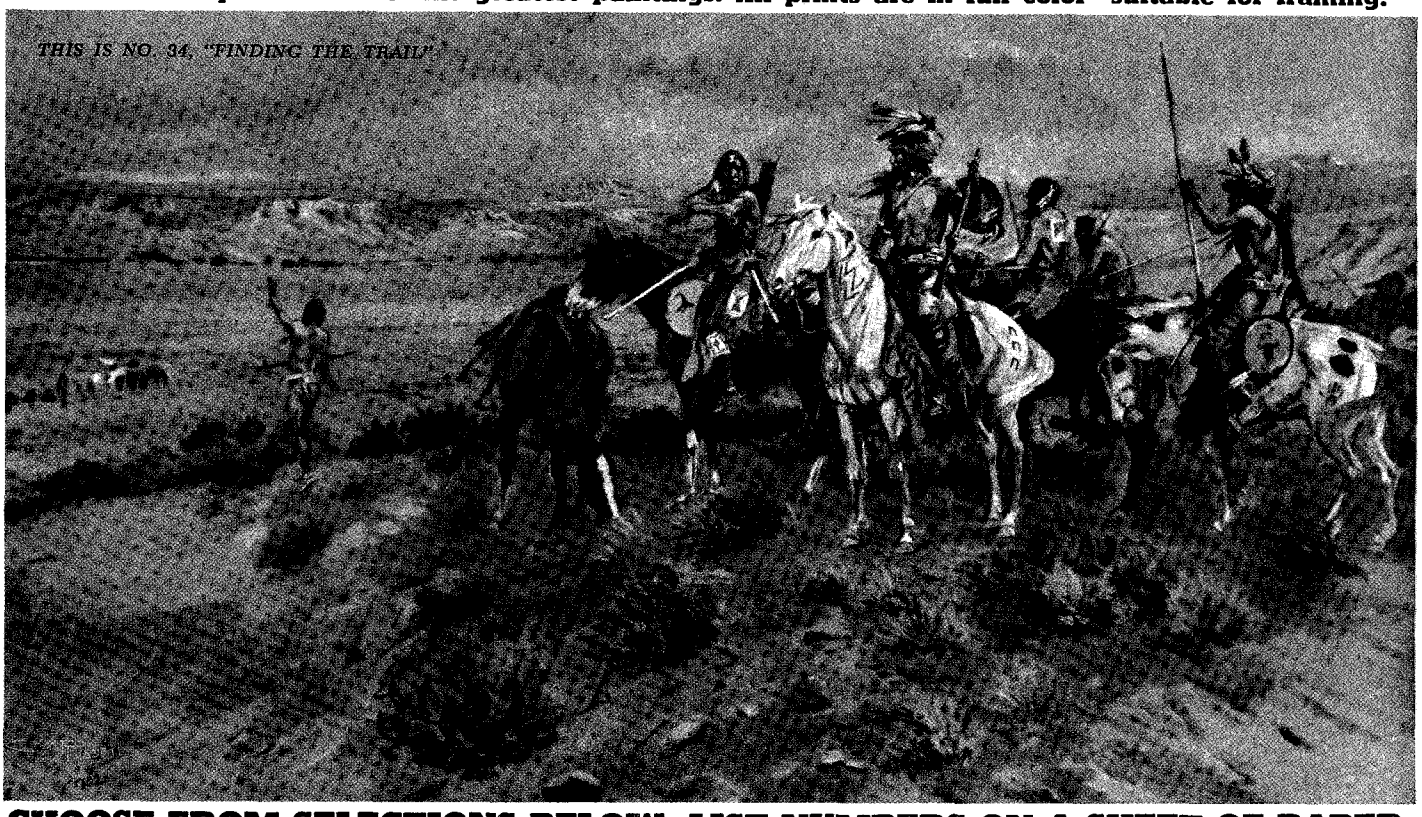

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3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
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21—*Carson's Men*, 14x9½
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24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
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86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
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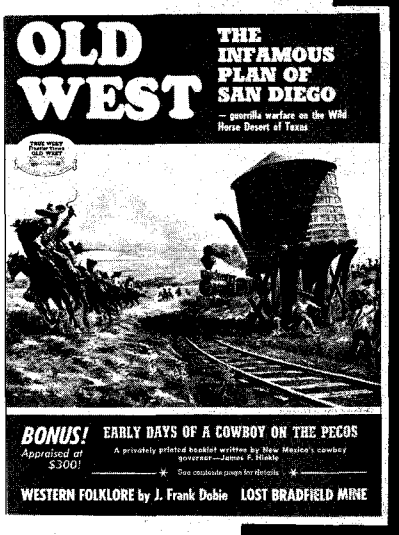

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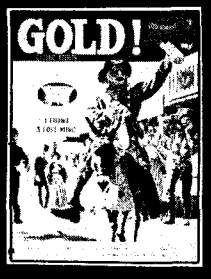

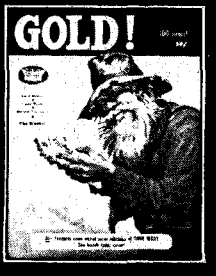

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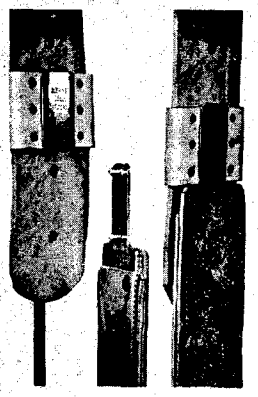

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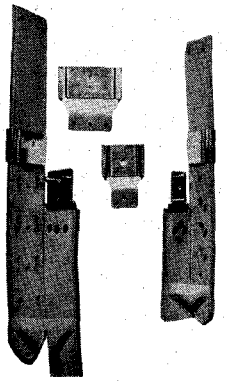

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FINALLY, ALASKA!

WHEN I was a kid on the old farm I would go to bed at night, close my eyes and dream I was cracking my whip over a dog team in the Yukon country of Alaska and shouting, "Mush! Mush!" I read everything I could get my hands on about this last frontier—especially stories of trappers, the fascination of snow and deep forests, iced-over lakes and streams, and men of mighty courage. I had not the slightest doubt that I would spend many winters in that white, cold world of mystery and adventure.

I continued to dream right on up to the time when a person had better see Alaska, even if it is only a short gnat's eye view, because the old Alaska is disappearing at a pretty fast clip.

So when friend Walter Yates started talking to me a couple of years ago about a boyhood ambition of spending a winter alone in a spot where no white man had ever tried to last out a winter, we struck up a conversation that wouldn't stop! His was to be a test of survival and he got my promise to get up there some way, look over that part of Alaska with him and say goodbye—hopefully until Spring. My two biggest enemies were time and money. But when I was offered an all expense paid trip—I figured I could take the time.

Walter's dream grew along with his knowledge of photography so he decided to make a motion picture of his boyhood dream—with no script written for the ending. He had been talking to a mutual friend, Richard "Cactus" Pryor, also. One day Cac and I got together and decided we would talk to Walter about seeing a psychiatrist. He just had to be nuts to attempt a fool thing like that! Then I got to thinking about some of the boyhood dreams I have realized that could have cut my dreaming off for good, and I suppose Cac got to thinking along that line also because both of us joined up to form a three-man band to help him beat the drums. Walter also picked up enthusiasm from some brilliant young men who are just stretching their wings in the motion picture business—so we all wound up there in the Post River Valley this past August. I don't know just how strong Walter's communications with the Almighty are but it would have been hard for him to have found a better example of the Creator's work without considerable help from way up yonder.

When you have dreamed about a land all your life, merely the statement, "We are now flying over Alaska. . ." should bring a rush of goose pimples up and down your old spine. It did mine and I looked over to note Cac's reaction. He was busy interviewing a man from Seattle who was headed for Fairbanks and a bulldozer job on the pipeline that would pay him $900 a week. I strained to catch my first glimpse of this fabled land out the window but saw only milky looking clouds. So I sat back in my seat, closed my eyes and wondered how today's Alaska would compare with my first and greatest love—the Old West. The sourdoughs had much in common with our Old West frontiersmen. My dreams of "If I could only have lived a couple of weeks during those roaring days of the Old West" were about to be realized in part on another vanishing frontier a little farther north.

MY FIRST big surprise was the Anchorage airport. I don't know quite what I expected. It is a sort of front gate to the Orient and "one of the biggest airports in the world" as one of the officials put it when we asked him where would

(Continued on page 48)

The "Post River Rogues" and their nearly completed cabin. Left to right: Walter Yates, Tillmin Welch, Ivan Bigley, Cactus Pryor, Lloyd Kolbe, Wally Hunter, and "Hosstail" Joe Small.

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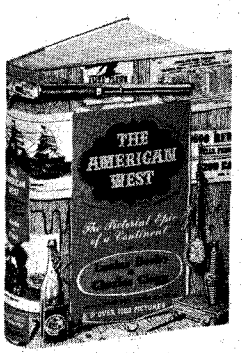

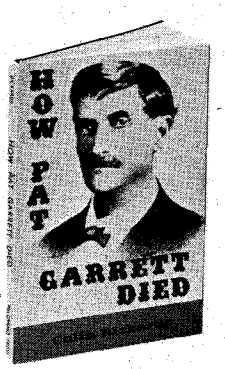

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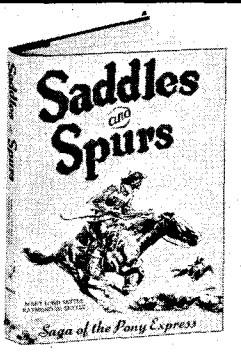

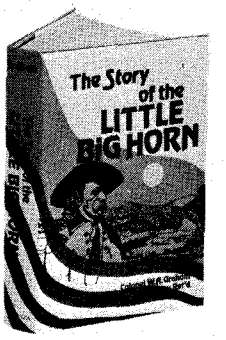

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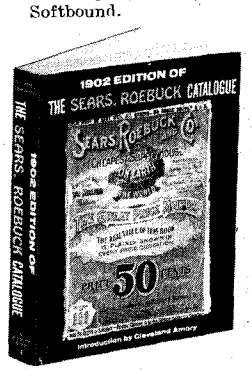

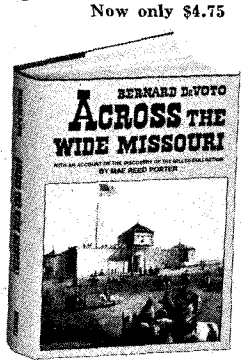

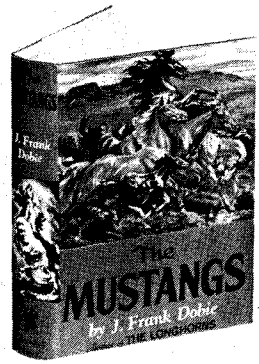

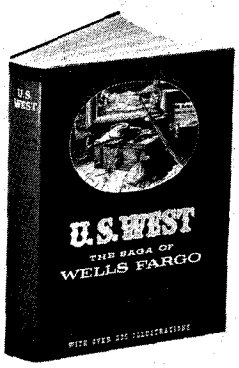

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Truly Western

Can Our Readers Help?

While doing the research for my story, "The Lost Garrison of the Cascades" which appeared in the March 1967 issue of FRONTIER TIMES, I came across an old tombstone of one Thomas McNatt located in a remote area west of the town of North Bonneville, Washington.

The U. S. Army Corps of Engineers has purchased most of the property of North Bonneville and the surrounding area for a second powerhouse project. Within this area of construction lies the gravesite of Thomas McNatt who died in 1861.

The following news article appeared in the *Columbian*, the local newspaper of Vancouver, Washington on October 4, 1975.

"The U. S. Army Corps of Engineers is trying to locate any living relatives of Thomas McNatt, who died in 1861 and is buried at North Bonneville, Washington. The Corps plans to acquire McNatt's gravesite in connection with the Bonneville Dam Second Powerhouse project. The Corps asks that anyone with knowledge of the deceased or any relatives please call Portland 777-4441, extension 502, or write the Portland District, Corps of Engineers, P. O. Box 2946, Portland, Oregon 97208.

"Corps officials said that McNatt, who was a hotel keeper, is buried about one mile west of North Bonneville. When McNatt died in 1861 he was survived by his wife Ellen J. and two daughters, Frisco Della and Lulu Jane. Mrs. McNatt later remarried William Wallis, then moved to Port Ludlow, Washington. William Wallis died in Port Ludlow in 1915. Ellen (McNatt) Wallis died sometime before that."

Perhaps some of the readers of Western Publications could come up with the answers concerning living relatives of Thomas McNatt. The information is needed as soon as possible.—A. R. Leichner, 121 S. E. 199th Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97233

A 1964 photo of the Thomas McNatt gravesite, located about 200 yards from the Columbia River.

Another Good Friend Gone

My father, Dick Wills, was born in Indian Territory on July 19, 1907—the year Oklahoma became a state. His early association with the lead and zinc mines and Indians in this area became his lifelong interests.

For many years he told and retold stories of the Southwest to his children and grandchildren. On one memorable occasion he swapped yarns with J. Frank Dobie. His stories were written originally at the insistence of his family and it was a source of immense gratification to him to have them published in your magazines. One of my father's greatest pleasures, though, was the many new friends he met through your publications.

He graduated from Texas' Baylor University in 1929. When the mines in Oklahoma's Picher District slowed down he went into color research and the printing of well logs. At the time of his death my father was a tool and die designer for several large textile industries. He died on June 27, 1975 after a year-long illness.—Ruth Wills, 310 First, N. W., Miami, Oklahoma 74354

Gann's Article Is Authentic

I just finished reading "When a Cowboy Falls in Love," by Walter W. Gann in the August '75 issue. My father and others who are still living rode for the Ace Kempton Ranch near Terry, Montana along the Powder, Yellowstone, and Cannonball Rivers. They were there in the years when Mr. Gann was, and from personal knowledge, I find Mr. Gann's article truly authentic and easily the best I've read. It is the real McCoy.—R. L. Furo, Center, North Dakota 58530

Information Wanted on Virgil Earp Grave

I love historical places and I'm a ghost-town nut. Your stories help me to find new places to see, even it it's a person's grave, house, or whatever. I even check out the places in your stories on my atlas, just to see the whereabouts of the happenings.

In your August TRUE WEST I was surprised to find out that Virgil Earp was buried in Portland, Oregon and I was wondering if that grave is available to see so that I might get a picture of it. Can anyone down that way help me? —Jerry Dye, 1214 So. 74th, Tacoma, Washington 98408

Searches the Superstitions

I have done a lot of weekend prospecting and hiking in the Superstition Mountains for about the last ten years, searching for the old Peralta-Dutchman Mines and for old Indian ruins. I would like to correspond with anyone interested in these mountains—old prospectors, writers, etc. and will be happy to answer all letters.—Dan Hopper, 417 W. Riviera Drive, Tempe, Arizona 85282

Late News

My good friend, the late Bill Edwards, told me this story more than sixty-five years ago. He was born in Gainesville, Texas and in his early teens he wanted to be a cowboy so he went out to southern New Mexico where his father owned an interest in a ranch, to work as a cowpuncher.

One day after he had been working for about a year he found himself near a water station on the Southern Pacific Railroad. Realizing that it was about time for a passenger train to stop there to take on water he dismounted and sat down in the shade of the water tank to wait and see the train come through. When the train stopped, the news butch on the train saw the lone cowpoke and jumped off with some newspapers under his arm. As he approached Bill he made his sales pitch—"Read all about the execution of Czolgosz!"

Bill asked, "What did they execute him for?"

"For killing the President," replied the news butch.

"The President of what?" queried Bill.

At that, the news butch said, "The President of the U. S.," and throwing Bill a paper, boarded the train.

Bill said, "I sat there under that water tank and read that paper and learned that President McKinley had been shot on September 5, 1901 and his assassin Leon Czolgosz had been tried, convicted and executed on October 29 and I had never heard about it. I then and there resolved that I would never again live so far away from the source of news. I went back to the ranch headquarters, quit my job, collected my back wages and went to El Paso where Pat Garrett,

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the Collector of Customs, gave me a job."

Bill later moved to Purcell in Pickens County, I. T. where he married the daughter of a prominent ranch family. For many years until his death he was a very successful life insurance salesman in Oklahoma City.—Charles L. Roff, Route 2, Durant, Oklahoma 74701

That Barnsour Racehorse

I fell in love with the West when I was five. I had plunked down a dime to the ticket taker at the old Rat Hole Theatre and there on the silver screen was a cowboy. A duststorm complete with tumbling tumbleweeds, cactus and sand was out to subdue the brave rider and his stout horse. That scene, still vivid in my memory, caused me to become a cowboy.

Trouble was we were townfolk and it turned out to be a long time before I had my own horse. Lucky for me, though, my Uncle Randall had a farm. There I learned to ride on his Palomino mare, Queen.

I was about fifteen when I met the Barnsour Racehorse but I didn't know what barnsour meant. Gary and Ollie were a couple of boys I knew who were lucky enough to live on a farm. Their older sister had won this old racehorse at a carnival. I didn't know how old the horse was but he was big, sorrel in color, and he looked pretty good to me. I guess he'd had the run of the farm for two or three years before I met the boys, and they didn't ride him too often.

(A Barnsour is one that is not ridden often, and kept mostly in the same pasture, stable or barn. This is a habit horse, sometimes called a barn horse. Once saddled, he finds it extremely hard to leave home; he will balk, peer around behind him and sometimes even buck. It is only with much prodding, poking, cussing and spurring that his rider will reach his destination. But when this horse is finally turned around for the return trip, all hell breaks loose. He will run faster than you ever dreamed he could! He will take the shortest route, ignoring posts, curves and stop signs. Over hill and dale, he'll jump fences, gates or anything in his way, and there are only two things his rider can do—either jump off, or stay on and pray that a train doesn't get in the way!)

Well, I had a motor bike that Ollie had long had his eye on and I told him he could try it out sometime. We lived six or seven miles from the Drenner boys' farm. One day Ollie rode up to our place on his sister's horse. Ollie figured that a good test for that bike was to ride it back to his farm while I followed on the horse. That sounded like a good idea to me as I'd been itching to crawl on the back of that horse anyhow. Ollie held the horse while I mounted and got the reins in my hand. Then he handed me a special rope that was attached somewhere around the animal's head. "If he gets to running," Ollie said, "just pull on the rope and holler, 'whoa!' He'll slow down." That rope, Ollie told me, was fixed in such a way as to be mighty painful to the horse's face; it was a sure way to stop him.

"Well, Ollie," I said, "let 'im go!" Let him go, he did. That old horse took off like somebody had shot at him. We hit the first turn in the road full speed. I thought of the six or seven miles of gravel grades and turns ahead. I pulled that special rope and hollered, "whoa!" The horse didn't pay any attention. It seemed to me that the more pullin' and whoain' and whoain' and pullin' I did, the faster that darn horse ran! Well, sir, that's the day I learned a new word—barnsour! That was the fastest ride I ever took in my whole life. Never since have I had a thrill that would in any way compare with it.

I thought about jumping off. Then I figured our speed and decided against it. We must have been going about thirty miles an hour but it sure seemed to me like fifty! That darn Barnsour Racehorse laid into curves with the same speed he took the flats. Hills just melted away behind us. He'll pile up on one of the curves and kill us both, I thought, but he didn't; and I stuck to him. It's a good thing we didn't meet a car. Probably he would have just jumped over it.

I don't know how long it took us to whisk away that six or seven miles, but it only *seemed* like five minutes. That

(Continued on page 62)

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A HORSE

PREFACE

This is not a story of my life. These are the hours I spent visiting with a guest who came to my dude ranch in the Blackfoot Valley. Helen Clark and I hunted together, rode my mountains, pushed my cattle, and as we straddled my pintos or sat by a fire in the evenings, I told her the things I remembered best about the years I spent in the saddle, as well as the experiences of others whose trails crossed mine and whose stories I can't forget.

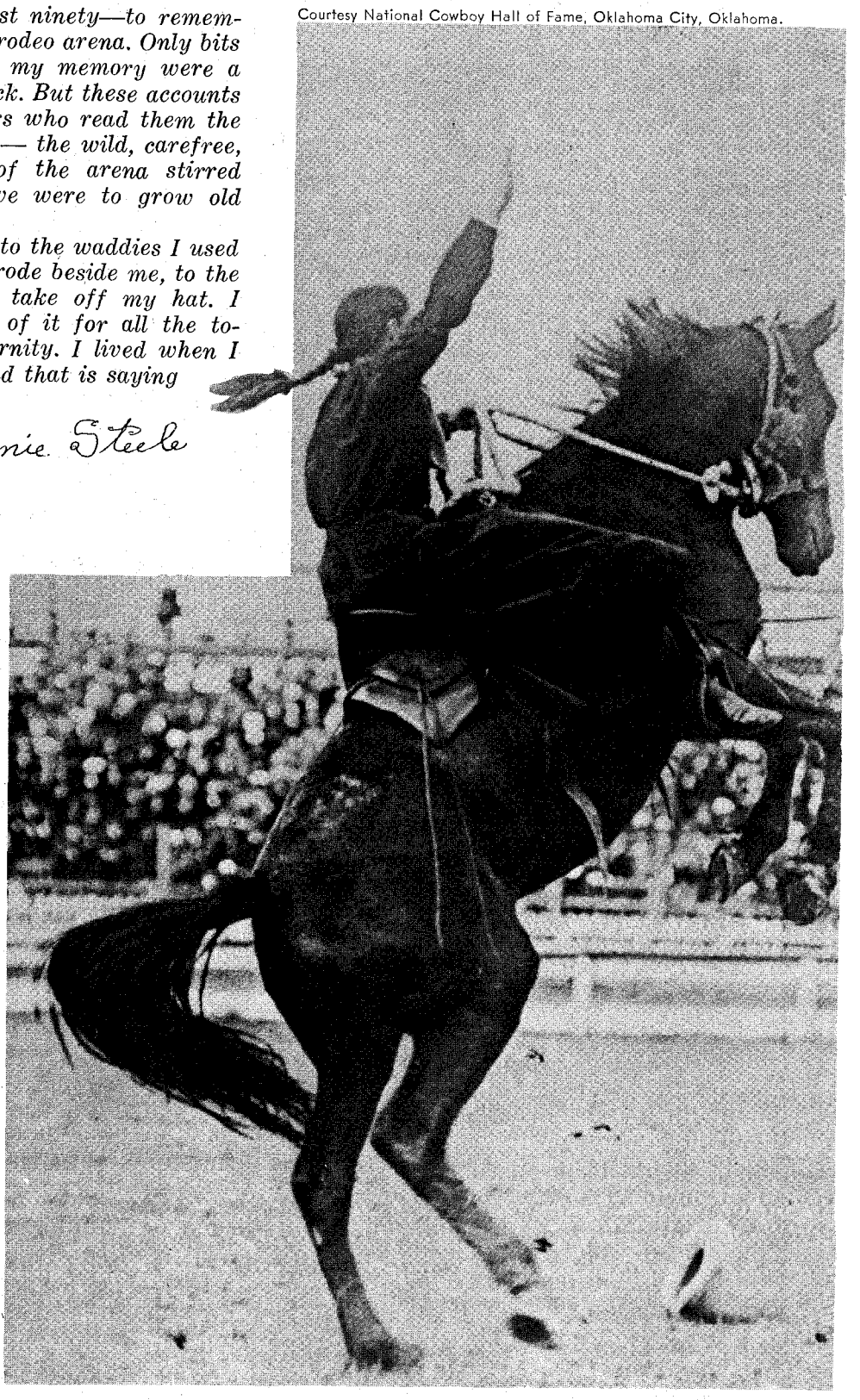
It is hard at present—I'm almost ninety—to remember all the color and clangor of the rodeo arena. Only bits here and there stand out. I wish my memory were a strong magnet to draw them all back. But these accounts may chance to bring back to others who read them the fuller picture of the great old days— the wild, carefree, ambitious days—when the dust of the arena stirred around us and we didn't know we were to grow old and forgetful.

To the yesterdays that are gone, to the waddies I used to know, to the bronc busters that rode beside me, to the horses beneath me—sometimes, I take off my hat. I wouldn't have missed one minute of it for all the tomorrows stretching ahead into eternity. I lived when I wanted to, the way I wanted to, and that is saying a lot for one mortal.

Fannie Steele

Fannie Sperry Steele was selected for induction as an Honoree in the Rodeo Hall of Fame, the official honor to be bestowed upon her on December 11, 1975, during the Rodeo Historical Society luncheon in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Courtesy National Cowboy Hall of Fame, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.



I WAS BORN March 27, 1887 on a horse ranch at the foot of Bear Tooth Mountain north of Helena, Montana, and if there is a horse in the zodiac then I am sure I must have been born under its sign, for the horse has shaped and determined my whole way of life.

Perhaps it is odd that a woman should be born with an all-consuming love of horseflesh, but I have never thought so. It seems to me as normal as breathing air or drinking water, that the biggest thing on my horizon has been the four-legged critter with mane and tail.

If there are not horses in heaven, I do not want to go there. But I believe there will be horses in heaven as surely as God will be there, for God loved them or He would not have created them with such majesty.

When I was a small child, my parents could see how the twig was bent. One day a wild pinto of my father's came to drink at the spring that flowed by the house. According to my mother, I took a scarf for a lasso and toddled in its direction. Maybe it was significant that it was a wild horse I picked, for it is the wild horse that has held my heart.

How can I explain to dainty, delicate women what it is like to climb down into a rodeo chute onto the back of a wild horse? How can I tell them it is a challenge that lies deep in the bones—a challenge that may go back to prehistoric man and his desire to conquer the outlaw and the wilderness?

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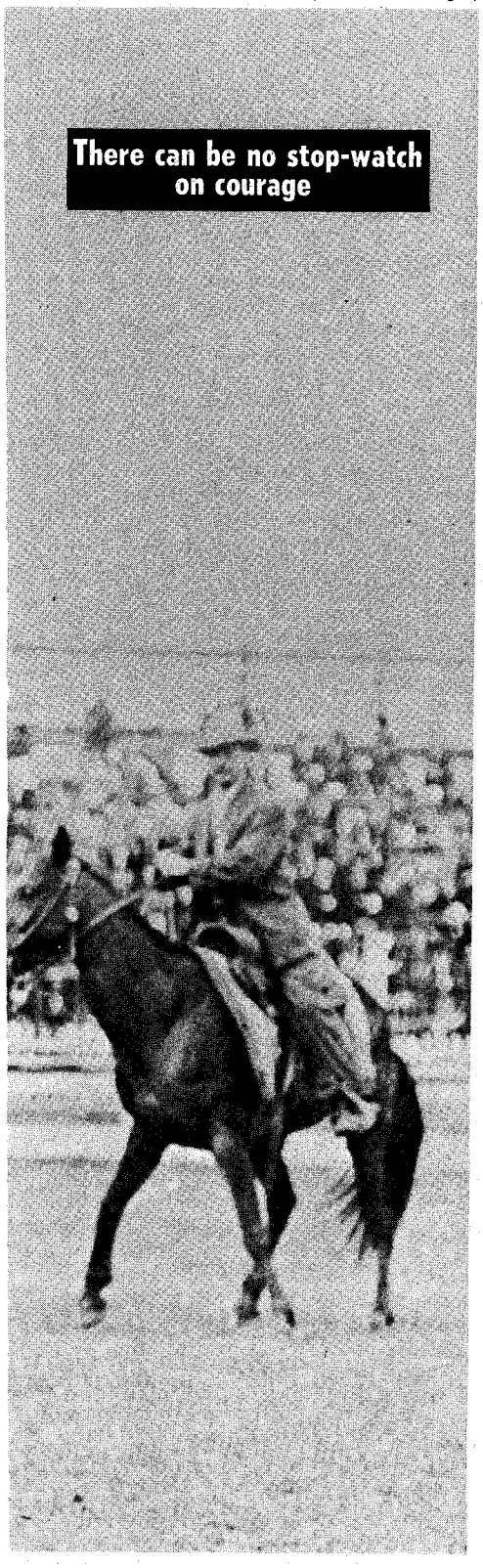
BENEATH ME ... SOMETIMES

By FANNIE SPERRY STEELE
as told to HELEN CLARK
Photos Courtesy Authors

Below, Fannie Sperry Steele, World's Lady Champion Bucking Horse Rider, at the Winnipeg Stampede in 1913.

Photo by Marcell of Calgary

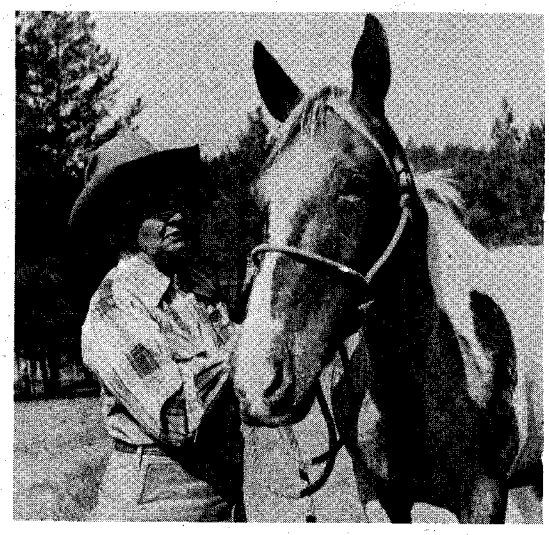


I wouldn't apply the word "delicate" to myself, yet I was a small-boned woman. When I was eighteen, my waist measured 22 inches; I stood 5'7" high and weighed 122 pounds. But I had the staying quality of a cockleburr; a bronco had a hard time throwing me off. I was light. I was quick. I had balance.

TODAY a good many rodeo fans discuss the merits of riding by balance versus riding by strength, but I pooh-pooh the whole argument. Riding is a combination of a great many things, over-ruled and governed by reflex. It's strength, it's balance, it's timing, it's experience, it's guts, it's coordination, it's practice, it's will, it's instinct. Pool them all together and measure them out in the right consistency and you get a natural rider like Casey Tibbs, or the top bronc-riding men of my day: Jess Coates, Paddy Ryan, Yakima Canutt.

A very petite person can call up a great deal of strength by focusing the entire strength of the body in one place. I always rode with my left hand on the buck rein, my right one free. But I could pinpoint strength into that left hand when I needed it, just as I could pinpoint strength between my legs when I gripped the ribs of a sun-fishing bronc.

Every rodeo rider knows that there is an art to keeping the head from bobbing or going with the horse. Too many women rodeo riders, especially those riding hobbled, have had their necks broken. I never rode hobbled in my life. For those who do not understand the term, it means that the stirrups are tied underneath the horse's belly, so that once the rider puts his feet into the stirrups and turns them outward, at the same time digging and keeping the rowels of the spurs stuck into the horse's flanks or into the cinch, he can not be bucked off. It is the same thing as being tied on a bronco. It takes plenty of nerve to ride this way, for to my way of thinking it's exceedingly dangerous.



Above, Fannie with her favorite pinto, Daisy. Taken at her dude ranch near Helmville, in the Blackfoot Valley of western Montana, in the early '60s.

Many women have lost their lives riding with hobbled stirrups. If the horse goes over backward in the chute, or falls with its rider in the arena, the rider hasn't time to kick loose. I never have been able to consider it sporting to ride hobbled, for it isn't giving the horse

Below, Fannie's all-pinto pack string. For a number of years it was the only one of its kind in the Northwest.

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Above. Fannie heading out for the mountains on an elk hunt. She was a licensed outfitter-guide for many years. On this particular trip Fannie was well into her sixties.

a fifty-fifty chance—fifty per cent in favor of him that he'll buck you off, fifty per cent in favor of you that you'll ride him. Mine is the reputation of being the only woman rodeo rider who rode her entire career unhobbled. I confess it's a record I am proud of!

"But you don't look like a rodeo rider," many people have said to me. I have never known for certain what conclusions I should draw from that remark. Should I be bowlegged? I'm not. Should I have had an enormous build, smoked cigars, waddled when I walked, cussed out of the side of my mouth, been uproariously loud? I wasn't. I was raised to be ladylike and refined, if rugged and wiry and independent, and I have remained so all my life. If I disappointed those who were expecting something like a three-ring circus, I'm not sorry. But I did, and do, dress differently from the average woman.

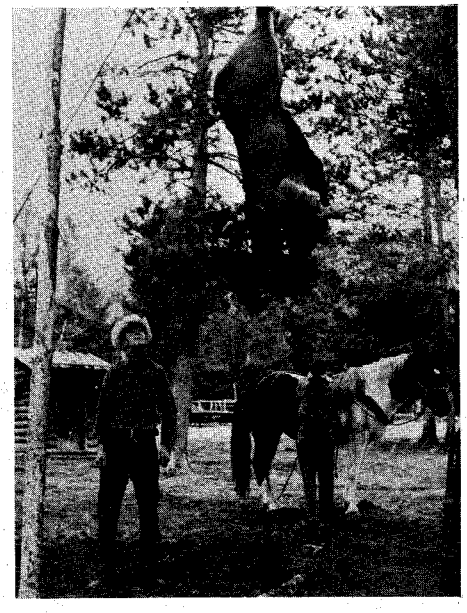
In my day you rode in the arena in a divided riding skirt. I had many, but one I cherished above all others and I have it still. It's of brown and white calfskin, beautifully tanned and very well made by an early saddle-maker, Al Fersenough of Miles City. One day, when some newspaper people were at my ranch for an interview, I was asked to model it. I tried to oblige. Taking it out of mothballs from the old wooden chest I have had for many years, I thought to slip right into it and button it up. But my waist wouldn't permit. I'd forgotten to allow for middle-age spread and old age. We had, finally, to wire it on me, while I posed with the opposite side showing!

It was then suggested I put on the trophy I won at Winnipeg in 1913 when I won the title of World's Champion Lady Bronc Rider. I brought forth the solid gold buckle and hand-tooled leather belt that I had been awarded, but again, time played a trick on me—the belt wouldn't circle my waist.

"Was I ever so little?" I gasped to my amused friends as I struggled trying to make the ends meet.

Once, in the East, I had an embarrassing experience pertaining to dress. My husband and I were dining in a very fashionable establishment, both of us dressed in Western attire, when a reporter advanced and asked if he could join us for an interview. We consented. He began to direct questions at me, maybe because Bill was too busy eating.

Fannie Steele and Butch Clark, just in from the mountains with an elk.



"Mrs. Steele, what do you think of today's styles?" he asked.

Never supposing that he would quote me, I said, "They're awful. I don't like them a bit!"

To my horror, the next morning's paper carried an account of our interview, with my remarks fully disclosed, and a thorough description of my own looks added. To show you the reporter's impression of me, let me quote from that article which is still in my scrapbook:

" 'Present styles in women's clothes?' repeated Mrs. Fanny Sperry Steele, word's champion woman rider and broncho buster, as she sat with her husband in the dining room of the Howard Hotel last night.

" 'They're awful. I don't like them a bit.' There was a finality in her answer that precluded any further conversation on that point.

"Mrs. Steele's own clothing spoke fully as emphatically of her disregard for convention and her opposition to the uncomfortable dress of the East, as she considers this part of the country. She wore a riding skirt of deep maroon that showed hard wear in the saddle. The sleeves of her orange shirt—it was not a shirtwaist—were held up by black elastic. Around her waist was a wide leather belt with gold buckle, a trophy won, together with $1,000 cash at Calgary, Can. On her breast was a medal presented to the 'champion lady rider of Montana,' while the stick pin in the red necktie had been won in a twenty-four mile relay race in Minnesota. A wide, high crowned sombrero covered her head, while two long braids of hair hung down her back.

"Mr. & Mrs. Steele had just arrived from their ranch near Mitchell, Montana.

"Mrs. Steele, who cannot remember far enough back to recall her first horseback ride and who began to ride bucking horses at the age of 14, will meet all women riders during the frontier celebration. She admits no peer, with the possible exception of her 67-year-old-mother. . . ."

Incidentally, my mother was in the saddle rounding up wild horses when she was seventy-six years old.

PEOPLE were always seeking out my husband for a story, and most generous in including me in every interview. If they sometimes gave me more coverage than they gave Bill, he would insist it was all worthwhile publicity. Bill liked this paragraph penned in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in which the reporter said: "The daring girl is a typical daughter of the Montana ranches. She is of medium height, lithe, supple and graceful. Her pretty face is bronzed by the sun and winds of the West. When riding she wears a short gray skirt, white jacket, and gray sombrero held by an elastic band hooked under her chin. She rides ordinarily with the easy, graceful swing of the range rider, but when in a race she sits far up on her mount's withers, in the Tod Sloan style, with her head along the horse's neck, and skirts held as closely as possible to the racer's sides, so that as little resistance as possible may be offered by the wind."

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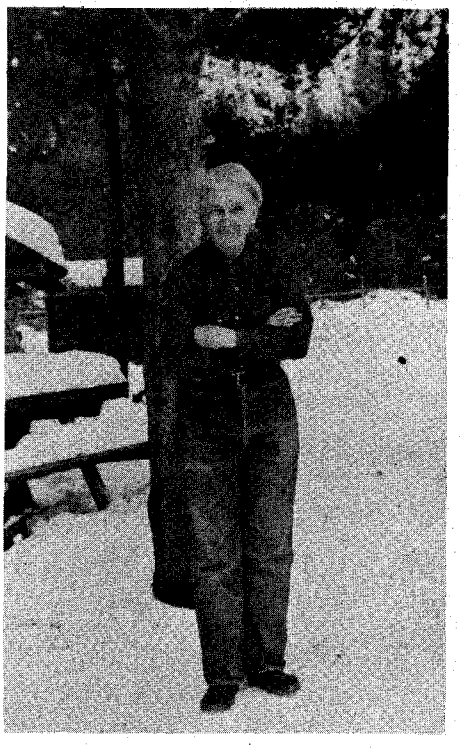
Fannie clowns for a photo with elk antlers.

I recall one particular relay race in which I was contesting. It wouldn't be fair to tell the outfit or the man's name, but in one series he competed with us women dressed in woman's clothing and wearing a wig. Those of us who knew him teased him greatly, calling him "Mrs. Wigs." He took the place of a particular woman relay rider who was always getting drunk. Since no one could be found to ride her horse, the producer decided to dress up this slender fellow. But the man just didn't have the knack for swinging on and off a mount, and all of us women could beat him when it came to changing horses and winning a race.

Relay racing was a part of rodeo I loved as well as bronc riding, and I rode a great deal in the Irwin Brothers rodeos as a relay rider. Among my pictures from their shows is one with Buffalo Bill Cody and a group of six women contestants. My costume was not very flattering in that picture, but neither were the clothes of the other females. That is because styles have changed so greatly since we were young. Today these clothes look a bit outlandish.

Fannie on her dude ranch north of Helmville, Montana.



Let me say here, however, that my own personal looks were of little interest to me. I attired myself in a manner that was in keeping with my riding, active life. I wore my long black hair in two Indian braids. Now that it is white, I wear it short, a boyish bob. I never have worn powder or make-up. I have always dressed "Western."

Today I own no dresses. I never wore dresses on any of our rodeo trips across the country. I wore either divided riding skirts (no longer fashionable), or Levi's, or trousers. I wore a Stetson most of the time, or ribbons at my braids' ends. I have never owned a bonnet, but I wear a red hunting hat during hunting season.

I wear no jewelry except my gold wedding band and my silver or gold medals, selecting one at random to wear at rodeo appearances.On my wrist is a man's watch. My footwear consists of cowboy boots, hunting boots, packs, moccasins, and in deep snow, webs (snowshoes). Housedresses were never for me—I've never been that domestic, and an apron is something I never use.

But I was married in a dress. That was a concession, you are thinking? No, it was a lovely dress, and nostalgia for that day makes me recall it in detail. It was a deep blue wool-gabardine, extending to the floor. It had a plunging neckline, but the plunge was carefully concealed with a high lace collar and a wide lace flounce pinned at the throat. Bill ordered red roses for my corsage, and they were perfect. I pinned them over my heart.

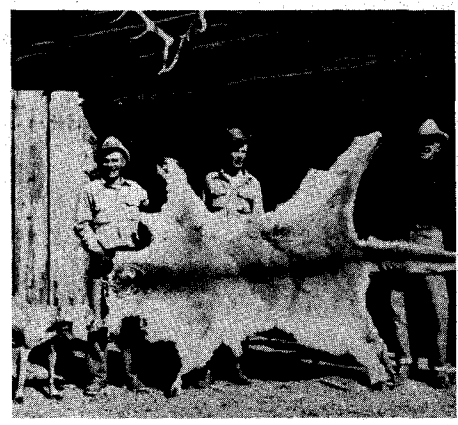
Bill was a handsome groom and I have our wedding picture to prove it! He wore a high-collared, stiffly starched white shirt and a tie, which for *him* was quite a concession! A carnation in the lapel set off his dark suit. Bless us—we made a lovely looking couple!

If I claim my looks were of little concern to me, nonetheless I am pleased when old-timers pay me the compliment of referring to me as having been a comely young woman. And I confess that I vainly appreciate it when they tell of the number who stood in line at a dance to waltz with me.

I hardly saw men, yet let a horse go down the road and I noted all there was to see about it! Thank God that the man who did love me, and taught me in turn to love him, was a horseman or our marriage would have been doomed before it started. Bill Steele was eleven years older than I. He had been with horses all his life. He was a saddle bronc rider and rodeo clown, and he owned his own string of broncos. He produced a good many rodeos. We met for the first time when he came to engage me to ride in one of his shows.

A woman magazine writer embarrassed me one day when, during the course of an interview, she asked, "Did you love your husband at first sight?" I was so unprepared for the question that I got flustered. I answered, "Damn if I can remember." The woman looked askance. But she was to look more startled when, as the interview progressed, she asked, "How did you spend your honeymoon?"

"Rodeoing!" I answered, laughing. It was the truth. Even to me it now seems a funny thing, especially when the interviewer followed it up by logically saying: "But maybe you wouldn't have had any tomorrows. Maybe you might have been killed!"

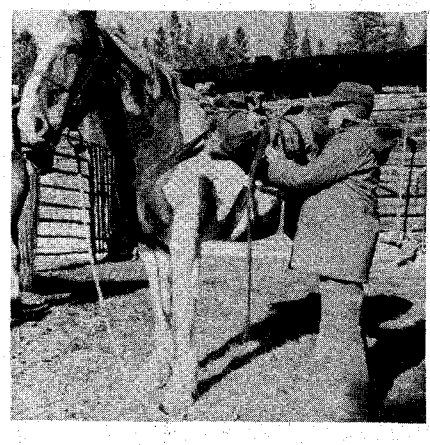


Above, the Copenhaver Brothers; (left to right) Wendel, Howard, and Gene. These friends often helped Fannie put up her winter hay.

HOW EASILY we could have been killed. But death didn't matter, somehow, because we met it so often day after day that, like life, it got to be commonplace. Once during a rodeo, my husband was knocked unconscious and taken for dead. There wasn't even time for me to go to him, for I had to get ready to make his ride for him. That may seem callous, but we were show people in our own right, and "the show had to go on." I could lament for Bill later, but the horses had to be ridden right then.

The majority of rodeo people become fatalists sooner or later. We believe that when our time comes, there's nothing we can do about it. When you are of a fatalis-

Fannie readies one of her pack horses before hitting the trail.



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tic trend of mind, you never worry about death; it's taken care of for you by someone else. I prefer to call Him, God. Through the years, Bill and I just drew our numbers and rode our horses.

Rodeo broncs are numbered, and matching numbers on paper are put in a hat. From the hat, the contestants draw a number which determines the horse they ride. For years I stood in line with the men and drew a number, and rode the horse whose number I had drawn. But as the years began to creep up on me, I had to confine myself to riding my own picked broncs, or horses I knew.

I was still riding broncs when I was fifty, and I hope I shall ride a horse to the day I die. At sixty, however, I had to concede there would be no more buckers under my saddle.

The only thought I've given death is the way I shall be laid out in the casket. In Western clothes, if you please, as I have lived! Shirt, and trousers, and my boots on my feet! I never worry about the attendance at my funeral. My friends will see me off, as they have seen me away so many times in life. That's something about the West, and also about the Indian habit of burial, too—we go any distance to put our own away. And there's a fraternity in rodeo that defies description—it's constantly there in the air of the arena. And it's an atmosphere that keeps us all together, whether near or miles apart.

I like to believe, like the Indian, that when we die, a horse is waiting for us to carry us on to the Hereafter. But I would not want, as the Blackfeet practiced in days gone by, to have a horse killed at my death for that express purpose—I would turn over in my grave!

Fannie always hunted game with a Winchester .30/06, with which she would annually bag elk, deer, and sometimes a bear. When she was a bit younger, she spent some time tending a trap line on her ranch. One winter she caught 18 coyotes, a bobcat, and a wolf. Fannie is shown here with one of her saddle mounts, taken sometime in the 1960s.

Because my love of the pinto is so great, people often ask me if I am part Indian. No, I am not, but if I were I would be proud of it. They are the greatest natural horsemen known. My father was a Scot; my mother German. Her name was Fredericka Henrietta Ernestine Schroeder, but everyone called her Rachel.

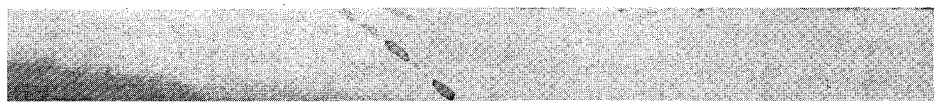
Maybe I have loved the pinto horse so much because a neighbor we had when I was a child would kill all the pintos in his band of horses.

"No-good Injun cayuses," he called them. "I don't want 'em croppin' my range." Maybe it brought out the mother instinct in me, who never in a lifetime was blessed with children. I connived to keep away from him all the pinto ponies I could. I am mothering pinto ponies to this day, and hope to until the day I die. And since my husband has been dead almost forty years now, and my relatives able to fare well for themselves, my greatest worry in the after-world will be the well-being of my pintos. I can leave the range, since I have loved and had a full share of life on it; I can quit the ranch and ranch house and my souvenirs —but I hate like hell to leave my pintos behind! Most of them, however, I have had to sell.

Now that I am what young people consider an old woman, and I look back at my life, I can truthfully say that if I had it all to do over again, I would live it exactly the same. From such a statement you gather that I have liked it. I have *loved* it, every single, wonderful, suffering, exhilarating, damned, blessed moment of it. And if, with my present arthritis, I must pay the price of every bronco ride that I have ever made, then I pay for it gladly. Pain is not too great a price to pay for the freedom of the saddle and a horse between the legs.

I WAS the fourth child of Rachel and Datus Sperry. Our home was a log house nestled in a gulch of Bear Tooth Mountain. I lived in that log house until I was married on April 30, 1913. I was named Fannie after an aunt on my

An old postcard photo of Fannie taken at the New York City Stampede in 1916. She is shown riding a horse named "Midnight" (not the famous "Midnight" of Canada).



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father's side. I've liked my name—it's fitted me. It's not too pretty. It's not too long. It's just right for a bronco stomper.

My father was called by his initials, "D. E.," For Datus seems a very bookish name, but it fitted him—he was a dry, scholarly man, a smart man. He made us laugh easily, even though he himself never cracked a smile. He would get off some pun or wisecrack and while we would go into spasms of laughter, he would act as if he didn't know he'd said anything funny. Because he never seemed amused, people who were strangers to our house didn't know whether to laugh or be silent. I think this, too, used to tickle my father, who was laughing inside all the time.

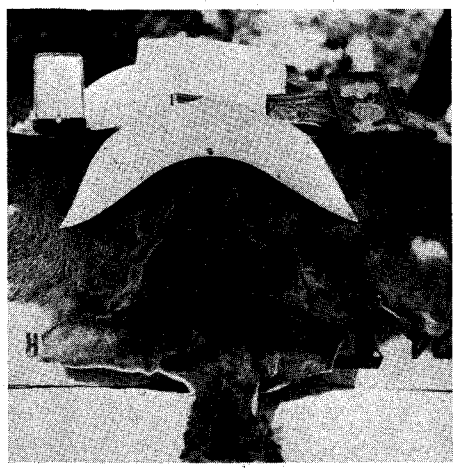
Our lives followed the pattern of our ranching father. Bertha and Carrie, my sisters, married outdoor men to live on ranches out of Helena; my brother Walter became a blacksmith in Plains, Montana; the other brother, Arthur, was in ranching in Helena Valley.

I have always liked the poem, "I remember, I remember, the house where I was born." But more than the houses that have sheltered me I remember the wide, blue, pine-scented sky of the West, its spectacular sunrises and sunsets. I'm glad I live in the West. I was meant to live in the mountains. The great, forested outdoors of Montana have been my church. I have not been to Sunday service in years. My reason seems sufficient unto me: I lived too far from churches, in a very remote valley. I go to church to bury my friends.

For years I lived in one of the most beautiful valleys in the Northwest, once a favorite dwelling for members of the Blackfoot Nation. It bears their name. Old-timers, both white and Indian, recall this valley with tenderness, describing the tepees that whitened its grass. I know the love for it of the Blackfeet, the most fearsome and awe-inspiring of the Plains Indians. A ferocious people, according to history, these Indians took their might and pride from the horses they rode—becoming, because of those acquired horses, the aristocrats of the Plains. They are still a proud people; today a few are wealthy, not only because golden grass favors their reservation, but gold in the form of black oil flows beneath the ground as was the case with the Morning Gun family.

THE BLACKFOOT RIVER flows through the Blackfoot Valley, and many Indian relics have been found along its banks. The first white boy born in this valley is now dead; he was Charlie Young of Ovando. Charlie lived into his nineties. He remembered well the early Indian villages, for his playmates were Indian children. He learned to ride on their ponies. He learned to love their country, too, and he became the first trapper into the primitive area of the South Fork of the Flathead country, a region still unblemished by roads.

Charlie had the rare distinction of trapping two gold marten. He did not even know what they were. He trapped them both in a few days of one another in the same vicinity. Marten are a brown, furbearing animal with a tiny



A few of Fannie's trophies displayed on an old cowhide. The large silver plate that adorned her championship saddle is in the foreground.

splash of gold the color of a dandelion under their throats. Charlie's were freaks —they were *all* gold in color. When Charlie came out in the spring with his cache, packing his furs on his back and making the trip by webs, he headed for Kalispell and the closest fur buyer. Even the buyer did not know what the golden animals were.

"I got only eight dollars apiece for them," recalled Charlie. "I didn't know a golden marten could be worth a mint. I thought I was well paid; we usually got between twelve and fifteen dollars for a marten. This buyer liked those golden pelts so much he had a fur piece made for his wife, who was, I am told, a platinum blonde. I'd like to have seen the combination."

Charlie and I and our kind loved the West. I loved my ranch. Let me describe it to you. It was a log cabin fifty feet long, built so that additions could be made, and they were! We picked the location for our ranch and buildings primarily because Bill loved the spot. Love for it was to grow with me through the years. Not many women would envy the isolated winters I spent alone there on my shoestring spread, with only my dog to talk to or a far-away neighbor who came by on snowshoes to see how I was making out.

Flags of all the western states are displayed in front of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center, in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma where Fannie was inducted into the Rodeo Hall of Fame.

I am independent by nature. I will do for myself until the day I die, God willing. When Bill rode off into another horizon, I had my roots planted deep, and I let them be. No, I can't say that he remained at the ranch. I think it was too quiet for him. He's off in some heavenly arena, fighting the bulls. And that's as it should be. Rodeo was his pulse.

Too many rodeo injuries stacked the cards against my Bill. He suffered terribly before he died. He was a complete invalid. Toward the end I had to tend him like an infant. People said to me when he died that I must have felt it was a blessing, but I did not. When you have to wait on some one day and night, that one becomes that much closer and dearer, and it's harder to let go. It almost broke my heart when he left; only the knowing he would like greener fields made it bearable.

THERE is a saying in Montana that there are no *people* here—we are all *characters*. A magazine editor asked me once, "What rodeo men did you like, Fannie?" He got a startled look on his face when I replied, "All of them!"

I did like all our rodeo associates. There is a bigheartedness about rodeo people that can't be gainsayed. I suppose we have a gambling spirit; when we're in the chips, we share with those less fortunate; when we're down and out, we borrow, or sell or pawn our gear to keep going. That's how my world's championship saddle won at Calgary got away from me. I needed hard cash, so I sold it. A thousand dollars couldn't pry it away from me today, but where it went or who owns it I do not know. It was beautiful, handtooled with red roses. First I sold the matching tapaderos, then the saddle. But I hung on to my solid gold buckles, my sterling silver-studded bridle, and my medals.

There were some men in rodeo who meant more to me than others, of course. There was Bob Askins, who used to ear down my bronc for me when I wasn't riding out of the chute. Like the men of my day, I often climbed on my horse in the arena. When it had been roped and saddled and blindfolded, I could depend on Bob holding the bronco until I was ready to mount and give the signal for release. There was Paddy Ryan, one of Montana's greats, who was full of fun and never pretentious about his ability. Harvey Winsor, A. Brassfield, Lloyd Coleman, Jess Coates—all were good riders and all fine fellows.

There were many rodeo women as well as men that I liked, as Lucille Mulhall. She was a quiet woman. She was not only a good rider, she was a remarkable roper. There was Louise Thompson, a Wild West Show rider back in 1916 who still writes to me from California. There

(Continued on page 36)

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Broncs and Stompers

By MARCUS CROWLEY
submitted by
KATHLEEN GEBHARDT
Photos Courtesy Author

**"Started early in the morning
Always riding on the run
Just to keep those knotheads grazing
'Tween the Dearborn and the Sun..."**

"GLORY RIDERS!" That's the title Charlie Russell gave the reckless old boys who rode the rough strings, and later, when rodeos came into their own, to the fellows who charged out of the chutes in the middle of the tough broncs that bucked and twisted across the dusty arenas with the roar of the grandstands in their ears. Glory riders they were and are. Take it from me; I tried to make the grade, but failed.

My father took one of the last homesteads available in Montana's lower Madison Valley in 1882. Twelve years later I was born and, by that time, Dad had built the homestead into rather a substantial ranch. The lower Madison was natural hay country, both native grass and cultivated alfalfa. Many cattle were wintered there; consequently, this was the land of many good cowhands and some of them were top bronc riders.

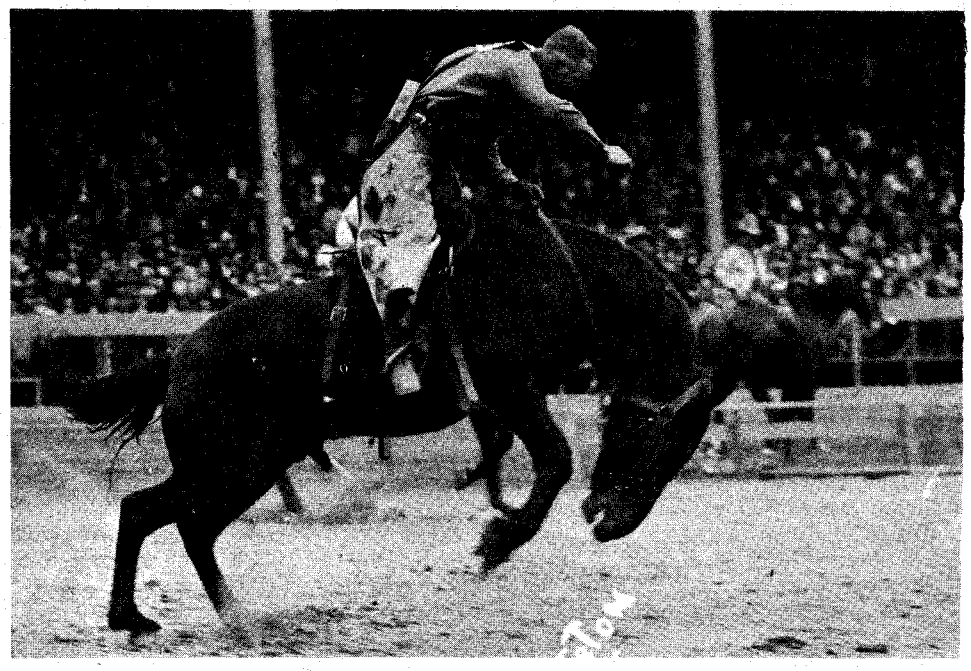
During my young years, several of the pioneers who arrived on the first wagon-train in 1864 were still around. Whenever they'd get together, they'd talk of old times. My fondest memories are the many pleasant hours I spent listening to their tales of the bronc busters who had drifted into the community and lived there for a time.

They would recall how Jim Giles, who hailed from Idaho, could stand in one stirrup and light a cigarette while the bronc was putting in his best jumps. Then there was Herbert Brady, younger son of a wealthy Irish family. Although he lost his shirt by going into the horse business, he learned to be a top rider. Herb rode every bronc he took a seat on. But the favorite subject of all was a tough little rooster named Billy LeRoy who had drifted in from Texas. He claimed to be a cousin of "Billy the Kid." According to the old-timers, Billy was the most graceful and active rider of a bucking horse they had ever seen. He could get away from a falling bronc with the ease and grace of a cat, and be back in the saddle by the time the horse had scrambled to his feet.

Billy left the Madison country when the valley began to be settled. He had no hankering to dig post holes, pitch hay or dig irrigation ditches, and this was the kind of work ranchers began to expect of a hired cowhand. He rode off one day with a pal named Brown. They happened to meet up with three horsethieves and rode along with them. A posse of stranglers caught up with all five of them and they were hanged on a big cottonwood tree in Musselshell County, now known as the "The Hanging Tree" of Roundup, Montana.

It was rumored that Jim Giles met the same fate somewhere in Idaho. Herb Brady, being a well educated man, took a job in the Capitol at Helena after losing his horse ranch. He held this job until retirement age.

Seventy-five years ago, the three most talked-of riders in southwestern Montana were Jake Ross of Toston, "Peeler" Weaver of Belgrade, and Joe Redfern of Twin Bridges. Any one of these three would take a seat at any time and on any tough bronc if they considered the purse big enough or could arrange a bet to their liking.



Above, Jack Williams on "Okanogan," at the 1923 Pendleton, Oregon Roundup.

Jake Ross was a well-muscled athletic type, over six feet tall and strong. He used to like to prove his strength by lying on the floor, placing his heels together and betting any man he couldn't pull them apart. He won most of those bets (which proved that he could get a grip on a bronc that was hard to break).

JAKE was still riding broncs when he was sixty years old and lived to a good old age. He was still a bronc buster at heart when he passed on.

Peeler Weaver was well known for his toughness and endurance. One summer when working on the Musselshell, he rode forty miles to the Fourth of July Rodeo in Lewistown. He arrived just in time to enter the rodeo and he won the saddle bronc contest.

Peeler later settled with his family on a farm in the Madison Valley. He was breaking horses until they broke him. The last time I saw Peeler he was so crippled he was barely able to get around. He was that way for many years until death brought relief.

Joe Redfern was a bronc buster who,

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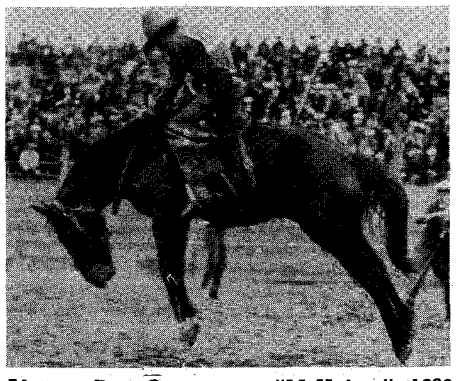
Above, Marcus Crowley on Appaloosa stallion, "The Wagtail Kid," about 1941.



Above, Pat Owens on "McHaley," 1923 Pendleton Roundup.

at one time, almost caused a war between the residents of the Madison and Jefferson Valleys. Now the "Jeffersonites" were rightly proud of Redfern, and especially when he rode the "Circle Dot Gray."

The Circle Dot Gray was a tough bronc whose owner lived in the noted little cow town of Ennis, situated on the west bank of the Madison. This bronc had bucked off all previous riders, including George Williams, an expert rider from around Billings and Miles City.

There was a standing offer of $200 for anyone who qualified on the Gray, but after Redfern made the ride the owner of the bronc claimed the biggest share of the purse. This controversy was finally settled without bloodshed, but Redfern's community still claimed he was cheated.

A year or so after Redfern rode the Gray, Bert Vetter, a Madison native, rode him. Vetter was a huge man with a grip in his legs that could almost crush the ribs of an ordinary horse. According to spectators, Vetter rode with bull strength and awkwardness.

One of Vetter's favorite stunts was to rope a two-year-old or a small three-year-old. He'd walk up the rope, teasing the colt till it would rear and strike. Vetter would then grab the ankle and with a quick jerk, throw the pony to the ground.

ON the Fourth of July 1908, Manhattan, Montana put on a celebration. The main form of entertainment at all small town celebrations was a ball game and a buckin' contest. That day, Manhattan had a ball game but hadn't arranged a buckin' contest, so a bronc riding exhibition was arranged on the spot.

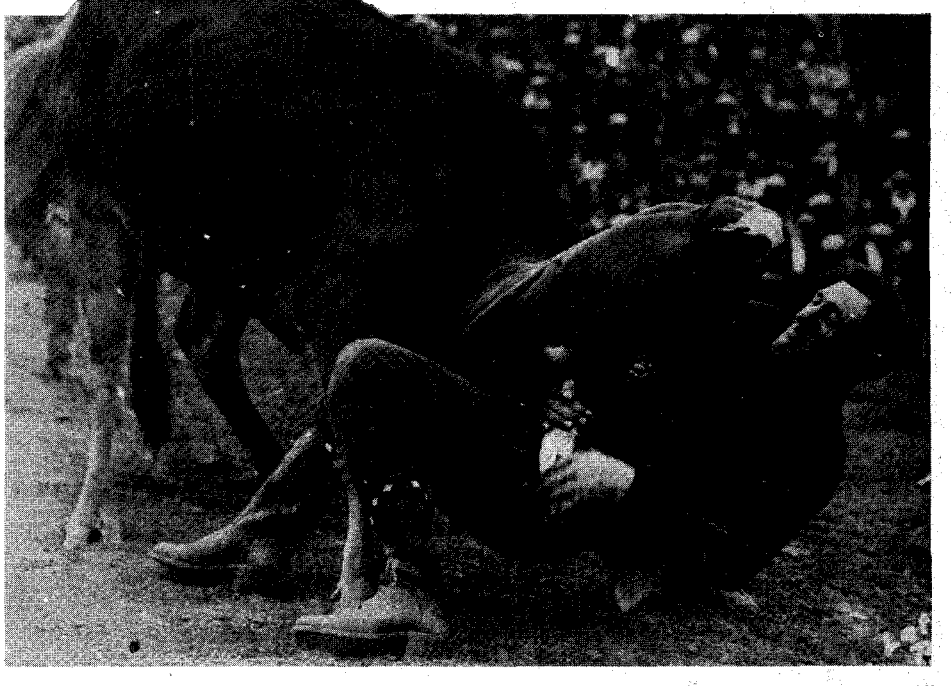
"Rawhide" George Bennett was in town, a small wiry lad and a first-rate bronc stomper. While the ball game was in progress, a collection was given to Rawhide to top one off.

After the game was over, Charlie Conner of the Horseshoe Basin led in a mean-eyed buckskin with collar marks on his shoulders. The horse was snubbed up, eared down and saddled. Then little Rawhide stepped up and across him. That horse exploded and went to work in earnest. He would have made a good showing at Cheyenne or Pendleton. This didn't bother the rider, as he just sat up there and whipped the outlaw on all four corners. When the horse quit bucking and started to run, the pickup man caught him and led him back on the run with Rawhide still in the saddle.

The crowd screamed for more, so Rawhide took the buck-reins, grabbed the horse with his spurs and away they went again. The show didn't last long as the bronc seemed to go crazy. He sunfished to such an extent that he appeared to be lying flat in the air. The horse fell, catching the rider and knocking him out so long that everyone thought he had been killed. However, he did regain consciousness before midnight to completely recover.

Rawhide George Bennett was a pleasant, smiling young fellow and could

Frank Cable bulldogging at Pendleton.



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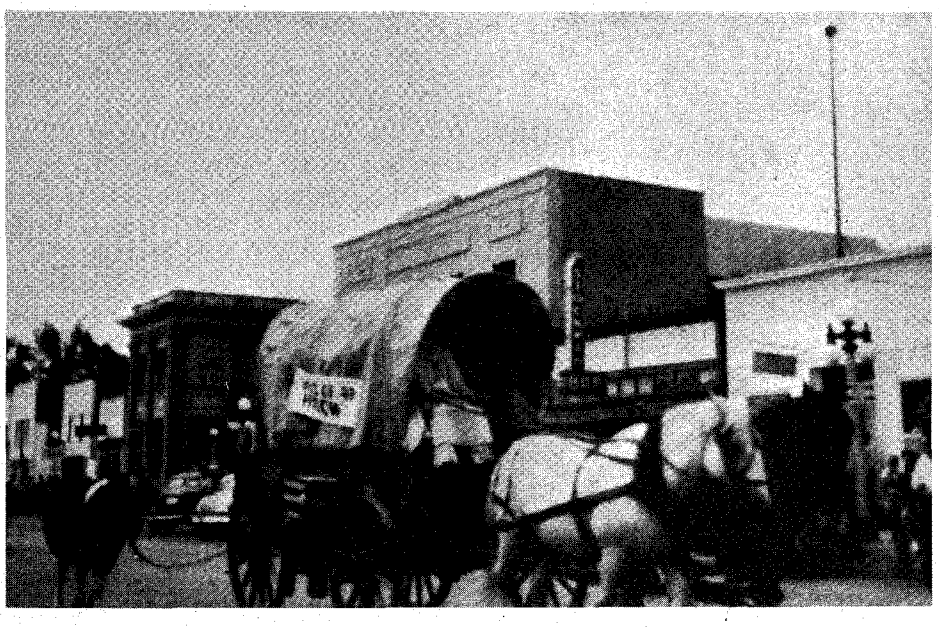


Main Street in Roundup, Montana during a Fourth of July parade.

be popular in any crowd. He rode with a wild bunch that ranged from the headwaters of the Musselshell to West Yellowstone and beyond to Horse Prairie and the Bighole. He had a wild streak in his makeup and the Rawhide nickname suggested he was a Texan who had outraced a posse to get to Montana. One day he threw his saddle on a borrowed horse and took off. When a rancher tried to stop him, Rawhide shot the rancher, wounding him seriously. For this, he was sent to the Montana State Prison in Deer Lodge for a long stretch.

Prior to 1908, there had been a few wet years. With liberalized homestead laws and improved seed, the dry upland which had been free livestock range was being fenced up, the sod busted and turned over on its back. It was seeded to wheat or flax, starting the era of dry land farming.

Some of the one-time cowboys took homesteads to become farmers, others hired out as farm hands. Since it was all horse farming then, those cowboys just had to trade their saddle seat for an iron seat on a plow.

When a holiday celebration was held, many of the now dry farmers would saddle up, don their woolly angora chaps and ride into town for the buckin' contest. It was surprising how some of those old boys could still handle a bronc after being plow-bound a few years.

I was always amused to see some farmer who couldn't ride a disc in rough breaking ground walk up to a be-chapped neighbor and start the conversation with, "You goin' to ride today, Tom?"

"Yeah!" Tom would say. "Think I'll take a seat on one."

"I wanted to," the granger would say, "but the old lady won't let me." They always used the same alibi.

ON a July day in 1908, I went into Logan, Montana on an errand. Logan is now just a wide spot in the road, but back then it was quite a town. Each one of the five saloons had a placard in the window which stated that Dick Stanley of Arizona and Al Taylor of Nevada were putting on a bronc riding show the following Sunday there at Logan.

Why they named Arizona and Nevada as their home states I wouldn't know. Maybe those states sounded wilder than Oregon where they actually had resided before coming to live in Bozeman. They picked up what money they could by giving riding and trick rope shows. Bozeman was a pretty good spot. Even then it was somewhat of a tourist town, being one of the gateways to the Yellowstone Park.

When Sunday arrived, Stanley and Taylor were on hand as was everyone else for miles around in every direction. Dick had to use a crutch whenever he dismounted because a bull he had been riding a few days before had bucked into a gate post and badly bruised Dick's right leg.

Dick did some rope spinning and the "Russian" or "Cossack" drag, which was a difficult trick even for a rider with two good legs, but the injury barred him from riding broncs; so they hired a good young stomper by the name of Boyd Amberson from Spanish Creek for the job. Al Taylor would snub the horses to be saddled, then when he turned them loose he acted as hazer and pickup man. He knew his stuff and was riding a well-trained horse.

Amberson rode out four old ponies that were pretty well bucked out. They didn't put on much of a show, so the crowd began razzing the rider. My dad spoke out saying that it wasn't Amberson's fault if the horses didn't buck.

Stanley, who was close by, heard Dad's remark. He said, "If a horse bucks, that boy can ride him."

They announced to the crowd that if anyone there had a horse they wanted to see ridden, to bring him around. One young fellow unhitched a little buggy mare that bucked lively—while Amberson rode her standing in one stirrup with one hand full of mane and one hand full of saddle horn! Then someone brought in another horse that Amberson easily rode.

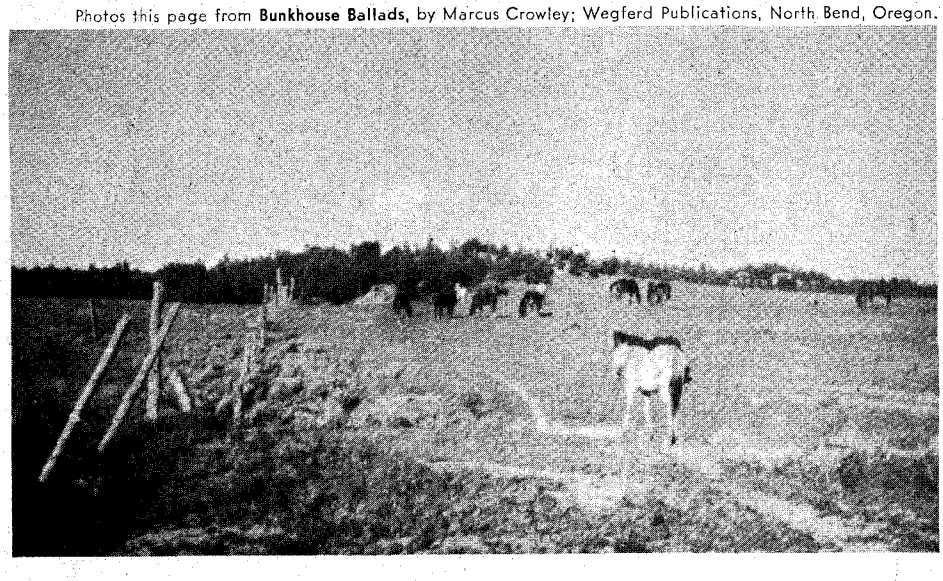
The handbills had mentioned a horse called "Black Demon," a really top horse in any Wild West show. At last Al Taylor led out a beautiful little black horse that looked more like a race horse than an outlaw. Amberson had seen Black Demon perform or maybe had even tried him. At any rate, he wanted no part of that pony. Taylor announced that they would take a ten-dollar collection for any fellow who wanted to take a seat on Black Demon. To win the money, though, he would have to ride straight up and rake him with the spurs from his head to his tail.

A fellow with a very French-Canadian accent who had been working on a sheep ranch north of Logan, said he would ride Black Demon for the ten dollars. He wanted it understood that he got the money if he was still in the saddle after the horse quit bucking. After arguing back and forth, and with the crowd getting noisier and more demanding, the deal was made.

(Continued on page 59)

Ranch scene near Roundup, Montana.

Photos this page from **Bunkhouse Ballads**, by Marcus Crowley; Wegferd Publications, North Bend, Oregon.



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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Bland-Miller-McElroy

Our grandfather, Elbert Miller, of Bristow, Oklahoma, with his brother, Bruce, was reputedly a member of the Dalton-Doolin gang. Our research has found them to be homesteaders, harassed by neighboring ranchers, Dr. Bland and the McElroys. A feud developed and the Millers were driven from their land, hunted down and slaughtered—men, women and children. The story of this feud has been published in Western magazines, along with excerpts from old Kansas City *Star* newspaper articles. Although it happened as recently as 1894, we have been unable to find anyone who can tell the whole story of the Bland-McElroy-Miller feud. We will be happy to correspond with anyone who can add to our information about it.—Mrs. Betty Miller Lovin, P. O. Box 143, Updyke, Illinois 62872

Con Orem

I have a book, *The Frightful Punishment*, about a frontier Montana prize fighter named John Condle Orem, better known as Con Orem. He fought six of the greatest glove fights ever witnessed on the Montana frontier during the 1860s. He came from Carroll County, Ohio. In 1888 he was known to have four children, one a new-born daughter. His final years were spent on a 125-acre ranch near Dillon, Montana. Orem died in Butte, Montana in 1892, age 57.

As a follower of the boxing game and history of prize fighting, I have now embarked upon a new hobby, that of reading and collecting Western lore. I assume there are grandchildren or great-grandchildren of this famous Montana prize fighter still alive, and I would be honored to hear from any of his relatives. It was said that he was always a gentleman outside the ring but a tiger within the area—Con Orem, the Middleweight Champion of America.—Carl G. Long, 137 Lafayette Avenue, Lexington, Kentucky 40502

Katy Mildred McHenry

If still living, Katy Mildred McHenry would be seventy-five years old. She had blond hair and blue eyes and was last seen by her parents somewhere in Oklahoma. Later Dan McHenry saw her in Tulsa, Oklahoma. The other McHenry brothers, all of Tulsa, Oklahoma, were John and Andrew (Dinks).

We know that Katy Mildred married, but do not know whom. Her sister, Oney Pearl McHenry Allen, has not seen or heard from her in fifty years and she is now eighty-three. She would like to know if Katy Mildred is still alive, if she has children, or to hear from anyone knowing anything of her. We will answer all letters with great gratitude.—Mary L. Sinnreich, P. O. Box 1575, Alice, Texas 78332

Simon W. Smith

Simon W. Smith was born August, 1900 or 1901 in Minnesota. I believe he was born on or near Cass Lake, Minnesota. His father was Tom Smith, his mother's name unknown. There was a younger brother, Mike, deceased, and an older brother, Bill. I believe there was a sister, Josephine or Agnes.

His memory is fast failing, but he talks of his children, Lucille, Robert, Smokey and Little Simon, and his wife Ada. If anyone can tell us anything, please write. I will answer any questions and letters.—Rita Smith, Rt. 2, Box 321, Devils Lake, North Dakota 58301

Michael Kenneth Martin

I am trying to locate the names and/or whereabouts, if living, of the brothers and sisters of my father, Michael Kenneth Martin. In addition, I would like to have the names of his parents if possible. My father lived for a time in northeastern Montana during the early 1900s and then in 1913 went to northwestern North Dakota in and around the Mulhall area. He lived there until 1919 when he came to Missouri and here married and raised his family.

He never divulged the names of his parents or brothers and sisters except a sister named Anna and two brothers named Albert and Louis. My father died in 1945, and it was always my feeling that some tragedy occurred in the family to make him leave home, never to hear from them again.

He was approximately five feet, ten inches tall, weighed about 180 pounds, with dark complexion, black curly hair and brown eyes. He was active in amateur wrestling during the early years.—Robert L. Martin, 8712 West 90th Street, Overland Park, Kansas 66212

Pfeiffer-Maxwell

Frank Maxwell Pfeiffer was born in St. Louis, Missouri about April 20, 1867. He left home at perhaps 12 or 14 years of age, was a baker by trade but followed farming and mining most of his life.

About the turn of the century he was in San Jose, Santa Cruz and San Francisco, California. He left San Francisco with Ed Fine and went to Nevada. Ed opened up a picture show in Carson City, Nevada, and he was also a photographer. Frank worked in a couple of mines then moved to Colorado where he also worked in mines, then brought a farm and did farming. Some years later he moved to California where he remained the rest of his life working in some of the famous mines. He died in Quincy, Plumas County, California on April 12, 1933 and was buried there. His home was in Seneca, Plumas County, California.

He was married to Mary Theodoshie (Doshie) Benson at Columbus, Cherokee County, Kansas, June 19, 1905. She had a daughter by a former marriage, Ora Malinda Eulalia Johnson, born November 19, 1974 in Columbus, Kansas. Three children were born of the Pfeiffer union: Julia Greene, April 8, 1906, Dunton, Dolores County, Colorado; Prudence Marie, April 21, 1908, Hesperus, La Platte County, Colorado; Maxwell Samuel Williams, May 6, 1911, Shawnee, Pottawatomie County, Oklahoma. The son was known as Maxwell.

Frank Maxwell received a picture of his mother from Bern, Switzerland taken in 1906 and she was with her daughter, name unknown, and her two small children. Several years later my father gave me a picture he said was from his sister, Hope, taken in New York in 1898.

I was told by an elderly lady that she knew my father, and part of the family stayed in Wisconsin and the rest went to Missouri. Perhaps there is someone who can give me some information. I will appreciate it, will answer all mail and reimburse the stamps.—Mrs. Julia Pfeiffer Nisson, 1255 38th Avenue, Space 88, Santa Cruz, California 95062

Cooper

We are trying to locate the descendants of the brothers and sisters of my grandfather, Barney A. Cooper. He was born in Lenox, Madison County, New York, the son of Martin and Chloe Cooper. The family later moved to Martin County, Minnesota.

One sister, Charlotte, married Jim Mair. A brother, Sylvester, and brother-in-law, Alex Latourelle, served with Barney in Company "B," 1st Minnesota Mounted Rangers under General Sibley. This was in the Indian uprising of 1862 and 1863, and they were active until mustered out in November 1863.

There were other brothers and sisters, and information on them will be appreciated.—Mrs. John Larson, 8707 Huber Road, Belvidere, Illinois 61008

Hollingsworth-Boles-Oldham

We need any information about Alice Mary (or Mae) Helen Hollingsworth, born about 1900 in LeFlore County, Oklahoma. About 1925 she married Alfred Pike. Both were part Choctaw. Alice died around 1930 in Talihina, Oklahoma of tuberculosis. Relatives were John, Dick, Jim, Tillie, Doris and Ellis Hollingsworth. People named Boles and

(Continued on page 62)

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Nineteen surviving letters between Bat Masterson and Teddy Roosevelt, protocol and yet keep a friendship alive that had thrived on the Platte but was

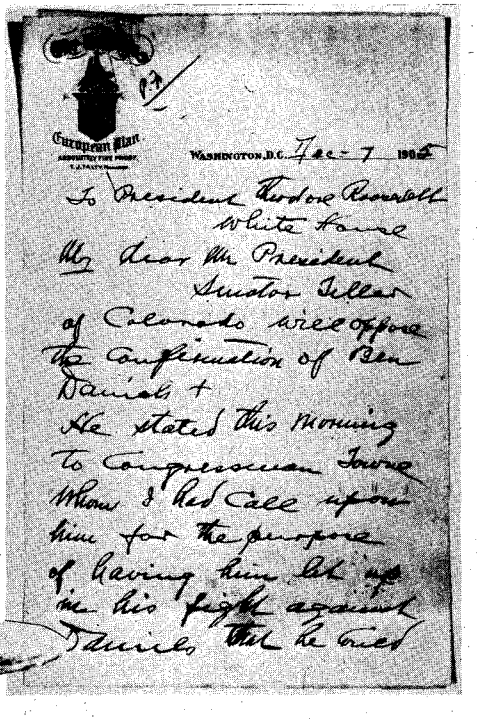
THE PRESIDENT AND THE GUNFIGHTER

SEVERAL NOTED GUNMEN (in and outside the law) formed close and lasting friendships with Theodore Roosevelt during his Presidency. That is not news. What is not so well known is that Roosevelt corresponded with many of these men for more than twenty years.

There are almost 600 letters between President Roosevelt and gunfighters such as Pat Garrett, Bill Tilghman, Chris Madsen, Frank James, Tom Rynning and many others. This article will examine only the friendship and letters between Teddy Roosevelt and one of these men—Bat Masterson.

Bartholomew Masterson was born November 26, 1853 in St. George's Parish, County Rouville, Quebec Province, Canada. Bat wasn't exactly overjoyed about being given a name like

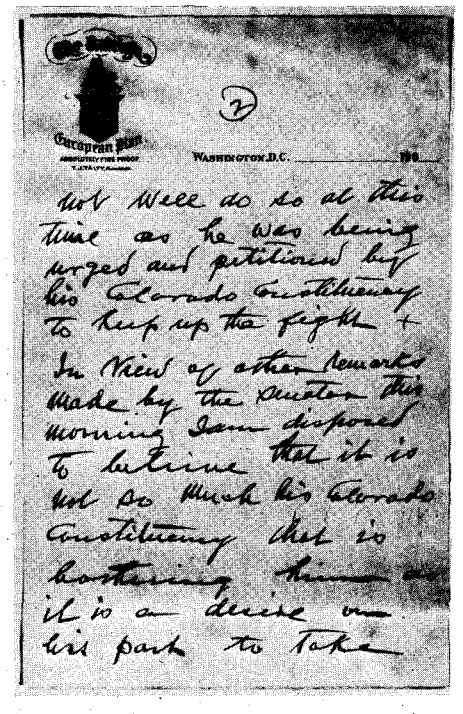
At left, Theodore Roosevelt in 1885 (he was 27 years old at the time of this photo). Below, a five-page letter from Bat Masterson to President Theodore Roosevelt. It was written in defense of an old Dodge City friend, Ben Daniels. Roosevelt wanted to appoint Daniels U.S. Marshal for Arizona, but ran into stiff opposition from the Senate. (For background on the Ben Daniels affair, and its outcome, see "Fighting Man," by William B. Secrest in the May, 1969 issue of *Frontier Times*.)



European Plan
Washington, D.C. Dec 7 1905

To President Theodore Roosevelt
White House

My dear Mr President
Senator Teller
of Colorado will oppose
the confirmation of Ben
Daniels +
He stated this morning
to Congressman Young
whom I had call upon
him for the purpose
of having him lay up
in his fight against
Daniels that he had



European Plan
Washington, D.C. 190

not well do so at this
time as he was being
urged and petitioned by
his Colorado constituency
to keep up the fight +
In view of other remarks
made by the Senator this
morning I am disposed
to believe that it is
not so much his Colorado
constituency that is
bothering him as
it is a desire on
his part to take

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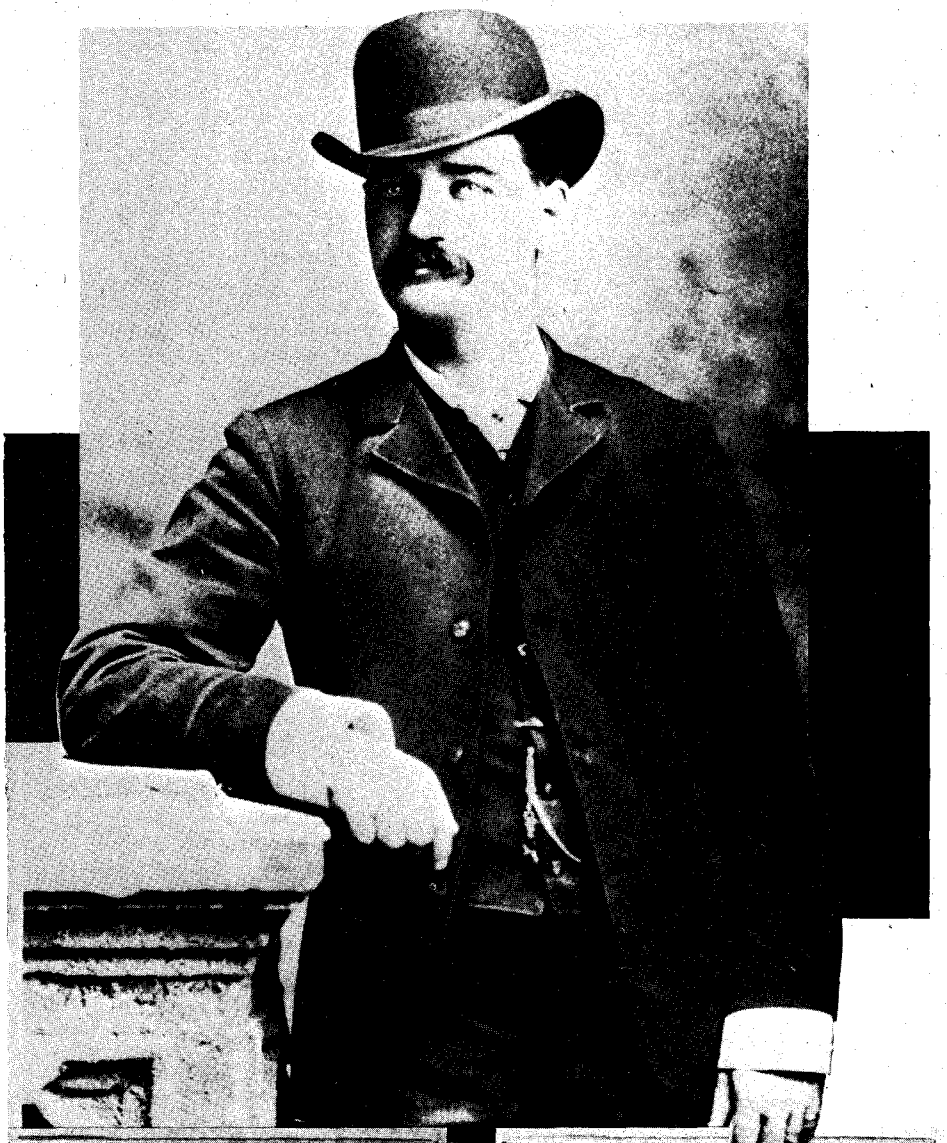
spanning the years 1905-17, show the effort each man made to observe a shade out of place on the Potomac . . .

By JACK DeMATTOS
Photos Courtesy Author



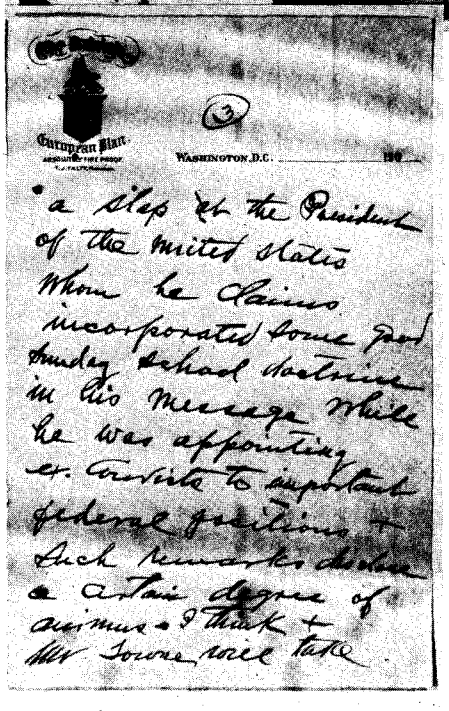
Bartholomew, and eventually he changed it to William Barclay. Bat was the second of Thomas and Catherine McGurk Masterson's seven children.

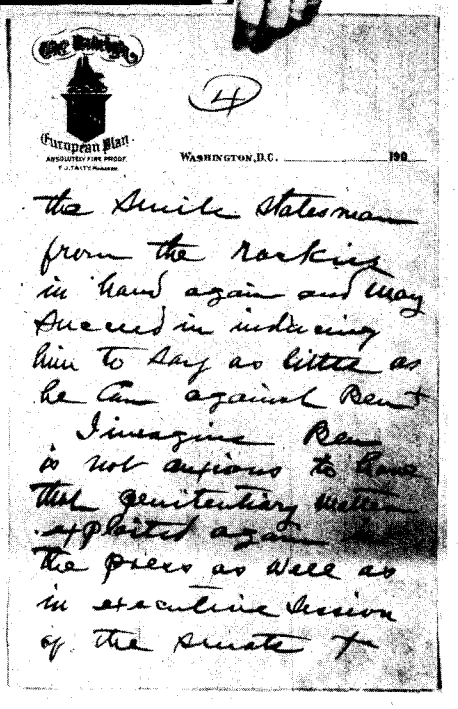
On October 27, 1858 another boy was born. This time the proud parents' name was Roosevelt. The location was 28 East 20th Street, then one of New York City's more fashionable neighborhoods. The boy was named Theodore, after his father.

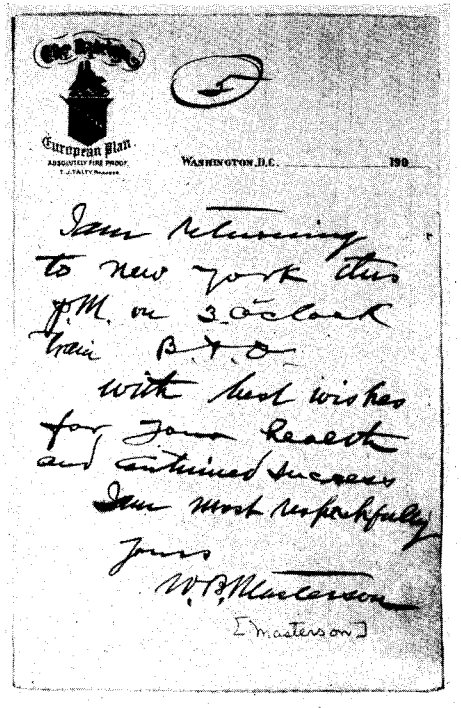
Theodore Roosevelt was a near-sighted, asthmatic child who gave very little indication of the dynamo he would become. In 1871, at the age of thirteen, Theodore was worked over by two teen-aged bullies. Young Roosevelt vowed to build his strength. His wealthy father installed a gymnasium at home. Much in the manner of the classic Charles Atlas ad, Theodore developed from the proverbial "ninety-pound weakling" into a tower of strength. Never again would Theodore Roosevelt fall victim to a bully.

During that same year, the Thomas Masterson family emigrated to the Kansas frontier. Their home was an eighty-acre farm about fourteen miles northeast of present-day Wichita. Eighteen-year-old Bat, along with his brothers Ed and Jim, soon tired of farm life. Early in 1872 the three Masterson brothers left the farm to take a fling at

At left, Bat Masterson about 1885.







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buffalo hunting. Shooting and skinning buffalo eventually took Bat as far south as Texas. During the 1872 jaunt, Bat met a young hunter whose destiny was to be closely linked to his own, twenty-four-year old Wyatt Earp.

While Bat Masterson was busily engaged hunting buffalo, fourteen-year-old Theodore Roosevelt was vacationing first-class with his family. The Roosevelts' itinerary included England, France, Egypt, Syria, Greece and Turkey.

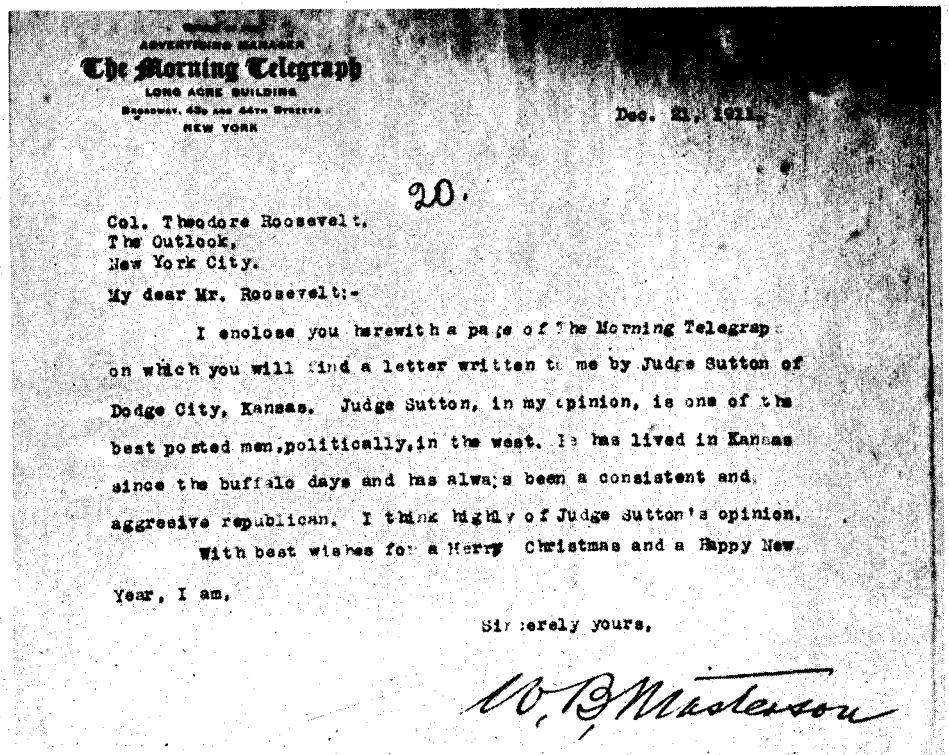
On June 27, 1874 Bat's buffalo hunting came to an abrupt end in the Texas Panhandle at a place called Adobe Walls. On that day, Bat and thirty-five others were attacked by a combined force of two hundred Kiowa, Cheyenne and Comanche warriors led by the famed Comanche, Quanah Parker. Bat and his companions held off the determined attack five long days before the Indians finally quit and rode off after losing over seventy braves. The Adobe Walls defenders lost but two men.

AFTER Adobe Walls, Bat did a brief stint as scout for Colonel Nelson A. Miles. Then, on January 24, 1876, in Sweetwater, Texas he gunned down his only known victim, U. S. Cavalry Sergeant Melvin A. King.

As 1876 rolled along, it brought many events—the United States' hundredth anniversary as a nation, the assassination of Wild Bill Hickok, the Presidential election of Rutherford B. Hayes, Custer's Last Stand, and the invention of the telephone. Also that year, Harvard College received a new freshman, eighteen-year-old Theodore Roosevelt. In addition to his academic studies, Theodore excelled on Harvard's boxing team.

A year later, on November 6, 1877, the citizens of Ford County, Kansas elected Bat Masterson as their second sheriff. Bat made his headquarters in the county seat, Dodge City. The brand-new lawman was still slightly less than twenty-four years of age.

Above, William Barclay Masterson around 1908, a period when Bat was a frequent White House guest. Below, one of Masterson's letters to Roosevelt.



ADVERTISING MANAGER
The Morning Telegraph
LONG ACRE BUILDING
Broadway, 45th and 46th Streets
NEW YORK

Dec. 21, 1911.

20.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt,
The Outlook,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Roosevelt:-

I enclose you herewith a page of The Morning Telegraph on which you will find a letter written to me by Judge Sutton of Dodge City, Kansas. Judge Sutton, in my opinion, is one of the best posted men, politically, in the west. He has lived in Kansas since the buffalo days and has always been a consistent and aggressive republican. I think highly of Judge Sutton's opinion.

With best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am,

Sincerely yours,

W. B. Masterson

One month later, Bat's brother Ed was appointed City Marshal of Dodge City. The brothers Masterson now controlled the city and county police forces.

Tragedy struck on April 9, 1878 when Ed Masterson was gunned down by two Texas cowboys. Before he fell, the dying Ed managed to get off four shots that fatally wounded both his attackers.

After completing a two-year term, Bat was defeated in a re-election bid for sheriff. On November 4, 1879 he lost by a vote of 268 to 404 to George T. Hinkle, a bartender. Bat hung around Dodge for another year and then drifted down to Tombstone, Arizona, where he was employed, along with his friend Wyatt Earp, as a faro dealer.

During the next year, 1880, Theodore Roosevelt graduated from Harvard, twenty-first in a class of 161. Later that same year, on his twenty-second birthday, Roosevelt married nineteen-year-old Alice Lee. The next year he entered politics as a New York Assemblyman. On February 12, 1884 Roosevelt's wife gave birth to a daughter named Alice.

Only two days later an unbelievably tragic event changed the course of his life. On that day, both Roosevelt's wife and mother died, only hours apart. That double blow all but shattered Roosevelt. Soon after, he left his infant daughter in the care of friends, and journeyed west to establish a new life as a rancher in the Dakota Badlands.

By this time, Bat Masterson was thirty-one and his gunfighting days were over. Bat was busy plying his trade as a gambler in various Western boom towns, and was starting to emerge as a well-known sportsman. Scandal tainted Masterson's life on September 21, 1886, when he "eloped" with Nellie Spencer, who was still married. Though Bat and Nellie lived together for some time, they were never ceremonially married.

Theodore Roosevelt returned to New York in 1886 and married for a second time. By his second wife, Roosevelt fathered five more children.

On November 21, 1891 Bat Masterson married (legally this time) Emma Walters. Emma was a dancer in a burlesque troupe that Bat was managing in a Denver gambling hall. At the age of thirty-eight, Bat was already far removed in time and profession from the wild days at Dodge City.

On April 11, 1898 President McKinley asked Congress to declare war upon Spain. Theodore Roosevelt, almost instantly, resigned as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, ordered a uniform from Brooks Brothers, and was off to join the fray. After the Spanish-American War was over, Roosevelt emerged as a national hero. Later that year he was elected Governor of New York State by a landslide.

BACK in Denver, Bat had become a full-fledged sports promoter. On April 9, 1899 he helped found the Colorado Athletic Association, but was soon frozen out by his partners. In retaliation,

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Courtesy The National Archives

Teddy Roosevelt standing in a group of his Rough Riders.

Bat founded the rival Olympic Athletic Club.

By 1900 the Olympic was in bankruptcy, and the forty-seven-year-old Bat was unemployed. In addition, he had developed a serious drinking problem. Bat's drinking caused him to balloon up to 200 pounds, a lot of weight for a guy who only stood 5′ 9″ in boots.

Theodore Roosevelt's star, in contrast, was in the ascendancy. At the very same time that Bat Masterson's athletic club failed, Theodore Roosevelt was being elected William McKinley's vice-president. On September 14, 1901 President McKinley died from wounds inflicted by an assassin, and Roosevelt became the twenty-sixth President of the United States. He was only forty-two, the youngest man ever to occupy that office.

It is interesting that while Roosevelt was regarded as young, the only slightly older Masterson was considered middle-aged during the same period. In 1902 Bat headed east and didn't stop until he reached New York City. Almost upon arrival, Bat was arrested on a bunco rap and a charge of carrying a concealed weapon. Another arrest soon followed. It was at this point that the President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, came to Masterson's aid.

Early in 1905 President Roosevelt literally created a job for Bat when he appointed him Federal Marshal for the Southern District of New York. The New York newspapers were quick to criticize T. R. for Bat's appointment. Teddy stood firm, but sent Bat a letter which warned him, in no uncertain terms, to behave himself:

Mr. W. B. Masterson
The Delavan
Broadway and Fortieth Street,
New York, N. Y.
February 2, 1905
Dear Bat:

It was a pleasure to get you the appointment as Deputy Marshal. Now, you have doubtless seen that there has been a good deal of hostile comment upon it in the press. I do not care a snap of my fingers for this; but I do care very much that you shall not by any act of yours seem to justify this criticism. I want you not only to be a vigilant, courteous and efficient officer, always on hand, always polite to everyone, always ready for any duty that comes up, but I also want you to carry yourself so that no one can find in any action of yours cause for scandal or complaint. You must be careful not to gamble or do anything while you are a public officer which might afford opportunity to your enemies and my critics to say that your appointment was improper. I wish you would show this letter to Alfred Henry Lewis and go over the matter with him.

Sincerely yours,
Theodore Roosevelt

Alfred Henry Lewis was a mutual friend of Masterson and Roosevelt. In 1905 Lewis authored a highly fictionized biography of Bat entitled *The Sunset Trail.* More importantly, Alfred's brother, William E. Lewis, was editor and general manager of the New York *Morning Telegraph.* After Bat's term as Marshal expired in 1907, William E. Lewis provided Bat with a job as a sports editor on the staff of the *Telegraph.* Bat's daily column was entitled: "Masterson's Views on Timely Topics." During the fourteen years of the column's existence, it was devoted almost entirely to the world of boxing.

On April 27, 1908 the New York *Times* observed that Bat spent several hours at the White House urging Roosevelt to run for a third term. The *Times* noted that Bat was "suffering from an attack of 'third termitis' in its most virulent form."

Three months later Roosevelt answered a letter from Bat:

Mr. W. B. Masterson
c/o The Morning Telegraph
50th Street and Eighth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Oyster Bay, N. Y.
July 15, 1908

My dear Masterson:

I have your letter of the 14th. My present understanding is that Marshal Hinkle is to be reappointed. As for the New Mexican matter, that stands on a different footing. I do not know when the term of the present incumbent expires, however, and I am not quite sure as to how New Mexico would feel as to having an outsider appointed. That is something I would have to carefully consider.

Sincerely yours,
Theodore Roosevelt

On February 20, 1909 Roosevelt invited Bat Masterson to be a guest at the last official affair of his administration. The event was a little too formal for a man of simple tastes like Bat. He chickened out and grabbed the first train for New York. A telegram from him said it all:

I AIN'T GOING TO THE RECEPTION. I'M HEADED EAST.—BAT.

It was almost three years before Bat again contacted private citizen Theodore Roosevelt. When he did, it was to write

(Continued on page 56)

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Rusty Shoe as the "Guitar Player."

DAVE BRECKENRIDGE ARTIST IN IRON

—the saga of "Rusty Shoe," a little cowboy in Colorado about four inches high...

By HARRY E. CHRISMAN
Photos Courtesy Author

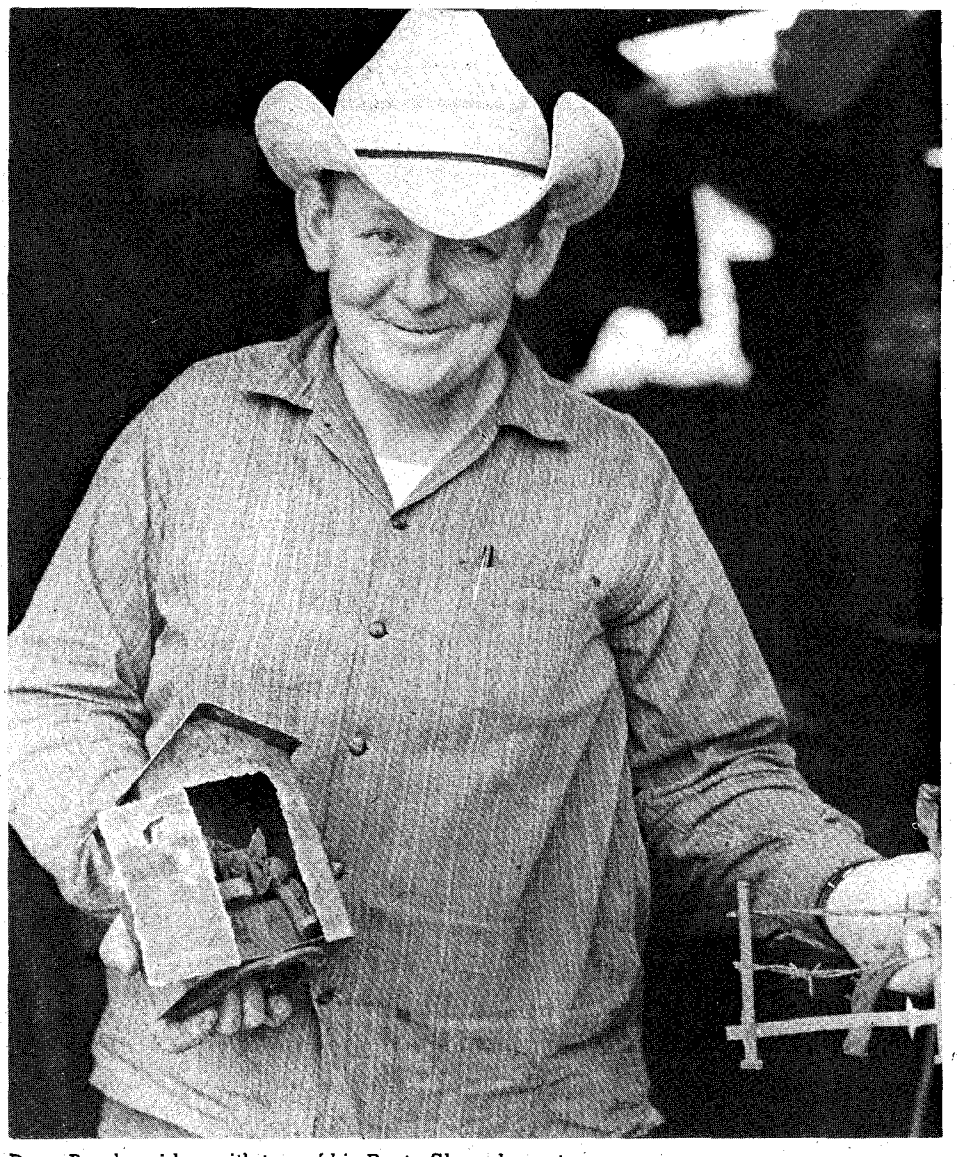
WHEN Dave Breckenridge leaped from his livestock truck one day some six years ago, his wedding ring snagged on a sharp nail on the truck body. Dave landed on the ground, but most of his ring finger on the left hand remained hanging on the truck. A doctor patched up the painful wound as well as possible, removing the rest of the finger at the knuckle joint. But Breckenridge, a professional welder and boiler-maker, then working for the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, faced the world without a well-paying job. With a wife and two growing boys to support, the three months it would take for the injury to heal loomed fearfully.

Breckenridge, his wife Myrne and two teen-aged sons, Hoby and Dale, had moved to a rancho just outside Elizabeth, Colorado, not long before the accident. There was a nice, older home on the place, and several small outbuildings. Wandering over the grounds one day during his convalescence, Breckenridge spied a large pile of old barbed wire. To remove it from the vicinity of the house, he began carrying it to a ravine, where he dumped it.

Working in the yard at this task a day or two, he was impressed at the large quantity of old horseshoes, iron spikes and other items that had been discarded a half-century or more before when the old rancho was first occupied. To him, these artifacts in iron—old bridle bits, stirrups and square nails—suggested a bygone day that was never to return. It also recalled to his mind cherished incidents of his boyhood, range cattle days and the dry-land settlement of Colorado's eastern plains. He had grown up near Fort Collins.

Though Breckenridge had never thought of himself as an artist, his professional work in modeling and shaping metals for industrial and commercial purposes had demanded the same skill one finds among such craftsmen as the Indian silversmiths and others who work common materials into artistic creations. His many years spent in inventing, creating and fashioning metals had trained his hands and brain to work in perfect unison, and he had developed the ability to see, in the unworked metals at hand, the completed form toward which he worked. Now, in desperate need of a means of subsistence, he began to form, as well as he could with one injured hand, a few small figurines, using rusted spikes and old nails.

Heating them in an old 1917-model



Dave Breckenridge with two of his Rusty Shoe characters.

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forge, and then bending them and hammering them out on the anvil, he welded the various parts together. Like the pioneers before him, he had begun to "make do," working with materials at hand.

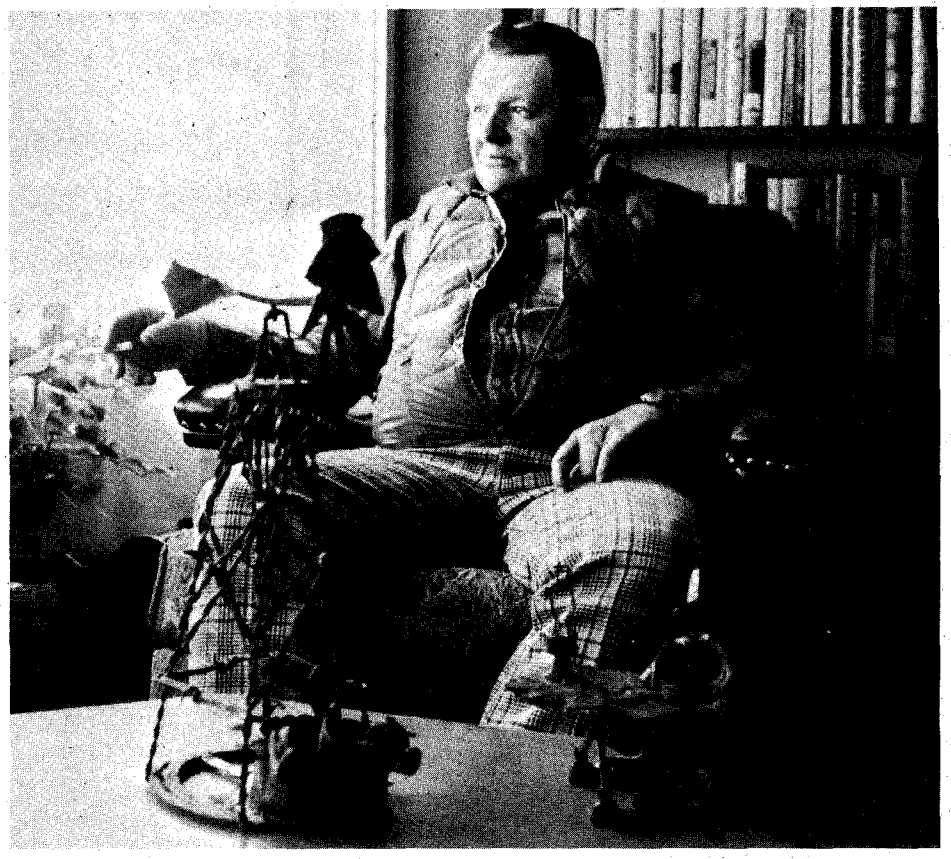
DAVE BRECKENRIDGE'S first creation was a Cowboy, about four inches in height, made from spikes. He had often watched as Myrne, an accomplished guitarist and song writer, sang and played Western and religious songs. For her amusement, he placed a banjo in the hands of his cowboy. The little character became so popular with his family members that he began another, and another. Soon he had used up all the spikes, so he began using the teeth from an old harrow he found in a fence corner, almost buried in the dust of the many years that had passed since a weary horse had pulled it there.

His new character, fashioned from the harrow teeth, was made into a Fiddler. To provide the Fiddler with a seat, he fashioned a rusty horseshoe into a chair. To keep this character company, he added a Bass Fiddler, a Steel Guitarist and a Drummer. Friends looked at Dave's little figures made from horseshoes, and laughed, then they asked if they could buy one; soon a nearby Western store began carrying them in stock.

A friend, David Wright, who is an artist and potter, encouraged Breckenridge to show his work in the mountain towns where tourists by the thousands came for summer vacations. Breckenridge worked up a few samples and enough stock figures to open up sales, and made some placements with dealers.

At the Royal Gorge, a businessman saw his work and ordered a custom-made piece, the Cowboy swinging a lariat. This first custom-made order eventually ended up in a New York museum!

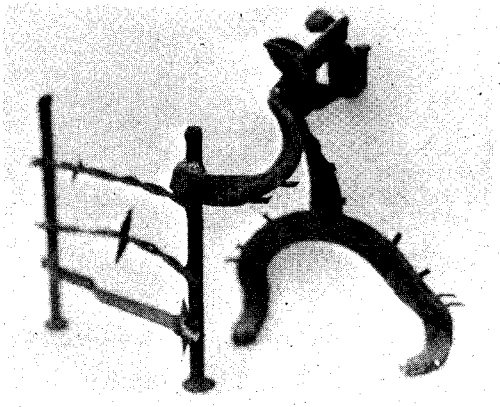
Breckenridge began to think of his little figure as "Rusty Shoe," and so called him when dealing with the trade. As demand grew, Breckenridge moved his operations into a sixteen-square foot shed which he turned into a workshop and studio. It was complete with forge, anvil, work benches, acetylene welding equipment, and all the tools necessary for the welder's trade. Enlisting the labor of his two sons, to whom he could now turn over the rough work, Breckenridge concentrated on completing orders for Rusty Shoe performing various antics.

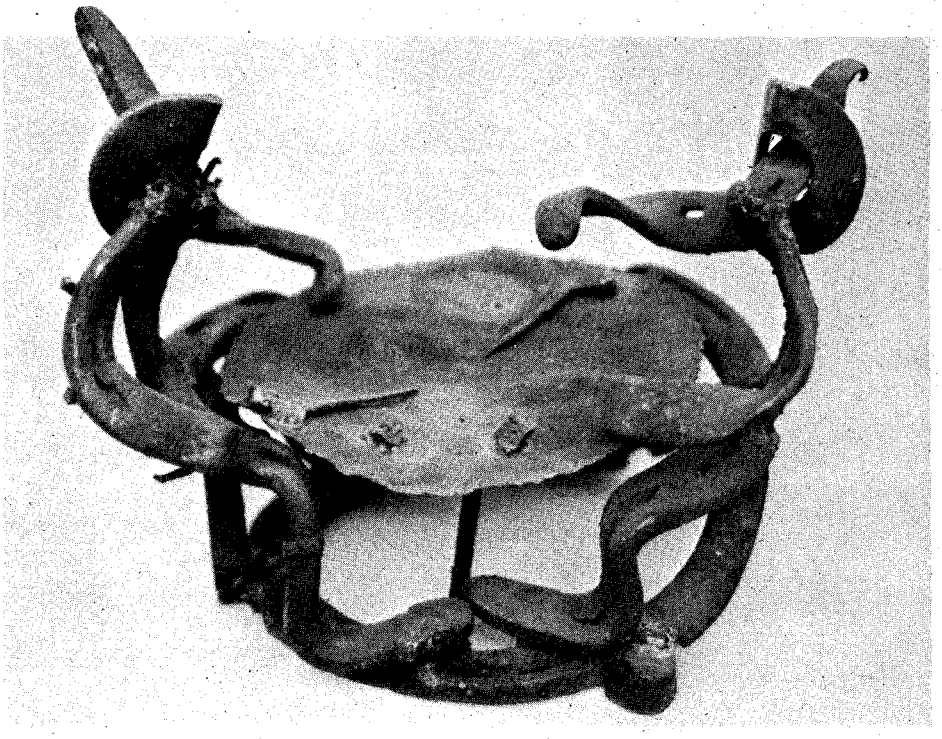


Above, Dave with his "Windmill," and "The Western Writer." The latter was custom-made for the author, Harry Chrisman.

That first summer, his most popular character, the Fencebuilder, was created: Rusty Shoe, hammer in hand, driving the final staple into the fence post (an iron spike). The three or four strands of barbed wire used in the fence never fail to surprise and please the barbed wire collectors who see the piece, for here they observe such wires as fenced the famous XIT Ranch in Texas, or the wires that extended across the Texas Panhandle in a drift fence that caught and caused the death of thousands of Longhorn cattle in blizzards of the 1880s.

At right, "Dice Players"; below, "The Fence Builder."





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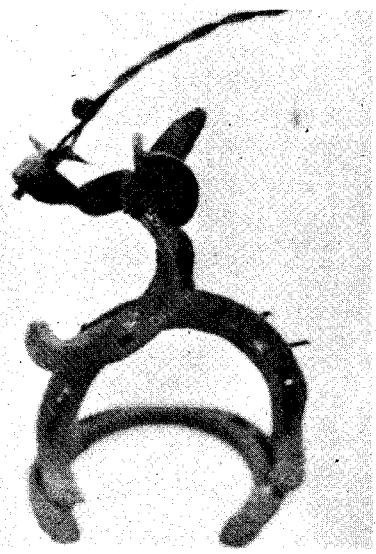


Above (left), Dave Breckenridge with a roll of the 100 year-old barbwire used in many of his creations; (right) Rusty Shoe as "The Fisherman."

BRECKENRIDGE soon began to involve each of his figures in some activity normal to ranch life and the Western historical scene. His Bar Scene is reminiscent of Irwin E. Smith's great photograph of cowboys at the bar in Tascosa, Texas in frontier days. At Breckenridge's bar, three Rusty Shoe cowboys stand in typical postures, one drinking furiously, another (the bartender), pouring generously from a bottle, the third, head lying on the bar, suffering from his over-indulgence.

In another sketch in rusty iron, the Dentist, Breckenridge depicts a victim in the days before Novocain, with Rusty Shoe's foot placed firmly on his chest, as a hard-to-pull molar is dealt with in true Western style. Another, the Windmill (constructed with sheet-iron, the tower of old barb wire and with a nearby water tank), is sometimes made without figures, and other times with Rusty Shoe bathing in the tank. Mill wheel and directional fin are moveable, to correspond with the wind direction of the viewer.

Other characters, such as Piano Player, Miner, Plumber, Hunter, Doctor, and Preacher, provide their professions' characteristics with a comic slant. Yet Breckenridge's art plays with people and their foibles, never with contempt but always with sympathetic understanding, the true and earthy humor of the early West.

In Dancing Girl, a figurine kicks up her heels, permitting her sheet-iron skirt to swirl gracefully in the breeze—and to make sheet-iron *billow*, takes talent. Try it!

Extreme simplicity in design is a necessary ingredient of horseshoe art, learned by Breckenridge the hard way. Once he constructed a stagecoach, complete with horses, driver, shotgun rider and other figures.

"It was a total failure," he said. "People just could not take it all in, in a glance. And that is what they must do to appreciate my figures."

"Have you had patrons who refused commissioned orders after they were made?" I asked.

"No, I rarely have a dissatisfied customer," Dave said. "Once or twice I have created a figure that failed to please. In each instance I immediately offered to keep the work, which I did, and later sold at a higher figure than it had been made for."

FOR Rusty Shoe's leisure hours, Breckenridge has provided him with contemporary sports, so we have the Golfer, Skier, Fisherman, and one real switch —Rusty Shoe, the Cowboy, as the Sheepherder, with a faithful dog beside him.

A work of which Breckenridge was particularly proud was the Hanging Judge. Custom-ordered by a Vail, Colorado, businessman as a gift for an attorney friend, the group depicted a pompous judge on the bench, noose in one hand, gavel in the other, as a cringing defendant sits before him. The man's lawyer, who already senses what the verdict will be, is standing nearby.

A recent departure from Dave's heavy forge work has been the creation of a small bolo tie ornament, made from a flattened staple. It shows Rusty Shoe using a lariat rope, and may be used either with a tie, or attached to the crown of a Western hat.

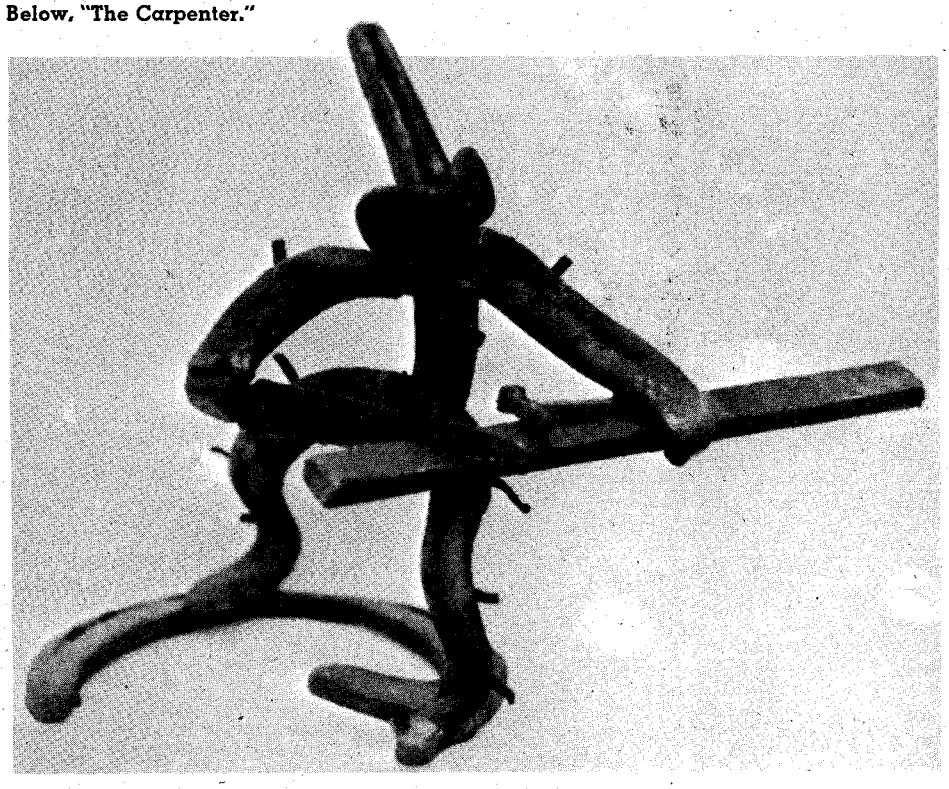
I asked Breckenridge about his imitators, for there is similar work on the market.

"They don't worry me," he smiled. All of Breckenridge's figures now bear his trademark, with the name "Rusty Shoe" stamped with a die into the metal.

Standing in an Estes Park, Colorado store one day last summer, I watched as a dozen or more visitors passed by a display window where Rusty Shoe was building fence within. There were comments from each who noticed the little figure. Two men went in and made purchases.

When you talk with Dave Breckenridge, you get the feeling that there is more to Rusty Shoe than a simple, twisted, rusty horseshoe. To him the little fellow *does exist*. No doubt the little cowboy is Dave's alter ego, much as the dummy, Charley McCarthy was, who spoke out for Edgar Bergen. But whatever relationship exists between creator and his creation, we see by looking at the figures and studying their antics that it took a gifted artisan, as well as a courageous man, to turn the tragedy of a badly mangled hand into rich personal accomplishment and financial success.

Below, "The Carpenter."



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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

SADDLE UP!

The common pastime among budding cowboys of the mail-order house age was reading the tantalizing wishbooks of the period, the latest saddle catalogs. Saddle shops covered the West, and some of the choice ones we remember were Gallup and Fraser of Pueblo, Hamleys of Pendleton, Mueller of Denver, Porter of Phoenix and Nelson Page and Lon Bradbury of Colorado's Western Slope. *They Saddled the West* (Cornell Maritime Press, Inc., $10.00) by two of the nation's best saddle authorities, Lee M. Rice and Glenn R. Vernam, is a history of saddle making in Mexico and the Western United States. The authors describe the evolution of Western Saddle manufacture from the original Spanish war-saddle in Mexico to the first crude Mexican horned saddles and on to the handsome form-fitting swell fork specimens ridden by cowboys and pleasure riders today. The writers admit that the old-time Western saddlemaker is a vanishing race and many left no "account" books for the record. Many were better at saddle manufacturing than business, and little is known of their brief history. Westerniana fans will want this book with its excellent photos and drawings. Recommended.

MEXICAN ANTIQUITIES

Those of us who are hypnotized by Frank Waters' brilliant prose and Hispanic history will enjoy *Mexico Mystique—The Coming Sixth World of Consciousness* (Sage Books, $10.00). The print is easy to read and the book comes in two parts. The first deals with the invasion of Mexico by Cortez and his Spanish *Conquistadores*, and the brutal warfare with Mexican troops and capture and imprisonment of the weak-kneed Montezuma. This section also includes a factual summary of the major cultures of pre-Columbian Mexico which were: the Olmecs, Mayas, Zapotecs and Mixtecs, Zapotecs of Teotihuacan, Toltecs of Tula, Aztecs, and Life Spans and World Cycles.

The second and larger part, The Myths, covers the known history back into shadowy reaches of time. In it Waters analyzes the provocative period of Quetzalcoatl as projected by the so-called scientists of the period who were concerned with space. He discusses the Mayans' preoccupation with time and presents his interpretation of the Mayan Great Cycle—our present Fifth World, which was to have started 3113 B.C. and whose destructive end is supposed to take place in 2011 A.D. *Mexico Mystique* is a continuation of Waters' Indian studies. Very good.

GOOD GUIDE

A sight-seeing vacation can be a provocative experience, especially when people such as Dick and Sharon Nelson have preceded you, photographed the areas, prepared trail maps and have written a guide book about where to go. We enjoyed a vicarious revisit to the handsome scenes the Nelsons have provided in *50 Hikes in Texas* (Tecolote Press, Inc., P. O. Box 507, Tombstone, Arizona 85638, $3.95). They have given directions to the trailheads; a full-page photograph taken on the hikes; line-drawn maps and a description of the hikes. The hiker will find information about daypacking, backpacking and emergencies; outdoor behavior and decorum; and respect and care for natural resources and facilities provided for visitors. We recommend this book for travelers seeking a leisurely scenic trip through Texas.

DAKOTA HOMESTEADER

One of the last of the North Dakota homesteaders, Carl P. Gauthier has recounted his memoirs in *The Bone Trail* which can be purchased from the author for $4.50 at 416 W. Borchard Ave., Santa Ana, California 92707. The book was named for the rutted road the family followed north to their homestead after they arrived in remote Williston, North Dakota in 1898. This was the route followed by buffalo bone-gatherers after the hide hunters killed off the great herds. Bones were sold to fertilizer manufacturers and many hungry families survived on money obtained from bone harvests. A natural born scribbler, Gauthier began collecting material for his book while a boy on his father's farm which was powered entirely by horses and oxen. He describes local entertainment headed by dances in country school houses where the dancers were sometimes forced to wait for a blizzard to blow by. Money was scarce but neighbors helped one another in hard times, when sickness prevailed and during emergencies. They got along. Most of the thirty illustrations were shot with a four-dollar Sears & Roebuck camera. Young Gauthier made his four dollars by selling two barrels of empty beer bottles to a brewery. Photographic details were often vague but still acceptable because water for his dark room had to be hauled long distances. Eighty-five-year-old Gauthier has had a varied career. Beginning as a farmer, he also fought in World War I, and worked for a shipyard and for a title company.

THE GUN CONTROVERSY

Since the shooting deaths of President Kennedy, Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr., many lawmakers have tried unsuccessfully to outlaw the traditional personal and family guns in this country. Lee Kennett and James LaVerne Anderson have recently written *The Guns in America—The Origins of a National Dilemma* (Greenwood Press, $12.95) in which they steer away from taking sides in the controversy but deal entirely with the historical question of "why guns in America." The authors point out that on the ungarrisoned American frontier, the citizen soldier with a gun provided the best means for personal, family and community protection. They claim this idea became embodied in the myth of the Minuteman and enshrined in the Second Amendment to the Constitution. The gun provided westward-moving colonists and settlers with the only means available for self-protection in a hostile environment. Also the large amount of food obtained from wild game was largely procured by the use of guns. The gun habit is so completely a part of our national tradition that pro-gunners have generally won during controversies with gun prohibitionists. Well written and interesting.

ALASKAN AGRICULTURE

Those interested in agricultural possibilities in Alaska will find the best source of facts in *The Frontier in Alaska and the Matanuska Colony* (Yale University Press, $15.00) by Orlando W. Miller. The book's major thesis is the history of the New Deal's famous Natanuska farming experiment begun in 1935. The author and many others consider the experiment a failure and name the reasons for believing so. 1. Incompetent settlers were chosen from unsuccessful farms from the Great Lakes region where the Matanuska founders claimed the climate was similar to that of the Alaska Valley. 2. Unfortunately, candidates were selected by conductors of relief roles, rather than by officers capable of choosing prospective settlers with the ability and experience to make good. 3. A peasant type of economy was planned based on twenty acres of land per family from which to cut timber for houses and all outbuildings. Clearing brush and timber for crop and pasture on this land was slow and expensive. 4. Transplanted farmers and many others complained that twenty acres were too few to provide a family a living. The Farmer's Home Administration had already tried similar operations of this size in the U. S. and failed. Miller says the number of farms have decreased and remaining farmers are tilling larger acreages. We consider this

(Continued on page 30)

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J. P. JONES - FORTUNE'S

My, but it cuts down on the strain of livin' to be Lady Luck's Number One Boy!

By CHARLES W. DILLON
Photos Courtesy Author

THERE HAVE BEEN many stories about the California gold rush during the 1850s, and most of them admit that the end of the rainbow was strife, toil, misfortune and death, rather then wealth. The rag-to-riches narratives are comparatively few, and even they lament the many hardships encountered before the final happy ending. Such was not the case of John Percival Jones, however.

Jones was a man with a dynamic personality. He was somewhat of a philanthropist with a silver tongue. As a result, helping hands were extended wherever he turned. He made his fortune by manipulating others rather than by the sweat of his own brow. These manipulations were such that the other person seldom, if ever, resented them.

John P. Jones was born on January 27, 1829 of Welsh stock. He was brought, as a child, from Herefordshire, England by his parents who settled in the Ohio frontier wilderness. John P. was to become one of thirteen children.

When the California gold rush stampeded the nation, John and his brother Harry, along with other young men from their community, headed west the easy way—by water. No overland dust and heat for him, nor the hardships and insects of the Isthmus crossing at Panama. He came by boat across Lake Erie and down the St. Lawrence River. He rounded the Horn in the fragile old bark *Eureka* and arrived in San Francisco in the spring of 1850.

J. P. Jones brought to the gold diggings a strong back and massive shoulders that were accustomed to shovel and ax. He looked much younger than his years when he prospected the Feather River, Stanislaus and the Yuba. It was during this time he met another young prospector, Alvinza Hayward, who was down on his luck. Jones gave him a grubstake and they became friends.

It wasn't too long after this, that Jones decided he would rather use his head than his back and left that part of the country heading north. His travels finally took him to Weaverville where he got a job as a store clerk. J. P. Jones' new employer, Mr. Farewell, had a store across the street from the blacksmith shop. Farewell's building had been hastily put together and consisted mostly of peeled poles and shakes. Weatherwise it was not very strong. Farewell decided to go down to the valley to replenish his stock of merchandise before winter set in, and he left J. P. Jones in charge as clerk and bookkeeper.

One Saturday night during Farewell's absence, it began to snow heavily. J. P. and a few of his friends were playing cards in the store. As the night wore on, one of the players commented on how heavy the snow was getting on the roof; the beams were sagging. Jones chose to ignore the situation. He merely shrugged and said, "I'm a clerk. I was not hired to shovel snow so I will be damned if I will."

The next morning J. P. slept late. Around nine o'clock the cracking of Farewell's building could be heard for quite a distance in the cold, still air. When the store at last collapsed, J. P. was under its ruins. Within a few minutes a fair-sized crowd had gathered. Most were convinced that Jones had been crushed to death under all that weight, and shovels were soon put into action to reach the poor fellow's mangled body. Debris was finally removed to the point where a sturdily built store counter had stood. Periodically some of the rescuers would call out Jones' name; no answer.

Nevertheless, when the snow, poles and shakes were cleared from around the counter, there underneath in a storage space lay their future Senator snug and warm, curled in his blankets. Seeing Jones in such a comfortable position infuriated the sweating rescuers.

"Why in the hell didn't you answer us?" they demanded. "We know you could hear us!"

"Why should I do that?" Jones grinned. "Look at all the shoveling I didn't have to do by keeping my mouth shut."

The men were ready to kill him for that remark, but they satisfied themselves with some tall cussing and let it go at that. Of course, this was the end of his job with Mr. Farewell, but he soon had a similar position clerking for Dick Clifford.

AS THE YEARS rolled on, J. P. Jones went from one job to another, but always *up* the ladder of success. He became the private secretary of I. G. Messic; then was twice elected justice of the Peace for Weaver Township by the Democrats. When Messic later was elected sheriff, Jones became his deputy. This pair became celebrated Indian fighters.

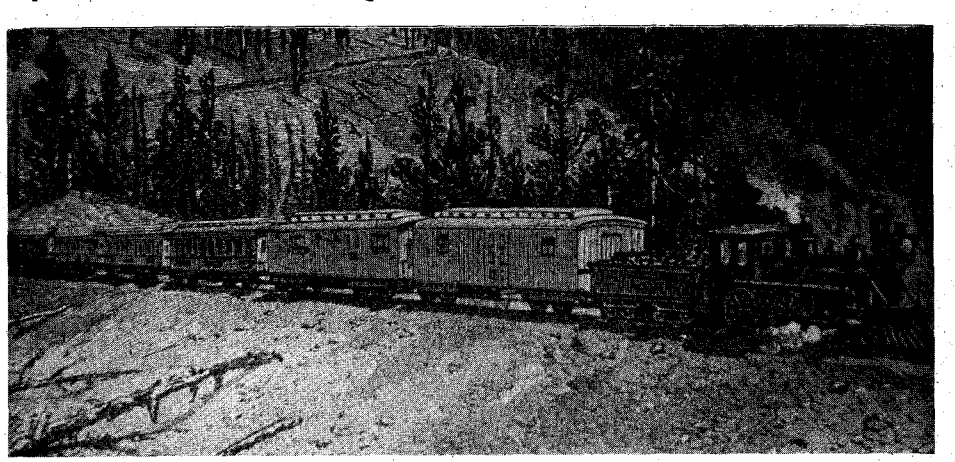
Jones' political career was well on its way in 1861 when he was elected sheriff of Trinity County by the strong Democratic majority. At that time the office of sheriff was the highest post one could attain in a community.

Due to conflicting interests in the party during the Civil War, a split was made between the Northern and Southern Democrats. The Northern group joined forces with the Republican Party, with the new coalition calling itself the Union Party. Jones ran for state senator for Trinity and Shasta Counties in 1863 on the Union ticket and won.

In 1867 J. P. Jones received the nomination for lieutenant-governor of California on the Republican ticket, but here he backslid a bit in his political career. H. H. Haight and the Democratic Party carried the state.

J. P. quit the political arena for a time after this and moved to San Francisco. There he met his old friend Alvinza

Stanford's Southern Pacific won the competition, beating Jones' Los Angeles & Independence Line and other late beginners.



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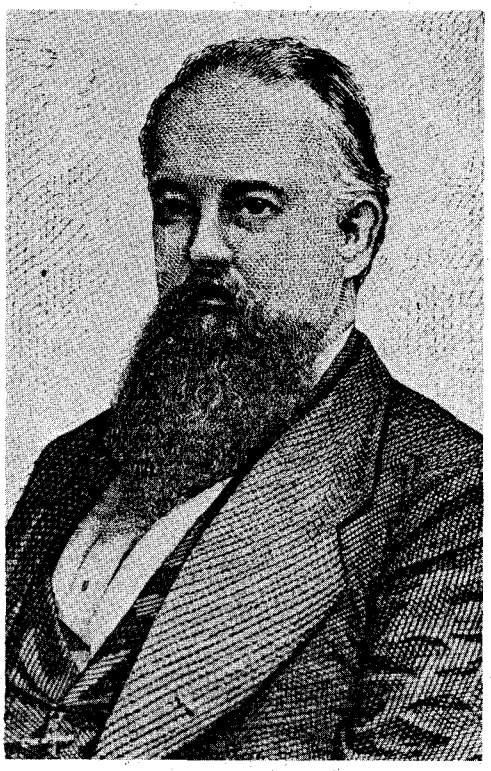
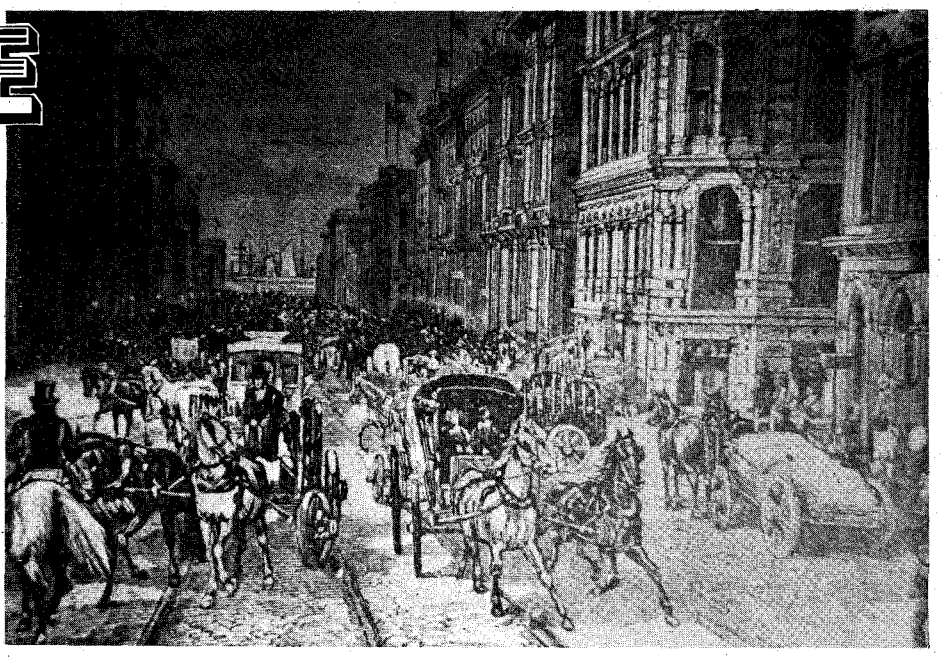
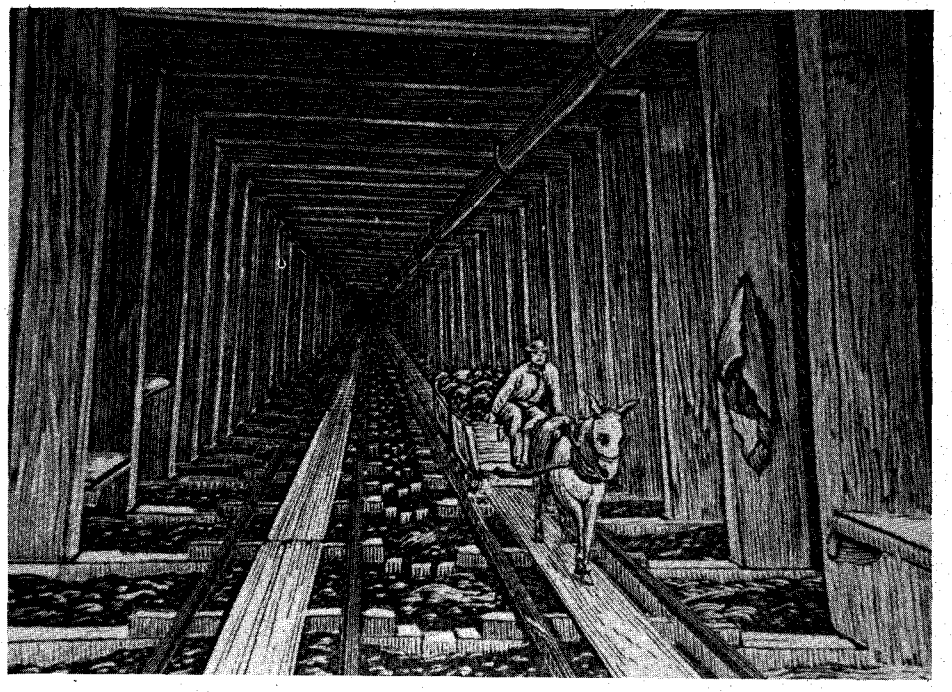




Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

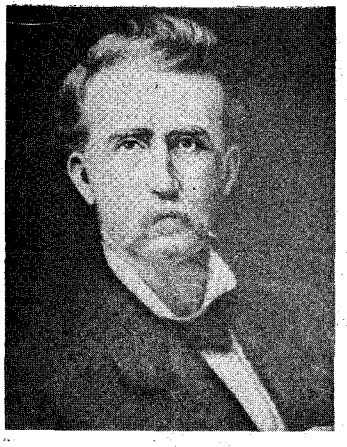
Above, San Francisco in the 1870s. At left, John P. Jones. Below, Sutro's Tunnel poured out millions for its owner.



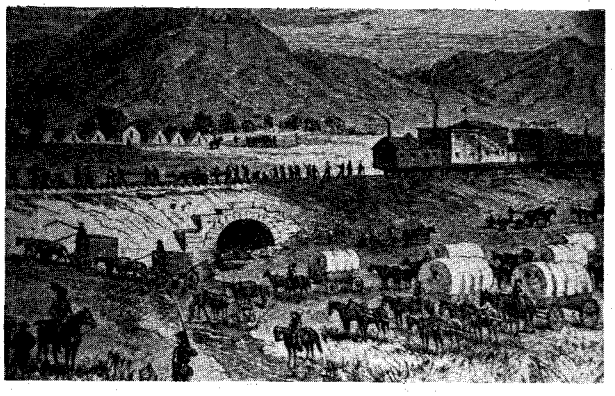
Hayward from the Mother Lode days, and later married Hayward's sister. Jones gathered a broad knowledge of stocks and bonds among the bulls and bears of the West Coast's financial citadel. In San Francisco he became familiar with a new way of life. Here he met the powerful men of industry and politics—Mark Hopkins, Leland Stanford, and Charles Crocker of early railroad fame; William Ralston and William Sharon, the two banking geniuses; and many others who were to become wealthy and famous: James Fair, John Mackay, Adolph Sutro, "Lucky" Baldwin, and James Flood.

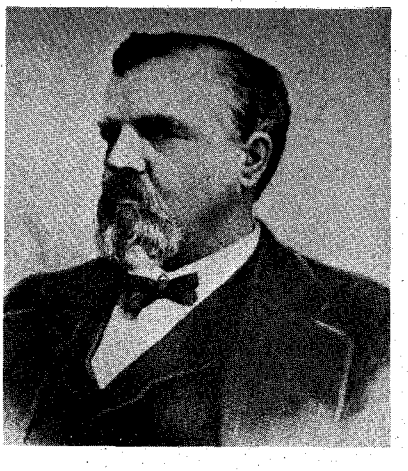
About 1853 two brothers named Grosch

Below, John W. Mackay, one of the richest men who mined the Nevada Comstock.



Below, railroads were rushed to completion. At right, James C. Flood, one of John Mackay's partners.





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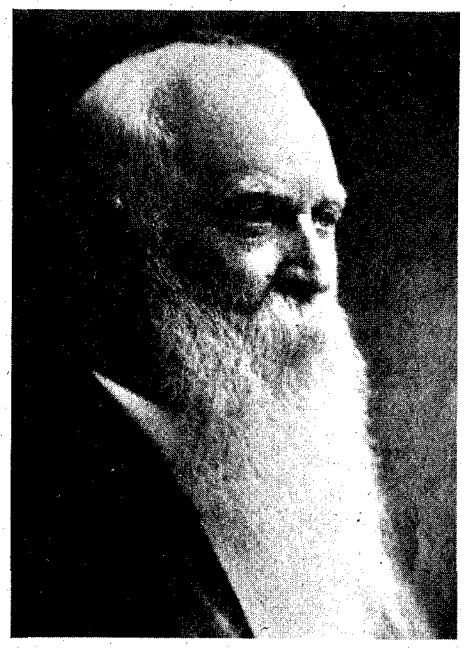
discovered what was later to become the great Comstock Lode in Nevada; the towns of Virginia City and Gold Hill sprang up near the new mines. It was not too long until the monied men of San Francisco were attracted to the area. By 1870 the Ralston-Sharon Bank of California combine, known as "Ralston's Ring," held the controlling interest of nearly all the mines and mills. They held their monopoly on the district so tightly that the few remaining operators working independently were soon forced to give up. Some of the Comstock's best producing mines were the Yellow Jacket, Belcher, Ophir, Gould, Curry, Kentuck, Savage, Crown Point, Chollar-Potosi, Mexican and Best. The Ralston Ring eventually gained their control.

When the original owners of these mines staked out their claims they did not know in which direction the main vein lay; it was completely covered within the mountain. The claims were laid out up and down the side of Mount Davidson. When the vein was eventually uncovered it was found that it ran crossways of the mountain. In consequence each claim held only a block of the large vein.

The block at the Crown Point mine extended about five hundred feet across the claim. A shaft had been sunk on the property, but the lode was barren at this point. Worthless rock had been coming to the surface for years. The shareholders had been assessed so heavily for this unproductive work that the stock was down to two dollars a share. Ralston believed the pay was there, but that the ore made a deep dip at this point. He was convinced the Crown Point could be developed into a mine equally as rich as the others, and confided this conviction to one of his trusted members of the ring, Alvinza Hayward. Hayward agreed with Ralston and suggested he engage his brother-in-law, J. P. Jones, to investigate the situation.



Wm. M. Stewart, famed lawyer, senator, and mining partner of J. P. Jones.

JONES WAS KNOWN around San Francisco as being expert on mines —"he had a natural nose for ore." Ralston appointed Jones superintendent of the Crown Point and sent him immediately to the mine. For nearly two years Jones prospected the mine's old workings. He used up a quarter of a million dollars just digging into worthless rock. With all the money spent Ralston shut down the mine and took Jones off the payroll.

Though no longer on salary, Jones stayed on at the mine. He spent many days and nights poking around in the abandoned diggings on his own time. He also bought up all the two-dollar Crown Point stock he could get his hands on (which was not hard to do!).

Deep in one of the shafts Jones finally found what he had been looking for—all the combination of clues in the rock that would lead him to riches. He was still above the water level, but the hard, barren rock was getting softer. As he dug, the porphyry became more decomposed and crumbled readily in his hands. The rock grew lighter in color, with the tell-tale streaks of red iron rust that indicated ore was close by. His shovel struck the ever-present sticky blue mud that always accompanied the Comstock's pay shoots, then right on schedule, next was the white quartz that carried the greatest values. Lady Luck had smiled once again.

Jones confided in no one except Hayward, and they decided to "keep it in the family." Together, these two plotted to "steal" the mines away from the Ralston Ring.

They had to be very careful. Hayward and Jones secretly invested the balance of their savings in Crown Point stock, and borrowed more money for this purpose from their friends. The stock began to rise. This is exactly what the two men did not want, so they decided to use a different strategy. Jones entered the San Francisco Stock Exchange and passed around the word that "he had suddenly been called East because of his son's illness, he would have to get out of the stock business." The word spread quickly. The remaining owners of the Crown Point stock interpreted "his child was ill" to mean the condition of the mine. They began to dump their stock on the market.

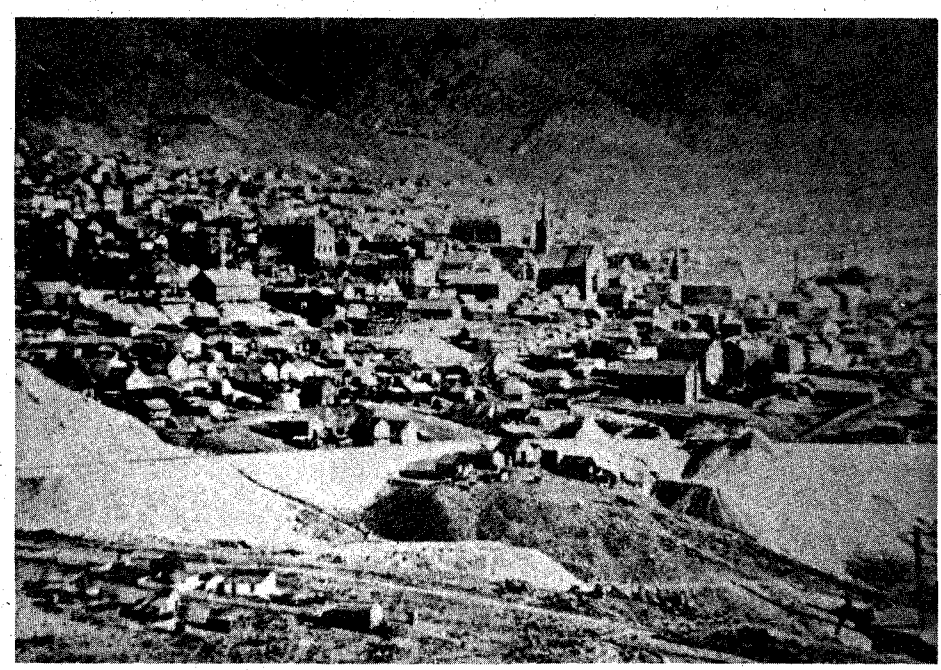
Jones and Hayward picked up enough stock from this scare to gain controlling interest in the Crown Point mine. They recalled their miners and within a short time had recovered $30 million in silver and gold. The monopoly of the Ralston Ring had finally been broken.

THE YELLOW JACKET mine had once had a bad fire, and J. P. Jones had been instrumental in putting it out. This had made him a hero of sorts, and now that he had breached the Ralston Ring he was more than ever the man of the hour. On the strength of this popularity with the miners he was elected to the United States Senate, representing Nevada.

William Sharon, one of the top men in the Ralston Ring had wanted this senatorial nomination very much. During the campaign he took action against Jones and tried to discredit him so that he would lose the election. First Sharon threw a large block of the Comstock onto the market, creating a furious selling wave. The loss was nearly $500 million, and the losers were mostly all from San Francisco. A large part of the city was crippled, and millionaires were reduced to beggars. There were killings and suicides. The dirtiest word in the language of that day was "William Sharon."

Sharon had also paid Isaac Hubbell, the Crown Point's underground foreman, $50,000 to swear that Jones had set the underground fires in the Yellow Jacket

Virginia City, Nevada before 1900.



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mine deliberately. This accusation set the people in Nevada against Sharon for all time. He was so disliked by then that even Ralston advised him to forget the senate race.

Hayward and Jones lost about $3 million between them because of Sharon's actions, but the set-back was not fatal. They still had the Crown Point to draw on to make it up. It was a very rich "mine superintendent" who took his seat in the Senate of the United States.

BY 1875 the Crown Point mine had stopped paying dividends; the Belcher in 1876. Most of the big names quietly withdrew. The mines still had hundreds of tons of ore left to bring out, but the cream was gone. Yet there was still one millionaire to be made—Adolph Sutro. He had managed to pay off the tremendous debt for building his famous tunnel, built into the side of Mount Davidson to tap the lower levels of the Comstock mines. It was Sutro's intention to drain off the troublesome water, and he charged the miners two dollars per ton to use his tunnel. At last he walked away with $2 million in profit.

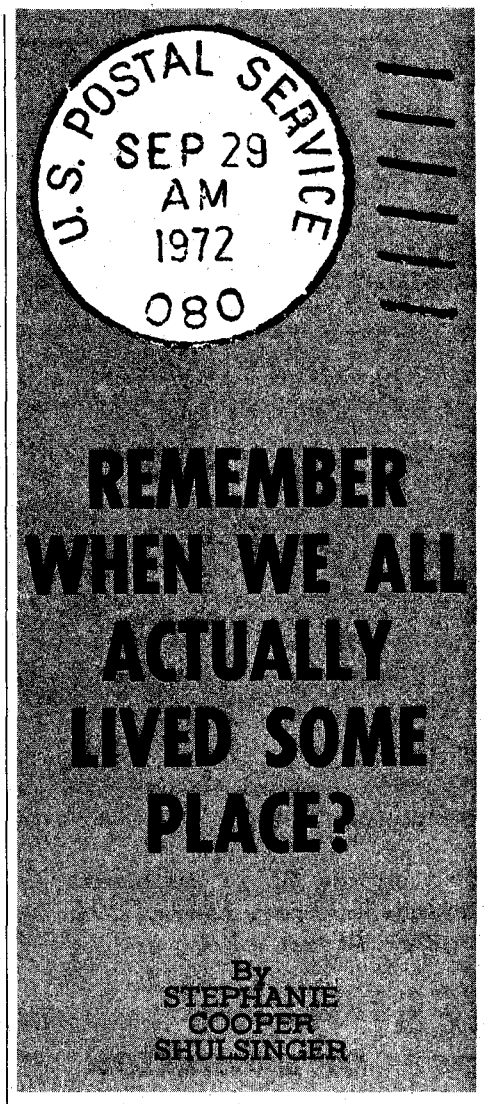
Three lone prospectors went in search of the lost Gun Sight mine in Death Valley about the time Senator Jones was taking his seat in Washington. When Robert L. Stewart, Richard C. Jacobs, and W. L. Kennedy pushed their way up the side of Telescope Peak in the center of California's hottest desert they began to pick up good silver float. They thought for sure they had found the Gun Sight mine, a silver-sided mountain that had been reported in that general area of Death Valley.

On closer inspection that evening Bob Stewart, the assayer, determined it to be a more basic type ore—horn silver, a talc-like rock. It was a rich find, to be sure, but it was not quite a small man's operation. They had chanced upon a whole mountain of silver and could not work it. Nevertheless, they laid out claims and prepared a mining district in the hope of attracting a group of monied men to help finance the operation, and began building the first house in the new town of Panamint.

In San Francisco a small-time operator, E. P. Raines, read in the newspaper about the Panamint find and saw a chance to make his fortune. He talked to the miners at Panamint and received an option to negotiate the financial part of the operation. Then he visited J. P. Jones to try to make a deal for backing the mines.

Jones was not interested in the proposition but gave the man $1,000 for his trouble. Raines, however, did not give up that easily; he tried another approach. He was familiar enough with Jones' background to know that Jones disliked the railroad combine and had tried to pass laws to restrict their actions through taxation.

Near Los Angeles there was a small, struggling company trying to build a railroad line for local use. Raines thought he could interest Jones in this railroad. Raines suggested that it be continued to Ogden, Utah in direct com-



REMEMBER WHEN WE ALL ACTUALLY LIVED SOME PLACE?

By STEPHANIE COOPER SHULSINGER

ARIZONA

Ajo (Pima Co.)—Spanish, meaning "garlic," for wild garlic found growing nearby.

Allah (Maricopa Co.)—originally called "The Garden of Allah," from the sensational novel and movie of that name.

Arivaca (Pima Co.)—In Pima means "little reeds."

Artillery Mts. (Mohave Co.)—a volcanic formation here looks like a cannon standing on end.

Bagdad (Yavapai Co.)—a desert community named for the exotic city in *The Arabian Nights.*

Barn (Maricopa Co.)—an early landmark here was a lonely barn.

Betatakin (Navajo Co.)—Navajo, means "house on a hillside."

Bon (Pinal Co.)—short for "Bonorden," the name of a local railroad dispatcher.

Bright Angel Creek (Grand Canyon)—named by John Wesley Powell as a contrast to the Dirty Devil River.

Bumble Bee (Yavapai Co.)—from the bees found by prospectors, who searched their hives for honey.

Carew (Pima Co.)—named for an English vagrant known locally as the "King of Beggars."

Christmas (Gila Co.)—some prospectors staked their claims here on Christmas Day, 1902, on land that had previously been part of the San Carlos Apache Reservation.

Cleator (Yavapai Co.)—named for Cleator Moor, a British mining region.

Crown King (Yavapai Co.)—after a famous mine by that name.

Dragoon (Cochise Co.)—named for the Dragoon Mountains, honoring cavalry units that saw plenty of action in this area against the Indians.

Greaterville (Pima Co.)—named for a prospector named Greater.

Hackberry (Mohave Co.)—a favorite western shade tree which resembles the elm and bears a sweet edible fruit.

Hado (Cochise Co.)—Spanish, means "destiny."

Hog Nose Mt. (Yavapai Co.)—which really looks like one.

Inspiration (Gila Co.)—named not for a beautiful view, but for an old mine.

Jerked Beef Butte (Gila Co.)—where marauding Apaches stopped to butcher and jerk rustled oxen after a rain in Tucson.

Kin Tiel (Apache Co.)—Navajo, means "wide house."

Klondyke (Graham Co.)—named by a well-traveled prospector who had also tried his luck in the Frozen North.

Magma (Pinal Co.)—named for the Magma Mine, means "molten rock."

Ming (Yuma Co.)—not for the Chinese dynasty, but for a politician and prospector, Allan Ming.

Music Mt. (Mohave Co.)—named for a layered rock formation which resembles a musical staff.

Naco (Cochise Co.)—a border town whose name is composed of the last two letters of "Arizona" and "Mexico."

Oracle (Pinal Co.)—from a nearby mine, which was named by a prospector who came around the Horn in 1875 on a ship called the *Oracle.*

Peridot (Gila Co.)—this apple-green gemstone is found here in local basalt formations.

Pirtleville (Cochise Co.)—named for its founder, E. R. Pirtle.

Show Low (Navajo Co.)— commemorates a famous card game in which one player lost his share of a ranch on a bet that his partner couldn't show low. The deuce of clubs did it.

Silverbell (Pima Co.)—named for Belle Caruthers, who rode a silvery-white horse.

Snowflake (Navajo Co.)—named after two Mormon settlers, Rastus Snow and William Flake.

Sunglow (Cochise Co.)—when the sun rises over the hill in this town, it spread a glow of famous Arizona light and color over the whole scene.

Wolfhole (Mohave Co.)—the Paiutes called the local waterhole "Coyote Spring," but Powell's party renamed it.

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petition to the big railroad companies. The idea would appeal to Jones, he was sure. The new line would—just by chance—pass close to Panamint and the silver.

E. P. Raines had guessed correctly. Jones decided to try for another fortune and possibly get even with some of his railroad adversaries at the same time.

Jones first sent a veteran assayer, Charles G. Meyer, to appraise the new find. He later sent his brother Harry, and Bill Stewart, to help E. P. Raines get the ball rolling. Jones then invited two of his old friends and associates to join the Panamint venture.

These two men, the senior senator from Nevada, William M. Stewart, and Trevor W. Park of Panama railroad fame, were currently being sued for $5 million by an English syndicate for suspected fraud in a silver mine in Utah. The Panamint seemed like the answer to their current money problems. Jones, the junior senator from Nevada, had most of the cash to back this venture so he became the senior partner in the newly formed Surprise Valley Mining Company.

JOHN P. was detained in the East for a while longer, closing business deals. "Someone is always trying to sell me something," he said. Most of the offers presented to him he took, and all of these things added to his already enormous wealth. The cash he lent without hesitation or collateral always paid him dividends. His return trip home was to be no different. He acquired a new invention for making ice, a mine in Arizona, one in Oregon, and the "Big Blue" mine and others at Kernville. These latter mines were to be one of his greatest pay-offs. He also had time in San Francisco to purchase the salt flats that surrounded the southern portion of the bay. "I'll build a dyke and call it 'Little Holland'," he commented.

Jones married his second wife, Georgina Sullivan of San Francisco, on this flying trip. He then sailed for Los Angeles on the cutter *Oliver Walcott* to look at a newly acquired ranch, the Santa Monica.

Jones had met Raines in San Francisco and dispatched him to the Panamint with a detachment of Chinese workers. En route Raines had his legs broken in a stage wreck and was put out of commission.

After Jones contributed $200,000 to further the cause of the Los Angeles and Independence Railroad, he decided to visit Panamint. His stay there was brief—just long enough to look over the situation and greet a few old friends he had known in the '49 days. Bill Stewart and Harry Jones seemed to have the situation well in hand.

Jones enjoyed reminiscing with his old buddy Messic from the Trinity Indian wars. He offered Messic the position of superintendent of the mines and was accepted. He also hailed the other miners he had known in California with:

"Howdy, John! You still working on your first million?"

"How's the game leg, Charlie? See ya got a wooden one now! That will cut down the Comstock room-a-tics in half, eh?"

"There's old Buzzard Lloyd—the foulest cook in the West. One bite of his cookin' and a coyote would bury its teeth!"

The extremely hard rock at Panamint would have probably closed those mines eventually, but the actual closing was caused by the devaluation of silver. The Virginia City mines, the Panamint mines, and the still newer ones at Darwin, Leeds, and elsewhere just simply produced too much silver. A very bad depression following the devaluation of silver created more bankruptcies, suicides, and beggars.

Jones managed to hold onto some of his savings through it all. The Bank of California had gone under, and Ralston, its chief, drowned himself in the San Francisco Bay. Then the Stanford-Huntington crowd of the Southern Pacific Railroad moved in to force Jones' hand. The L A & I ceased construction near Cajon with 300 feet of tunnel completed at the pass. When the Bank of California in San Francisco closed, the bank of Temple and Workman in Los Angeles also failed. Mr. Workman committed suicide, spelling the end of Jones' railroad.

And there was to be another disappointment. J. P. Jones reached San Francisco from Panamint only to learn that his old partner and former brother-in-law Hayward was trying to ease him out of the Comstock. Jones became enraged for one of the few times in his life. Not thinking very clearly and with haste Jones threw all of his Comstock shares upon the market, hoping to "kill" Hayward in the process. The strategy didn't work and Jones lost considerably. Disgusted, he sold most of his real estate holdings in San Francisco and moved his family to Santa Monica.

Real estate was still selling at a fast clip in this newly formed community. J. P. was still comparatively well-heeled. His ice plants across the nation were prospering and his mines at Kernville were still producing. After all his reverses, Jones was far from walking the bread lines or ending it all with a bullet.

He built a home overlooking the Santa Monica beach that he named "Miramar," developed the Treadwell mine in Alaska, and formed a relief commission for the recently burned-out town of Virginia City, Nevada. One of his dreams for years had been to flood Death Valley from the Colorado River to form a huge lake, the water to be used for irrigating the southern wasteland. He did not live long enough to see this idea come about in the form of Lake Mead and the Boulder Dam project.

After serving many years in the Senate, Jones settled down to a more placid way of life at the Rancho Santa Monica. In his lifetime he acquired many fortunes and lost some of them. He was often bent by his misfortunes but never broken. On November 27, 1912 the old, stout-hearted boomer of the West Coast passed on to wherever old miners go—perhaps for lucky J. P. Jones it was another great silver mine in the sky.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 25)

an improvement. The project store, and processing plants have gone out of business in Palmer, the main town in the Matanuska Valley.

This reviewer has a more optimistic outlook on Alaska's farming future than Miller. Soil and moisture resources are good. The climate at Fairbanks, Matanuska, and Kenia Peninsula is comparable to agricultural areas in northern Russia, Finland and Scandinavian countries. The growing population has need for the vegetables, farm crops, sheep and dairy and beef cattle that can thrive there. Marketing is simpler now, with numerous roads and the Alaska Railway that serves the major population centers. Well recommended.

CANADIAN NORTH

The Last Wilderness (Chronicle Books, $3.95) by Peter Browning presents an illustrated day-to-day account of a romantic intermezzo north of the 60th parallel between Hudson Bay and Great Slave Lake. The summer canoe trip covered over 600 miles of lakes, rivers and agonizing portages. Browning and his companion daily risked their lives on a trail that had been traveled only once before by white men and not at all in nearly twenty years. A line-drawn map gives the reader a look at the route through uninhabited forests and tundra between takeoff at Black Lake and the end of the trail at Snowdrift, a small isolated Canadian outpost on the eastern shores of the Great Slave Lake. We were amused at the author's description of the Barrens, a large area lying at timberline. Barrens imply no vegetation but the men reported gobbling blueberries. Also they burned limbs of scrub conifers and dwarf willows. Sparse stands of grasses, sedges, fireweed, mosses and lichens were common. While there are no tall forests, it is hardly a barren area. This book will charm outdoorsmen. The reader will recognize a similarity between Browning's distinctive prose and that of John Muir, another great nature lover.

INDIAN BIB

American Indian and Eskimo Authors (Interbook Inc., 545 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10018, $4.00) is a comprehensive bibliography compiled by Arlene B. Hirschfelder for the Association on American Indian Affairs. This is an impressive bibliography—our native Americans have recorded their history, legends and myths and in so doing have made a most distinctive contribution to our literature. There is a Tribal Index that is quite revealing—as might be surmised the Cherokees have provided the largest number of writers. But not many would guess the war-loving Sioux would be close behind. Other tribes that are represented by a considerable number of authors include the Chippewa, Navajo, Apache and Hopi. The compiler has wisely included a brief description of the contents with each entry. Worthwhile.

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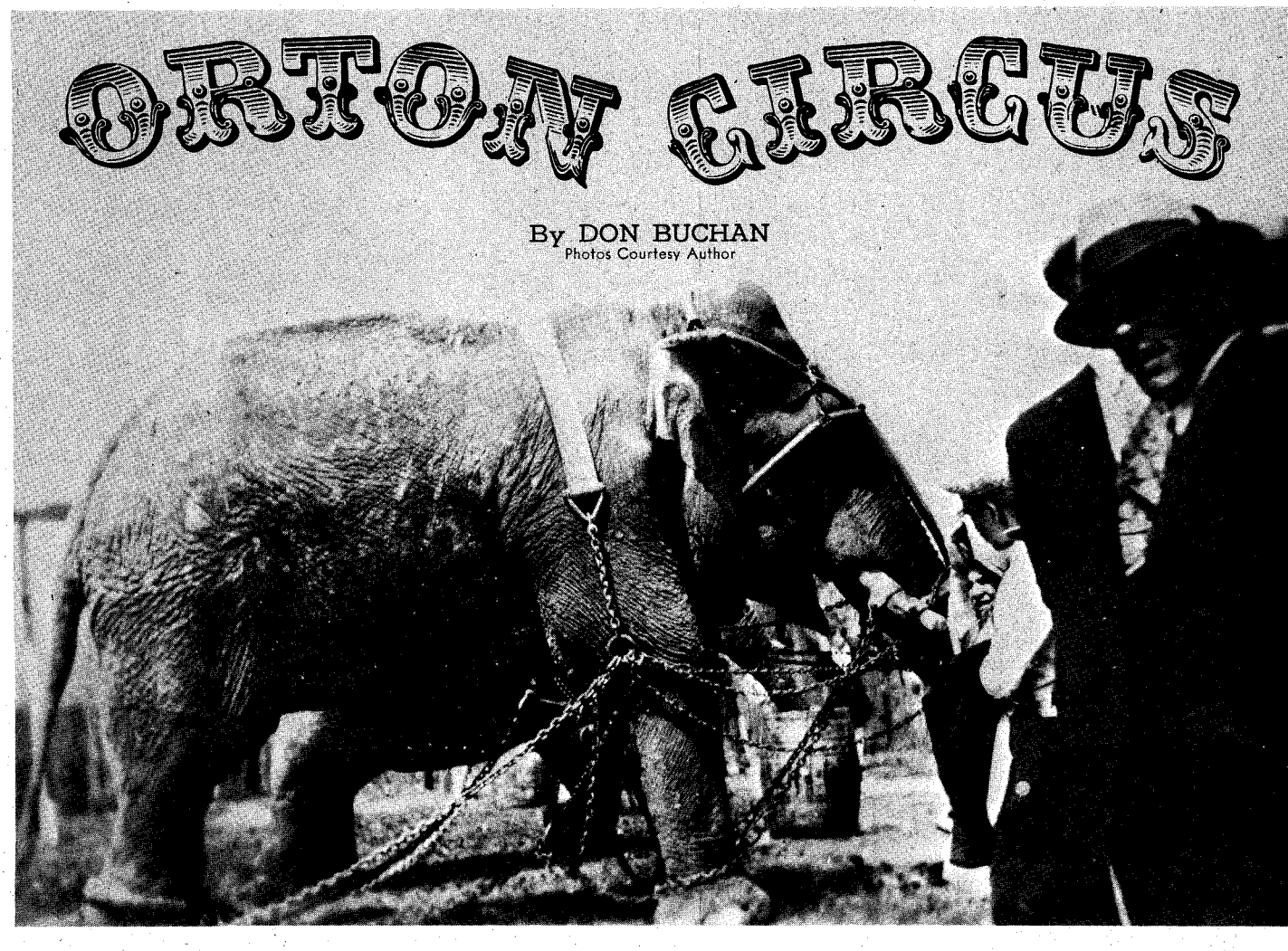
For seventy-eight years a brave little one-top plowed through the mud to the West's smallest communities—all the places the bigger outfits passed up. It was the

ORTON CIRCUS

By DON BUCHAN
Photos Courtesy Author



Tusko the elephant, one of the largest and meanest of his time. Owned by the Al G. Barnes Circus, only his trainer dared to approach him if not securely chained. Most elephants will submit if fastened by one leg, but Tusko required a complex chain arrangement to immobilize him.

IN the heyday of the big circus performing under canvas, each outfit was a little city. Movement was by rail, managed by a skilled crew who erected and took down the tents with precision.

But in the beginning, things were different. It took plenty of pioneering spirit, courage and imagination to operate a circus 125 years ago. Hiram Orton, who was born in Portage, Wisconsin, only twenty miles from Baraboo where the Ringlings began, started his circus in 1854. (The Ringling Bros. Classic and Comic Concert Co. dates from 1882, but it was 1884 before the Ringlings had a circus showing under canvas.)

It was a risky undertaking for Hiram Orton. He had a wife and four sons, the youngest but one year of age. There were no railroads to transport the circus to small towns. Streams had to be forded; larger rivers were crossed by ferry. Roads were often nonexistent or impassable because of axle-deep mud. There were no adequate vehicles to carry the tent and animals, no way to get advance publicity.

Often a guide had to be hired to lead the troupe to the next town. There was no flashy street parade. A few circus members would gather, play a tune or two, and one of them would tell of the wonders to be seen and heard at the show.

After each performance, the tent would be torn down, and the men would start to the next town by midnight, hoping to catch a nap en route. Often, though, muddy roads caused them to labor all night, pushing the wagons out of the mire.

Despite these difficulties, the Orton Circus played in 18 states, crossing state lines 37 times in 123 weeks, and completed a total of 705 stands in two and a half years. Even mountains failed to stop them—they crossed the Blue Ridge, Appalachians, Smokies and Ozarks.

From May 9, 1858 until September 15, 1860, the Ortons kept 63 dates in Iowa; 21 in Georgia; 46 in Tennessee; 87 in Alabama, 14 in Florida; 18 in Louisiana and 35 in Mississippi. In all, the circus played 693 stands in that period.

The Ortons deliberately selected small towns, convinced that the net would be greater than if they played in larger places where heavier expenses would erode the gross. Once, in Nebraska, they put up the big top at a crossroads store where the only other place of business was a blacksmith shop. The gross was $80 and Orton said, "I kept it all." He explained that $80 profit was more than he would have made playing Grand Island where expenses would have been harder to cover.

(Continued on page 47)

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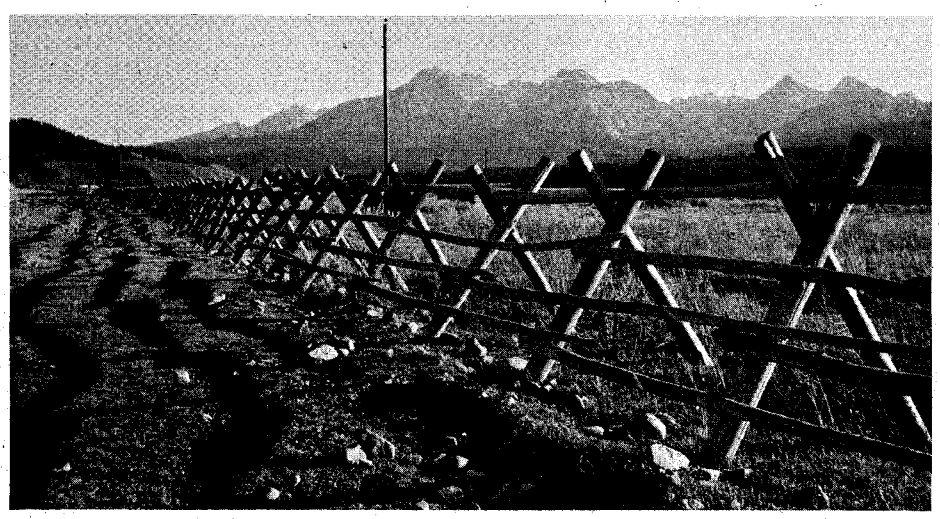
Wild Old Days!

Photos Courtesy Author

Above, the "crib" or "box" type of pole fence was probably the strongest, and could be erected without the use of spikes, nails, or wire. Below, the "worm" or "snake" fence, constructed in a zigzag pattern, with the notched ends fitting together. It also required no spikes or wiring.

Below, the "buck" railfence as seen in central Idaho's Sawtooth country.



THE PICTURESQUE RAIL FENCES: IS IT ADIOS?

By Ferris Weddle

MANY of us living in the Mountain West states are feeling nostalgic about the vanishing pole and rail fences. Each year time and weather (and modern fencing) deplete their number.

From an environmental viewpoint, the picturesque pole and rail fences were aesthetically right for the landscape, but pioneer ranchers and farmers constructed the fences for very practical reasons. In forested regions, there was a plentiful supply of trees suitable for fencing; the materials were free for the taking and, depending on the method used, the fences could be erected without nails, spikes, or wire.

Wire was expensive, and until the mid-1870s wire suitable for fencing simply wasn't available. Then in 1874, J. F. Glidden of De Kalb, Illinois, brought forth the barbed variety.

Barbed wire, in the era of the open range, was slow to take hold. Eventually, of course, it was accepted—at least in the more-or-less treeless areas of the West. Those living in forested country continued to rely heavily on pole and rail fences.

Building and maintaining rail fences was a never-ending, laborious task. Larger ranches had special crews to build and maintain fences, and much of the cutting of suitable timber was done during slack winter months. In some

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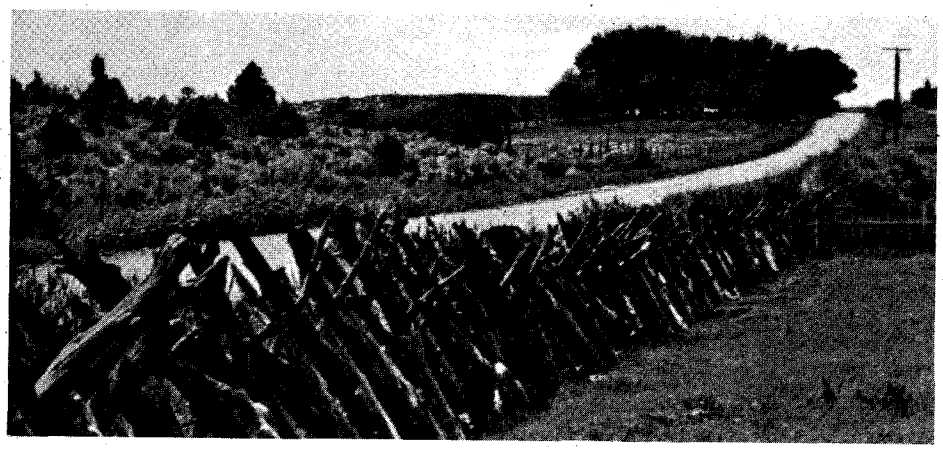
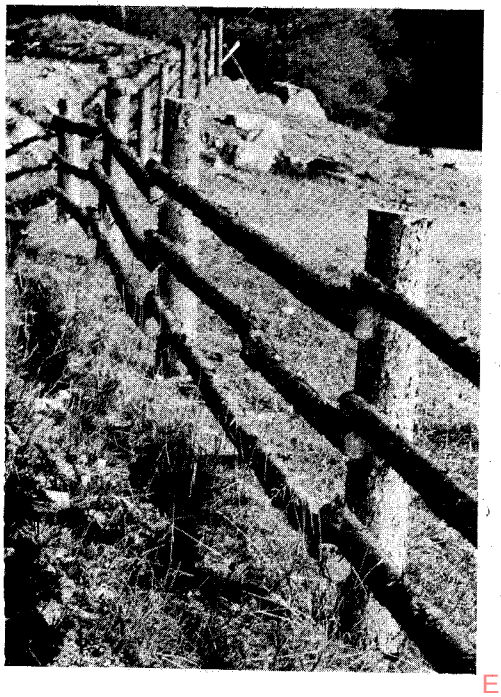
Photo Courtesy Carroll Foley

Above, Mrs. Carroll (Esther) Foley rides atop a sled loaded with lodgepole pine to be used for fences on the Foley's Sawtooth country homestead. Photo circa 1920. Below, "stake and rider" fence, also known as "rip gut" fence. It was constructed from materials obtained by clearing the land.



Below, a "straight-line" pole fence in the Red River country of north-central Idaho. One of the fastest type to erect since it requires fewer poles, but spikes or wire are needed to attach poles to posts. Usually the poles are peeled if the tree species has a heavy bark.



cases, as with cedar, the lengths had to be split into rails. Other kinds of timber, such as lodgepole pine, were left unsplit, thus the result was really a pole fence rather than a rail fence, though "rail fence" was commonly used to describe most of the fences whether of split or unsplit-lengths.

Most of the building methods came from the East along with the homesteaders but from them evolved some types which were unique to the high country West.

WHILE fence names might vary from region to region, three styles emerged as fairly standard—the crib (or box), the worm, and the buck. The former was the strongest, followed by the worm or zig-zag type. The buck allowed use of smaller poles, but it also required spiking or wiring.

The aim, when possible, was to select a design that would require only careful notching and fitting. Such fences would stay in good condition for years with a little annual maintenance. Removing bark from the poles or rails added to the lifespan, of course.

There were other methods such as the "straight line," with poles or rails extending in a straight line from post to post, and spiked or wired to the post. Another type was known as the "peg fence." Holes were bored into the posts deep enough to securely hold the poles or rails. This style is popular now around homes, resorts, and the like—but the method requires more work and time, especially if the holes must be made with hand augers.

A rather unique type utilized all kinds of short pieces, even stumps and roots which were available after a timbered area was cleared for farming. The usual name is the "rip gut" fence, although it might be called a "stake and rider."

Corrals and other structures were also made of poles and rails, as were most buildings of an impermanent nature. Logs replaced the poles for permanent buildings.

In the West's high country, a few of the old rail fences remain, melting into the landscape. From time to time new ones appear, but they are primarily used now for their picturesque qualities, that "Old West" atmosphere which is part of our national nostalgia.

ELK MEAT FOR TOM MIX

By "Old Cowboy" Ed Wright

I DON'T KNOW how it happened, but one fall I ended up in Jackson Hole in a whole lot of snow. I had a cowboy friend from Orin Junction, Wyoming, Lee Haynes, who was working for Tom Mix in pictures. Every time the post office caught up with me, I'd get a couple letters from Lee, telling me all about Hollywood, how much money he was making, and how he could get me a job in pictures any time I'd come.

About the first of November, when the snow got hind-end deep to a tall Injun, I got one of those letters from Lee. I went over to Nick McCoy's, got a slug of moonshine or two under my belt, and sold everything I had but one saddle horse. I took a good look in the looking glass at myself and said, "Look out, movies, here I come!" I'd never been in California.

I rode over the Teton Pass, at forty below zero, left my horse at Harry Scott's livery barn, put my saddle in a sack, and told him I'd write him where to send it. For a cowboy I was rich. I had four hindquarters of elk meat checked as baggage.

When I unloaded in California, Lee met me. I found out that, like all the rest of those Hollywood cowboys, he needed a roommate to pay the rent for him. I went with him to work, the next morning, at Fox Studios. Tom Mix carried ten or fifteen boys in stock all the time, at $75 a week.

That sounded like a lot of hay to a cowboy that was used to working for forty bucks a month, but I found out it wasn't near enough to loan to the would-be cowboys that couldn't get a job. Hollywood was just full of yodelin' cowboys with their boots run over, looking for a job playing music.

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Hollywood put the music and yodel in the cowboys. I'd never heard one play nothing but a mouth organ or fiddle where I come from. Hollywood made cowboys out of musicians, hillbillies, and all the stockholders' relatives! Soon as a relative could mount a horse, hanging onto the saddle horn, they put a big hat and a six-shooter on him, and made him a star. Of course, they had to change his name. Some of their real names didn't sound very Western!

Hollywood was big enough to get the job done. The producers put up the money. They owned the release companies. They wrote their own stories. They owned their own theaters. Their relatives made such lousy cowboys they had to start the nickelodeon theaters where a bum could sleep all night for a nickel while one of the rootin', tootin' Westerns was running.

I WENT with Lee and watched 'em make pictures for a couple days. Lee told Tom Mix I just hit town from Wyoming and had brought four quarters of elk meat with me. Mix talked with me awhile, and asked me if I wanted to go to work for him. He put me on the payroll right away. So I asked him if he liked elk meat. He said, "Do I! Bring me a chunk, will you, Ed?"

I wasn't stingy. I brought him a big-enough chunk to keep him in meat for a month. You know, that was good meat. I didn't bring no tough bull meat with me.

Anyway, that meat didn't last him near as long as I thought it would. He must of throwed a barbecue to get rid of it so fast.

I had a pretty good job, and was setting pretty solid, so every time Tom'd ask me, "How's the elk holdin' out?" I'd say, "Okay. Want some more?" He always did, so the winter meat supply went down pretty fast.

About the second month I was there, one of the cowboys working for Mix was getting married and invited me to the wedding. Of course, he wanted some elk meat. If you've never been to a cowboy wedding in Hollywood, you oughta go to one. This one was during Prohibition. When you got a block from the place, it smelled like the breath of spring to a dry, hungry cowboy. That's one thing they wasn't stingy with at a cowboy wedding—booze. Lots of that Hollywood bootleg whiskey would make a dead man strike his mother.

It was just as wet inside the home as it was outside. It was raining to beat heck. Everyone was singing, yodeling, telling stories, and drinking at the same time. Finally we run out. All there was left was water. Somebody took up a collection to get some more. The collection wasn't very much, so they elected me to go after it. I had a old Model T Ford, and they sent a girl with me to show me where the bootlegger lived.

I got her in the back seat and started cranking the flivver. Every time it started, I'd make a run and climb in, and when I'd start, kerpoop, she'd die. It was sure raining. I cranked that Ford seven or eight times, and every time I tried to start she'd groan and sputter, then go kerpoop and die. Finally I got in high gear and invested the collection in ten gallons of Italian red wine.

On the way back, there was a cop standing at a corner, in the middle of the street. I nearly ran over him when I cut the corner. He yelled and blowed his whistle. That girl in the back seat come alive and got the cork out of one of the jugs. I stopped the car.

We had side curtains on. The cop stuck his head through and said, "What's the matter with you? Don't you know how to drive?" He took a couple of whiffs and said, "Oh, you been drinking!"

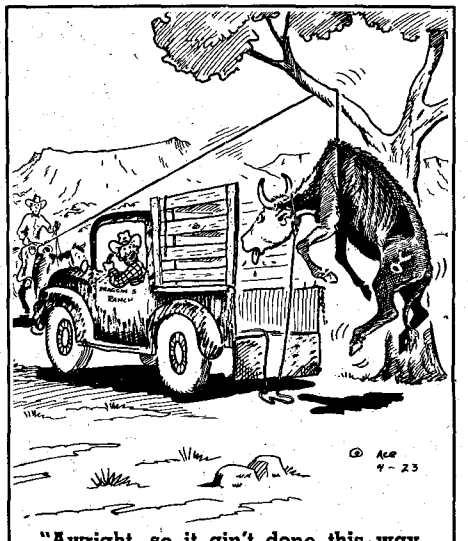
The girl straight away said, "Course, we have. We've been to a wedding. Have one on us." He looked at her, and then up and down the street, and said, "Well, I don't care if I do." Then he said, "Now you kids get on back, and be sure you don't run over a policeman on the way."

We took off as soon as I got that flivver cranked up again. I was sure glad to get back to the celebration and unload. When I started to leave the next day, somebody had stole the tires off my car. That darn near spoiled all the fun I'd had.

THAT elk meat was getting pretty low. Mix jumped me and told me he was having a party for his director and leading lady. They never had tasted elk meat. He'd told 'em he had some, and wanted me to let him have just a little for the special occasion.

That evening, Bill Rovins went with me to where I had the meat. We looked for a piece to give Tom Mix, but there wasn't nothing left but a couple of soup bones. Old Herman, the butcher, had a shank of beef, pretty well dried up, but he said it was good, and old enough to be tender. He didn't think anybody would be able to tell what kind of meat it was. We rubbed some elk hide and hair all over it and wrapped it up. Then Bill and me took it over to Mix's corrals.

Fat Jones and Curley Eagles both had corrals joining Tom's. They rented horses to all the moving picture companies, or any kind of equipment from stagecoaches, covered wagons, or any kind of buggy that a horse was ever hitched to. There was always lots of Hollywood cowboys hanging around there, looking for a day's work. Whenever stock went on location, every four horses had a man with 'em to take care of 'em.



"Awright, so it ain't done this way, but she's about loaded, ain't she?"

Tom had told me to give Pat Chrisman the meat, so he could bring it over to him, but Chrisman wasn't around. Bill laid the meat down, but instead of keeping his mouth shut he started laughing and telling everybody about me sending Tom the beef for elk. Next thing, I heard someone holler, "Drop that, you s- o- b!" One of Mike Brem's dogs had the chunk of meat in his mouth and was in high gear, running through Fat's corral.

Someone hit the dog with a rock, and he dropped it, but when one of the fellers picked it up the wrapper was all tore to pieces. I finally got hold of it and wrapped it up again, and located Chrisman. I told him to tell Tom that was all I had left, and I hoped they'd like it.

That was on Saturday. We didn't go to work till Monday. When I got to the studio on Monday, Pat Chrisman told me to go get my check, I was fired.

"What for?"

"You know what for. What you asking me for?"

"Well, how do you like that? Keep a feller in meat all winter, and get fired for it!"

I then went to work for Two-gun Bill Hart. He was on location at Chatsworth Park, making an Indian picture. They'd undress you and paint you all over with some kind of stuff so you'd look like an Indian. After you got a wig on with a few feathers in it, you sure looked like one. We had to ride bareback all the time.

It was all chases; somebody was always chasing us. We rode off them hills and through the rocks, trying to yell like wild Indians. It was sure rough work.

I pretty soon figured Hollywood and moving pictures wasn't any place for me. That seventy-five bucks a week didn't go far enough. I gave the flivver to Lee and headed for the wide-open places. Being snowbound in Wyoming was a picnic compared to what I'd been through.

A LESSON IN HUMILITY

By Bill Rosson

THE following story was told by an old gentleman many years ago. Everyone called him Old Man Hightower. He was a friend of my father's, and as to the story's authenticity I have no doubt. Everyone in Lampasas County knew and respected him.

"It was shortly after the Civil War and our folks lived in central Texas. I was fourteen or fifteen years old, and a thing that caused me a lot of wonder was why, at my age, I knew so much more than people forty or fifty years old!

"During these times most everyone carried pistols, yet despite the many

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times I asked my father to give me one, his refusal was always the same and to the point, 'It can only mean trouble for you, and the answer is no.' But some way I managed to garner my resources and trade for an old cap and ball. It would have probably taxed John Wesley Hardin to have hit a man with it fifteen feet away, but the fact that it could be called a pistol brought my ego to the point of arrogance.

"I kept it hidden away in the woods, and when I was sent to look after stock and no one was with me I retrieved my precious cache. With it buckled on and hanging low on my leg I would often let my imagination run rampant and visualize what would happen if I met with a showdown. Of course, I usually came out winner!

"Early one morning my father rousted me out of bed, saying that a yoke of oxen had strayed away and he wanted me to get out and find them. It immediately occurred to me that here was another chance for me to buckle on my gun. After breakfast I saddled up and was on my way, first retrieving my trusty hog-leg. After riding three or four miles I topped out on a hill where I could view the surrounding country. Looking down in a valley where a small stream ran, I saw two men around a campfire preparing a meal. I decided to pay them a call.

"One of the worst breaches of camp manners was to ride a horse directly into camp, especially while a meal was in the making. Yet, in spite of knowing this rule well, I rode right in, sitting high in the saddle.

"Without extending the courtesy of a 'hello' or 'good morning,' which was in itself almost reason for justifiable homicide, I said, 'Have you men seen anything of a yoke of oxen, one branded "flower de loose" on the right side, and the other "hell tore loose in Georgia" on the left?'

"The older man cast a quick look at his pardner, then turning to me said, 'Yes, I saw them a little while ago. If you will wait until I get my horse I'll show you where they are.'

"His horse was staked some fifty yards away. I thought it a little strange that when he passed where the gear was piled he picked up a twelve- or fourteen-foot bull whip. He proceeded to his horse and, ignoring saddle and bridle, untied the stake rope from the bush, placing a half hitch around the horse's nose and jumping astride.

"We started out. He dropped behind me, and at the same time gave my horse a couple of cuts across the rear with the whip, which caused the animal to start kicking up and acting pretty unmanageable. At that instant he started laying the whip on my back. This must have continued for at least 200 yards. Finally, with spurs and quirt, I got my horse straightened out and left my attacker behind, probably because he felt I had received enough.

"I rode at least two miles, suffering the most intense pain. My shirt was split in several places, and my back was badly lacerated. All the while I was thinking that if I had had my gun I would have killed the so and so. Suddenly I looked down and there was my gun—riding snug in the holster.

"Returning home I told my father that the horse had become unruly and had run away, carrying me under the low branches of a dead live oak. I always suspected he might have had a different idea.

"During the years that have passed since that day, I have relived it many times, and I consider it the greatest lesson I ever learned. At the very first chance I swapped off my gun, and until this day I have never owned another pistol. I feel I am a humble person. Humility and the absence of a gun have probably kept me out of trouble more than once."

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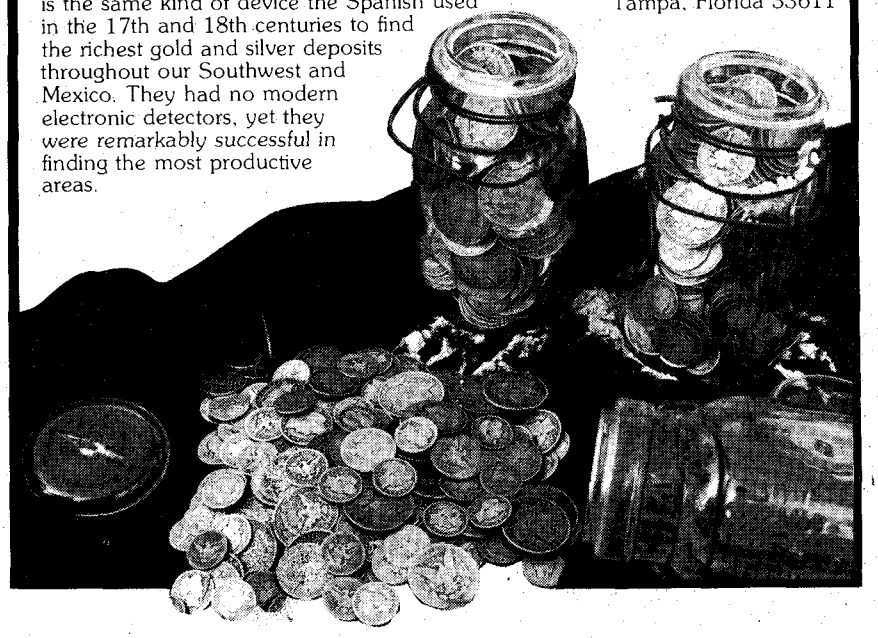

PRAIRIE STRANGER

By Mela Meisner Lindsay

THE OPEN PLAINS of Western Kansas in the early 1900s were very lonely. Our closest town was WaKeeney, sixteen miles away. I can remember the fright we got one evening at milking time.

A stranger came wandering out of nowhere to the northeast of us. We children saw him approaching, and our hearts tied into knots, for even though he was still far off, we sensed he was fearsome. No neighbor lived in that direction and certainly no friend walked as though he had given up all hope of ever finding another living soul, and now that he had, couldn't get to us fast enough.

"Mama! Papa!" we children cried. "What can this mean?"

"Wait and see," our parents said, standing in the yard, watching the man enter our pasture on the far side—his clothes catching on the barbed wire in his great haste. Our two farm dogs stood by, necks stretched long, not exactly wagging their tails. The pasture here was a quarter-mile across.

We were Volga-German immigrants from Russia and barely knew the English language. My parents' names were David and Eva Elizabeth Meisner. Our newly acquired knowledge of Plains Indians and desperadoes was still very real and frightening, especially to us children.

Now, all too soon, the stranger would be coming through the three strands of wire and into our yard. Then what? The closer he came, the more our dogs seemed anxious to take him, but Papa took command.

Fear gripped my throat and tears filled my eyes. "Papa," I cried, pressing behind him, "maybe he's come to kill us."

"Hush, child, it's nothing like that. The man looks famished."

I could tell Mama was frightened, too. The wind tore at her normally neat hair-do and blew loose strands across her worried face. She backed up a little. But Papa stood firm.

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We youngsters stared wide-eyed from behind the shelter of our parents as the stranger came through the fence. His ice blue eyes and unshaven face were seared by wind and sun. His city clothes, rumpled and covered with prairie dust, stamped him—as far as we were concerned—as a fugitive from justice. And *what* did he have in the mysterious leather-bound packet swinging at his waist? We children peered at it until he became leery of us and secured it with his bony fingers.

It was not a pistol, I knew that, for I had seen pictures of guns in holsters. But, surely, badmen carried other dangerous weapons. The packet wasn't very thick and measured about the length of Mama's rolling pin.

PAPA had guessed right about the man. The famished fellow gulped water as though it would be his last, even though Papa kept saying, "Not so fast. First, you cool off."

Papa poured water over the man's wrists, the way we did it in the field when we were overly hot. Then he called to Mama, "Make a wet cloth for his face."

Later, she brought a platter of buttered rye bread and four fried eggs and gave it to the man sitting in the shade of the house. She shoo-ed us older girls out to milk and the little ones out of sight.

Because of the language barrier, conversation was difficult. It took a lot of words and gesturing, but finally the story made sense. The man had left the Union Pacific Railroad in search of the Santa Fe, nearly twenty miles to the south of us.

"Good," Papa said in his broken English. "Tomorrow, I go over the Smoky Hill River to help fix a house. I will take you that far."

That alarmed us. The man was to stay overnight! Mama, who had been filled with suspicion from the minute she laid eyes on him, would have preferred that he sleep in the barn, but Papa insisted that he sleep in the house.

She made the bed on the kitchen floor, scolding my father in German for taking the risk of asking the man inside.

"Go now, nothing will happen," Papa assured her, laying his pocket watch on the table as he always did.

"The watch," Mama exclaimed, taking a deep breath. "Surely you—"

"Leave the watch," came Papa's reply. "If he is good, he will leave it. If he is bad, he will get it anyway and maybe our lives as well."

The kitchen was also our dining and living room. The only other room was for our parents. We children slept in the attic.

The next morning the watch was gone, sure enough! Our breakfast was strained and quiet. Father read the Scripture as usual, though it was clear that the stranger understood not a word. Then my father was on his way to the wilds of the Smoky Hill with the fellow sitting beside him in the buggy—the mysterious packet now held securely in his lap.

It was awful, not to know what was in the packet. I told my father so, on the sly, the night before when I saw the man hide it under his pillow. And my father said, "Perhaps it is better that you do not know."

We all cried when Papa was gone, thinking we would never see him again. And when he came home late that night we crowded around him asking questions:

"What happened—did he try to kill you—have you the watch—what was in the bundle?"

"Wait, not so fast," Papa shushed. "The watch I haven't, for sure."

Then my father explained that the trip had been made in silence, and that when he finally asked the man his occupation, the reply came quickly. He was a butcher! The packet held his sharp knives.

"Ach!" Mama gasped, looking at all of us. "Who needs a watch anyway?" And we agreed!

FORT NIOBRARA, 1889

OF THE several military posts located in Nebraska at various times, Fort Niobrara, now a national wildlife refuge near Valentine, is probably the least known. It was established after the major Indian wars and never received much publicity. Life at the post, however, was not always dull as items in the files of old Valentine newspapers show.

March 22nd. "St. Patrick's day passed off in a quiet way. Thanks to the paymaster's failure in putting in an appearance at his usual time. Nevertheless, a few of the boys found their way over the sand hills before night, and the stray crossed-guns and damaged caps that were found next morning, together with the swelled heads, sleepy eyes, and the clay colored maps which decorated sundry unfortunate blouses and pants, without improving the appearance of their owners, told of high old times on the preceding night."

March 29th. "Private White, G troop, who has been a prisoner for some time, will be dishonorably discharged. He will be missed a great deal."

April 12th. "One of G troop's finest horses died very suddenly last week. . . . It lived but one short week after taking sick. A few soldiers followed the rude mule team that formed its bier and they quietly laid it down to sleep beside the waving grass and where the meadowlark will come and chirrup on its grave."

May 24th. "The band has been giving some fine open air concerts during the week. They take place at night, and looking at the bandsmen from a distance nothing is seen but the row of lights and the glittering of instruments. They look like musicians from a fairy land."

June 7th. "The most troublesome things here are the knats [gnats] which walk all over a man and defy you to capture them. You can kill a mosquito, which is a consolation itself, but a knat seems to have come into existence to keep the art of swearing from dying out. Monday was pay day here and the guardhouse is taking in its usual numbers of disorderlies. We are now having dress parade every night, Sunday excepted."

July 5th. "Every guard has orders to keep horses and cattle off the parade ground. This can be done during the day, but it would take a whole skirmish line to drive away the stray cows which find their way to the drill ground during the night. . . . Erecting a fence to keep them out would be expensive and inconvenient. Getting their owners to tie them up for the night with a tether that would not reach the parade ground would be a more simple remedy."— *Courtesy Nebraska Historical Society, Lincoln.*

A Horse Beneath Me—Sometimes

(Continued from page 13)

were many more, but I fear to name them for fear of unintentionally slighting some by omission. I guess I liked most of the women, although some of them were a little wild. Some of them had to have whiskey to make their rides, and for these I felt sorry.

Some of our rodeo women met a hard end, as Prairie Rose Henderson who vanished in a blizzard in Wyoming, and whose body was not found until seven years later. Bonnie McCarroll and Marie Gibson, whose rodeo husband had hurt his back and who rode to support her four kids, both were killed by riding hobbled and having their horses roll on them.

There was a man I always thought remarkable because he had no bad habits and yet he stood a man among men. He was Charlie D. Revell, who hailed from Billings. Everyone called him "Wild Bill" Revell. The name fitted him, because he could drive a stagecoach behind six or eight horses as if he were Satan driving the steeds of Hell. Maybe he did have one bad habit—he could swear, but it was language that fitted the wild horses he drove. He was always out front in any of the rodeo stagecoach races.

When he was fourteen years old, Wild Bill ran away from home. In his whole life he had only taken one drink, and he used to say, "A woman made me take it." He never smoked; he never gambled. When he invited anyone to ride with him in his stagecoach races, he would promise, "You're as safe as on your mother's knee." I rode with him in a parade in Butte and he was, I thought, its most colorful figure.

One time when Bill and I were in the East in one of Charlie Irwin's rodeos, Bill was knocked out by a bronc that reared over backwards.

"What will we do? What will we do?" yelled Charlie, frantic at what had happened.

"Do?" said Wild Bill, stripping off his coat in case he would have to restrain Charlie. "By God, Fannie will ride these horses if Bill Steele is dead!"

I've often wondered about Wild Bill. He vanished completely. In 1916 he enlisted in the Army. They put him to shoeing horses, for he was a powerful man. He sent to us for his spurs, which he had left in our keeping. He wanted action overseas but, as far as we learned, shoeing horses on this side of the pond is as far as he got. We never heard of him again.

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Another man who always championed my riding was Warden Connelly of the Montana State Penitentiary. He used to allow his convicts to ride in the shows, and none of them ever betrayed him by trying to run away. If there was a bronc no one wanted to ride, he would always say, "Give him to Fannie. She isn't afraid of the devil." He got that notion because I rode a spinning horse in Deer Lodge that some of the men turned down. It was called "Pioneer Outlaw." Tink Van Horn had drawn the horse the first day, and falling off, had sprained his wrist, but Bill, who was staging the show, teased him by saying, "You got that sprained wrist pullin' leather!" I rode the horse, who did spin like a top, although I must add that we did not flank him as they flank broncs today.

THINKING BACK over the friends of my life, I must include three Indians. The first time they came to my side as friends was the one time in my life I thought I would be killed. It was back in 1913 when we were performing in one of the Irwin shows in Sioux City, Iowa. I had drawn a saddle bronc that the men had been bucking out. It was a fast, quick bucker. In the middle of my ride it suddenly stumbled and fell, rolling with me head over heels. I couldn't get up although I didn't know then that my hip was only sprained.

Across the arena came three Indians who were in the show, their feathers flying as they ran. They were Red Cloud, Makes Enemies, and Black Hawk. They took my hands and they kept saying mournfully over and over again in Sioux, "Wishtow, Wishtow!" I didn't know what it meant, but I knew they meant me well for their dark eyes held such concern.

I never thought we'd meet again. My hip mended, and we went on to other rodeos. But trails have a way of recrossing. Six weeks later, when we were in Winnipeg, Canada, where I was to win for the second time the title of World's Champion Saddle Bronc Rider, three familiar figures in war dress ran across the rodeo arena to meet me. It was my three Indian friends.

Along with the people I have known and loved in and out of rodeo have been the horses I have known and respected. There was a mouse-colored horse I cherished called Blue Dog. I got him at Fort Benton. I traded a gentle horse for this wild one that stirred up blue dust. He was one of my favorite saddle broncs for years. Toward the last, however, he began rearing over backward.

There was Silver Tail, a roan with white mane and tail that I rode bareback. She was a fine bucking horse, and always put on a good show in the arena. I got her at Miles City. It broke me up when a train killed her on a railroad track at Forsyth. We came along just as the section men were burying her, halter and all. We had been putting on a rodeo in the town, and she had broken out into the yard limits where she had no business to be.

The section men felt sorry for my tears, and told Bill to put in a claim for her. Bill. shrewd business man that he was, decided he would ask twice what she was worth, for he thought only to get half of it anyway—if indeed, anything at all. So he put in a claim for $100 and he got $50. He listed her breeding as that of Hambletonian. Bless her, how she would have loved that! Bill tried to console me, saying that she wouldn't even have brought $50 had she been auctioned in an ordinary sale, for who wanted a bucking horse anyway? But the money didn't matter to me; it was her death that hurt. We lost a lovely stallion, too, called Chief, hit by a train at Garrison. Chief was a pinto, and a favorite of Bill's.

Then there was a horse that I got at Flat Creek, north of Augusta. The horse was such an excitable dunderhead that I called him "Bonehead." He was black and white, and good to look at. It was decided one year at Banff that I lead the parade mounted on Bonehead. He ran true to his name. The parade had just started when the band struck up. That was all Bonehead needed. He stampeded through the band, scattering musicians right and left. He never stopped until he had put a mile between us and the music. I didn't lead the parade!

I also loved Daisy, a black, gray and white pinto, which stood about fourteen hands high, and was almost too high off the ground for me. Yet she understood my talk. The days when I looked at horses for speed are gone. Sometimes I find myself wondering: Did it really happen? Was there never a horse fast enough to suit me when I was a relay rider?

My newspaper clippings help bring back the old days. One lauds me for giving my quirt to a fellow opponent. That was an amusing race, but the newspaper didn't have all the facts. We were on our third horses, just before the finish of the relay race. As we rounded the final turn before coming into the stretch, I noticed that the girl rider ahead of me didn't have a whip. It was evident she was trying to make her horse go faster, but was at a loss without a rawhide persuader. So as my horse raced by her, I leaned over and handed her my quirt.

Naturally the newspaperman on hand was quick to capitalize on the incident, and I was praised for my sportsmanship. What I didn't disclose, however, was that I might not have been so generous had I not known that my horse would win anyway!

WHEN people ask me to list my favorite cities, I often put Calgary, Canada first. I notice that they smile, and I guess they are thinking it is because there I won the title for the first time of World's Champion Lady Bronc Rider, plus $1,000, plus a $250 hand-tooled leather saddle, plus a $300 gold buckle with hand-tooled leather belt. But the main reason for my choice is the city's friendliness, and its kindness to my mother.

In 1912, my parents saw to it that when I went to distant rodeos, I was properly chaperoned, for I was then unmarried. Mother did me the great honor of accompanying me to Calgary. It rained

(Continued on page 45)

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OAK ISLAND, about 45 miles south of Halifax, Nova Scotia, has successfully concealed the secret to the world's most sought-after treasure for nearly two centuries. Since 1795 at least fifteen major attempts have been made to unlock the secret of her fabled Money Pit and complex water tunnels. Even Franklin Roosevelt, former President of the United States, once engaged in efforts to recover the elusive treasure trove. Over the years work crews have employed picks, shovels, drills, heavy machinery and equipment, diving gear, and finally television cameras—yet, despite intensive efforts, this ancient mystery continues to baffle man.

In the intervening years numerous pits and tunnels have been excavated, until today the tiny island is honeycombed with passages and marred with water-filled shafts. Searchers have funneled an estimated $2,000,000 or more in 178 years of digging, and have, thus far, recovered a link of chain, a rectangular stone with inscriptions, a piece of parchment, a handcrafted, heart-shaped stone, fragments of china, and a few television photos. Yet, the search continues.

Oak Island, one of three hundred islands in Mahone Bay, is about four miles south of the town of Chester. About one mile long and half as wide, the island is separated from the Western Shore of the mainland by a narrow channel. Its soil formation is a very hard blue clay to about 110 feet, below which is found a very hard brown marl. At the island's eastern extremity lies a small crescent-shaped bay, Smith's Cove, whose shores were once bordered with large oak trees. None of the old oaks remains on the island today, though new ones are beginning to grow again.

At the close of the eighteenth century Nova Scotia's "Western Shore" was sparsely populated, with Oak Island completely uninhabited. In 1795 three young men, Jack Smith, Daniel McGinnis and Anthony Vaughan, visited the island, and while rambling over the eastern part of it, came to a cleared space where the unusual and strange conditions at once attracted their attention.

Anthony Vaughan, who was sixteen at the time of the discovery, later related the findings to Robert Creelman. Creelman later became manager of a company formed to recover the treasure. Vaughan's statement was included in a pamphlet released by The Oak Island Treasure Co., which was incorporated in 1893. We quote:

"Red clover and other plants, foreign to the soil in its natural state, were growing. Near the center stood a large oak tree with marks and figures on its trunk. One of the lower and larger of its branches, the outer edge of which had been sawed off, projected directly over the center of a deep circular depression in the land about thirteen feet in diameter."

This depression caused by settling earth, and other signs, one of which was a hoist and tackle suspended from the sawed-off branch, induced the young men to investigate further.

"After excavating a few feet, they found they were working in a well-defined pit, the walls of which were hard and solid; and in some places on the walls old pick marks were plainly to be seen, while within these walls the earth was so loose that picks were not required.

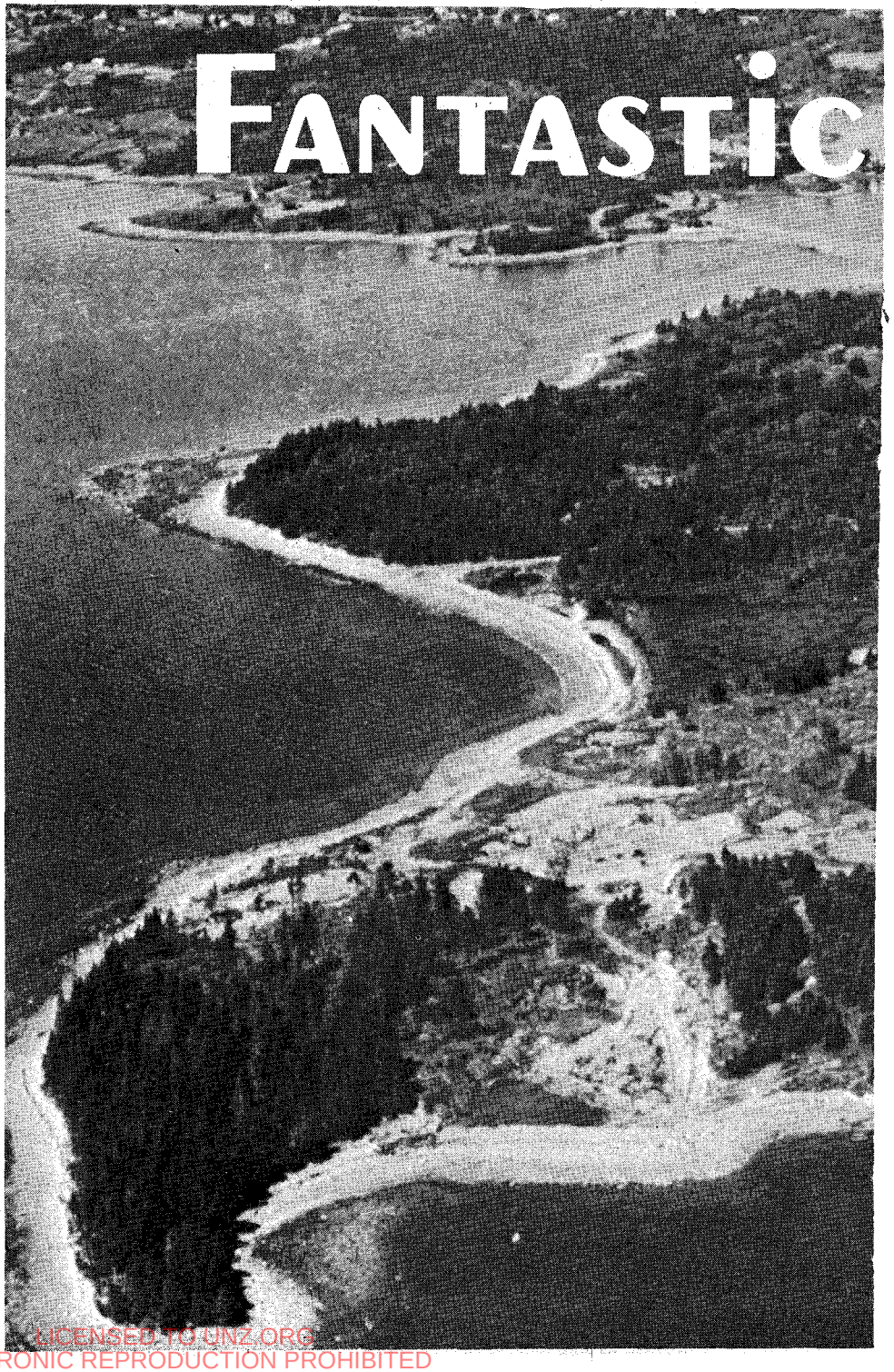
"On reaching a depth of ten feet the workmen came to a covering or tier of logs, the ends embedded in the walls of the pit evidently for the purpose of carrying the weight above and thereby intending to prevent a subsidence at the surface. They kept on digging until a depth of thirty feet was reached, finding marks at each ten feet. At this depth the work proved to be too heavy for them."

Early settlers were very superstitious at that time, and because of this, the three young men were unable to solicit aid to continue the work, forcing them to abandon man's first attempt to recover the supposed treasure.

During the next several years news of the Oak Island discovery spread across the province, and a Mr. Lynds, of Truro,

BY GARNET BASQUE

FANTASTIC



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N.S., visited the island. He then interviewed Smith, Vaughan and McGinnis.

Lynds became interested and, upon returning to Truro, formed a company for the purpose of continuing the search. Several prominent men, Col. Robert Archibald, Sheriff Harris and Capt. David Archibald, among others, took an active interest in it. Work was begun and the pit was excavated to a depth of 95 feet.

As before, a platform of logs was encountered at each ten-foot interval. An iron bar, frequently used to take soundings, suddenly struck something solid. On investigating, a flat stone, on which strange characters had been etched, was found. The rectangular stone, approximately three feet long and sixteen inches wide, was later placed in the jamb of Jack Smith's fireplace where it was viewed by thousands of people. Years later the stone was removed from the chimney and taken to Halifax where, it was hoped, its characters could be deciphered. Over the years rumour has it that the stone read; "Forty feet below two million pounds lie buried," although experts who examined it at the time were unable to determine a satisfactory interpretation.

Until the depth of 95 feet was reached, no water had been encountered. Neither had sand nor gravel through which water could seep. On Saturday, after the recovery of the stone at the 95-foot level, the crew decided to abandon work for the weekend. Before leaving the pit, however, they again probed with the iron bar. It revealed yet another log platform three feet down, at 98 feet, which extended over the entire opening of the shaft. This Company had no way of knowing that they came closer to the treasure than anyone else would for nearly two centuries.

On returning to the site Monday morning, the workers were amazed to see that their pit had filled with water to within thirty or thirty-five feet of the surface. Optimistic, they immediately commenced to bail out the shaft. However, after continued day-and-night effort, they were unsuccessful. It was then decided to sink a second shaft to the east of the original pit to a depth of 110 feet for the express purpose of draining what had come to be called the "Money Pit."

Work was quickly started on Shaft No. 2, and continued until the desired depth of 110 feet was met. No water was encountered during the excavation of this second shaft. But, while driving a tunnel from Shaft No. 2 in the direction of the Money Pit the water suddenly burst in and the workers had to scramble to safety. It was not realized at this time that the water that flooded the Money Pit and thence the 110-foot shaft, was coming from the ocean; but it was found impossible to cope with, and operations by this group were abandoned. It would probably have been small consolation to this Company had they known that the water which hampered their efforts would forestall man's best shot for nearly 200 years!

IT WASN'T until 1849 that a new company was formed and operations were again resumed. At this time, Mr. Lynds of Truro, and Mr. Vaughan of Western Shore, who were still living, gave the new Company valuable information regarding the old workings. They also expressed their firm belief in the existence of treasure in the Money Pit, whose walls had since collapsed and nearly filled in. Digging was resumed and continued without interruption until the depth of 86 feet had been reached. The workers failed to profit from the misfortunes of others for, at this point, water again invaded the shaft and they were forced to retreat. An unsuccessful attempt was then made to remove the water with bailing casks.

Shortly after, men with primitive boring apparatus, the type used in prospecting for coal, were sent to the island. A working platform was constructed in the original Money Pit about thirty feet below the surface and just above the water line. Boring was then started with a pod auger, and the results later reported by the manager, Mrs. J. B. McCulley of Truro.

"The platform was struck at 98 feet,

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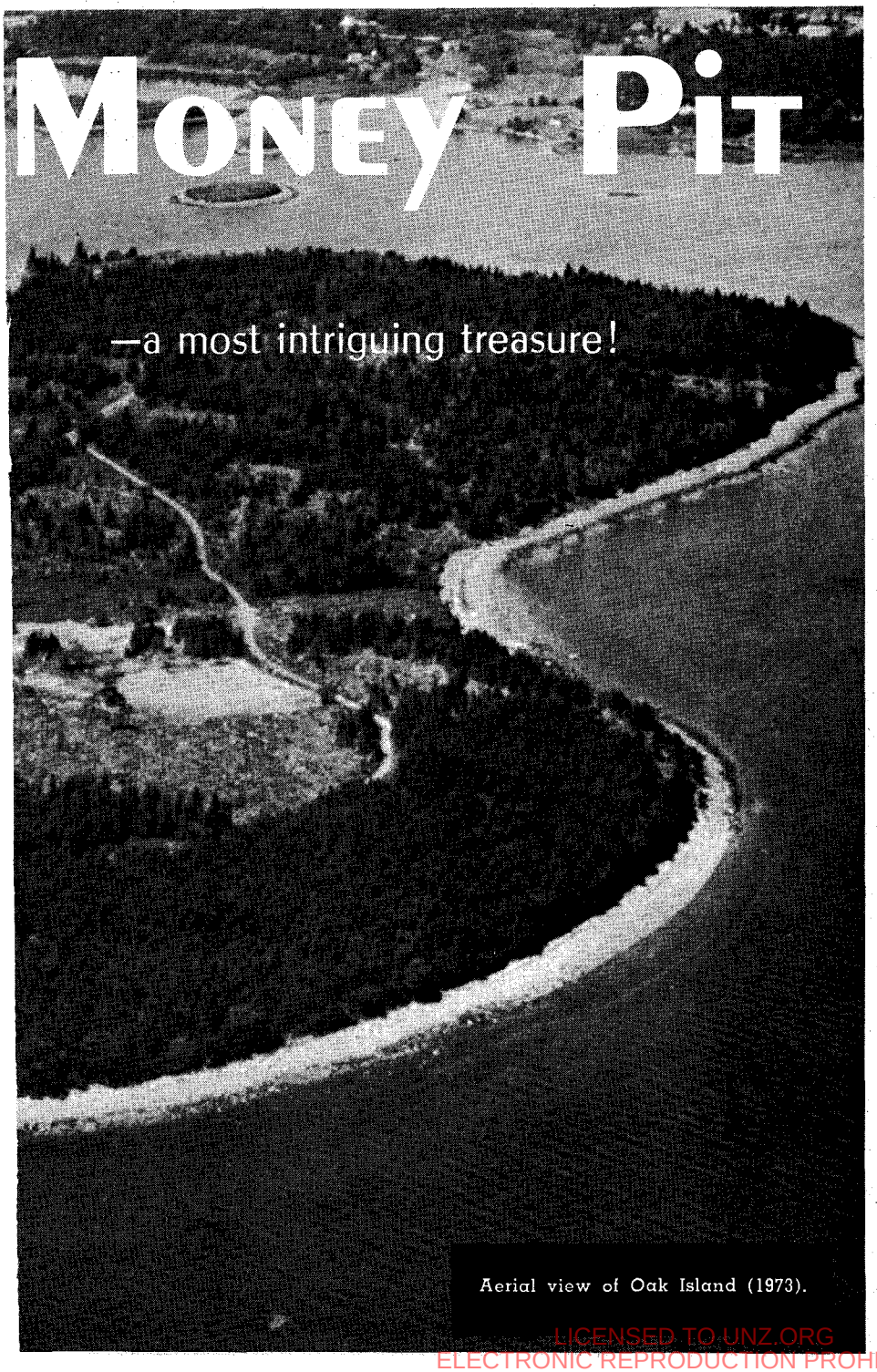

Aerial view of Oak Island (1973).

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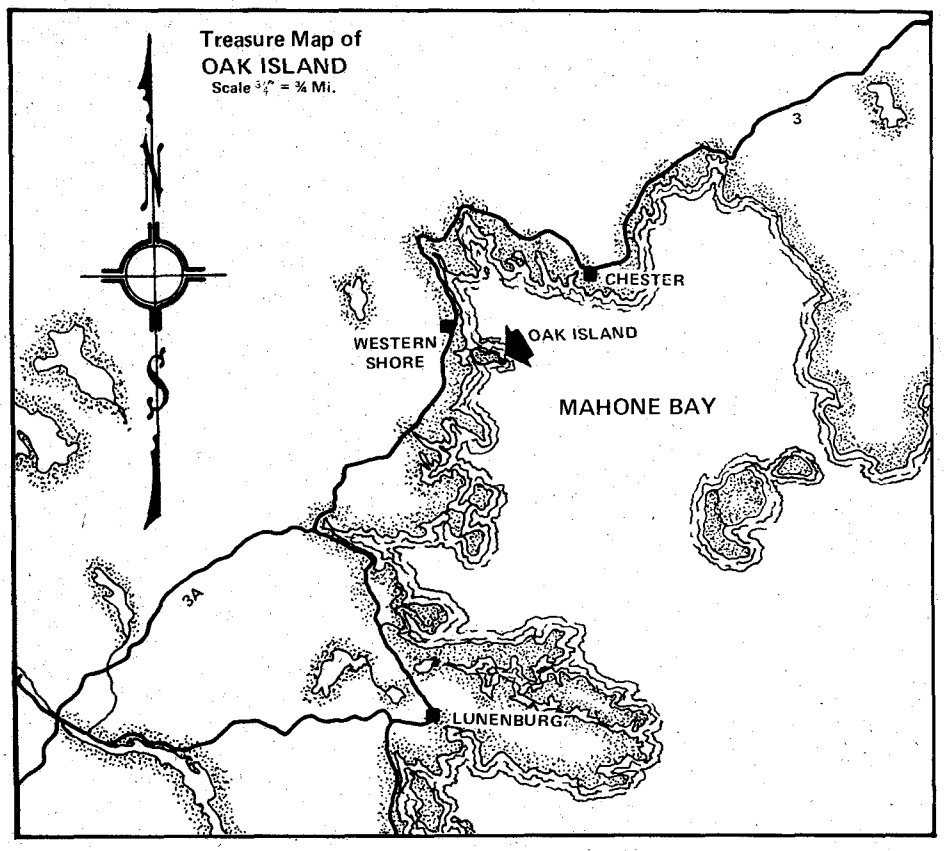

just as the diggers found it when sounding with the iron bar. After going through the platform, which was five inches thick and proved to be spruce, the auger dropped twelve inches and then went through four inches of oak; then through twenty-two inches of metal in pieces; but the auger failed to bring up anything in the nature of treasure except three links resembling the links of a watchchain. The auger then went through eight inches of oak, which was thought to be the bottom of the first box and the top of the next; then twenty-two inches of metal, the same as before; and four inches of oak and six inches of spruce; then into clay seven feet without striking anything else.

"In boring a second hole, the platform was struck as before at 98 feet; passing through this, the auger fell about eighteen inches and came in contact with (as supposed) the side of a cask. The auger, revolving close to the side of the cask, gave a jerky and irregular motion. On withdrawing the auger several splinters of oak, such as might come from the side of an oak stave, and a small quantity of brown fibrous substance closely resembling the husk of a coconut, were brought up. The distance between the upper and lower platforms was six feet."

John Gammel of Upper Stewiacke, N. S., who was present at the boring, stated that he had observed Mr. Pitblado, the foreman, remove something from the auger, wash and examine it closely, then put it in his pocket. When asked by Mr. Gammel to reveal what he had found, Pitblado refused, but said he would show it at the next directors' meeting. However, Pitblado failed to appear at this meeting, and shortly after he was accidentally killed in a gold mine. It was never determined what Pitblado had extracted from the auger.

It wasn't until the following summer (1850) that work was resumed at the site. At this time a third shaft was sunk to a depth of 109 feet at the west side of, and about ten feet from, the Money Pit. Once Shaft No. 3 had been completed, a tunnel was driven from the bottom toward the Money Pit. Just before reaching it, however, the water burst in and, like twice before, the workmen fled for their lives. In twenty minutes there were forty-five feet of water in the new shaft. Bailing was then resumed in both Shaft No. 3 and the Money Pit, each being pumped by two-horse engines. The bailing was carried on night and day without apparent success. The only notable difference was that, with two pumps, the water was contained at a lower level.

IT WAS about this time that the discovery was made that the water in the pit was salty, and that it rose and fell according to the flow and ebb of the tides. Someone also determined that the channel through which the water flowed could not possibly be natural. They correctly deduced that if it were, the original diggers (supposed to have been pirates) would have been forced to evacuate the Money Pit like the current treasure hunters. However, the log platform which had been carefully implanted at each ten-foot interval, indicated that they had completed the Money Pit without encountering flooding.

Acting on this theory, a search for the artificial channel was at once begun. Smith's Cove, on the extreme eastern end of the island, and about 520 feet from the Money Pit, was first examined. It had many natural advantages for the starting point of a tunnel, but more important, someone had observed that at low tide, water bubbled out of the sand near the center of the Cove.

It took only a few minutes shoveling on the beach to prove that this was the place they were seeking. After clearing away the sand and gravel, the workmen found a layer of brown fibrous plant. When it was compared to the fibre recovered earlier from the auger, they were found to be identical. Tests later confirmed it to be coconut husk—definitely foreign to the island.

This coconut husk, about two inches thick, covered a surface extending 145 feet along the shoreline from a little above low water to high water mark. About four or five inches of eel grass, underlying the fibrous plant, covered the same area, and under this lay a compact mass of beach stones free from sand and gravel.

To further examine the area, a cofferdam was constructed along this part of the Cove to hold back the tide. Once this was done, the rocks nearest low water mark were removed. It was then discovered that the clay had been dug out and removed, and the resultant cavity filled with beach stones. Emanating from this excavation were five well-defined drains, formed by laying parallel lines of rocks about eight inches apart and covering them with flat stones. These drains, though they originated at different points a considerable distance apart, converged toward a common center like spokes to a hub. With the exception of these drains, the other stones had apparently been thrown in promiscuously.

Work continued along the beach until half of the rocks had been removed to a depth of five feet, where a piece of burnt oak wood was found. Before further investigations could be completed, however, an unusually high tide overflowed the top of the dam, forcing workers to retreat. Unfortunately, the structure had not been constructed to withstand pressure from the inside, so that when the tide retreated, the dam was washed away. Replacing the dam would have been a costly venture, and since it had accomplished its purpose in allowing them to investigate the starting point of the flood chamber, it was decided to suspend work at Smith's Cove and return to the Money Pit. Reflecting back, one has to wonder about their decision. Having located the flood

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channel, would it not have been easier to plug it or rebuild the dam to prevent water from entering it? This would have prevented further flooding by this system, and allowed the water already in the shaft to be drained.

In any event, shortly after, a fourth pit was sunk on the south side of the original Money Pit to a depth of 118 feet, eight feet deeper than any previous shaft had penetrated. These four pits were in such close proximity to one another that a circle fifty feet in diameter would encompass them all.

However, due to the tremendous flow of water it proved a most difficult undertaking, and because of this and other obstacles, progress was tedious. It was comparable to trying to bail out the Atlantic Ocean which, in fact, was precisely what they were attempting. However, since the water had to seep through many feet of loose earth on the way from the Money Pit to Shaft No. 4, the crews were able to contain the water in the 118-foot shaft below the 100-foot level.

Due to excessive flooding and draining, the workmen feared that Shaft No. 4 was in danger of collapsing, and many refused to enter it. This brought about an examination by experts who immediately reported it in a unsafe condition and condemned it. The pump was withdrawn, the shaft abandoned, and the work suspended.

At about this time a group of Halifax capitalists was being organized, and shortly after this previous Company ceased operations, an agreement was reached whereby the Halifax capitalists would clean out the Money Pit for a share of any treasure that was recovered. They sank a new shaft in an endeavour to overcome the flow of the water, but were unsuccessful.

A number of tunnels were then driven from Shaft No. 5 at a level of between 95 to 110 feet in an unsuccessful attempt to intercept the water-channel or so-called "pirate tunnel." They hoped to divert the water to this new shaft, thus leaving the Money Pit comparatively dry. Failing, the Halifax Company abandoned work and returned, with pump and engine, to Halifax. Left behind were a number of pits and tunnels that would hinder those following for years to come.

The operations of the Halifax Company did prove one important point, though, and that was a definite connection between the Money Pit and the complex drain system of Smith's Cove. After it was noticed during pumping operations that the water came up clean and pure, samples were compared in the tunnel and ocean, and were found to be identical in color and taste. As further proof, blue clay from the shaft was deposited on the beach and stirred up; within half an hour the water came up muddy in the shaft!

Once the existence of the pirate tunnel had been confirmed, experienced miners argued that it was impossible to construct a 520-foot underground passage without an air shaft for ventilation. An immediate search to locate the air shaft was unsuccessful.

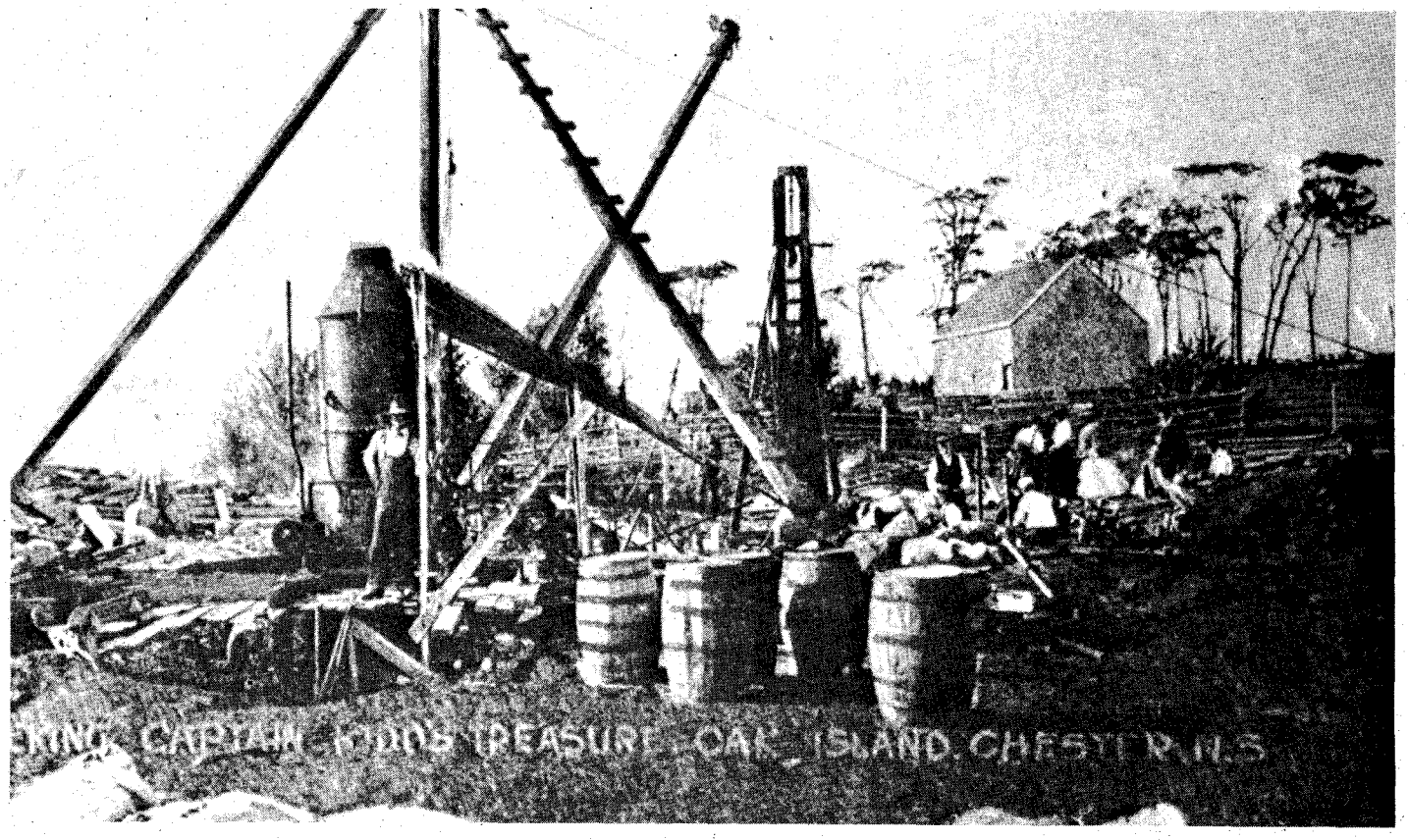
Then someone remembered that, years before, a farmer who had been plowing ground over the supposed line of the water channel, suddenly had the ground drop from under him. He and his oxen went down in a depression eight feet in diameter by fifteen feet in depth which had been caused by the cave-in. Was this the original shaft?

The answer did not come for a dozen or so years, 1893, with the formation of the Oak Island Treasure Company. The work was begun almost immediately; but because it was poorly conducted the only significant result attained during the first season was to confirm that the depression mentioned above was a well-defined pit and clearly a part of the original work.

The pit was opened to a depth of 55 feet. Here the workmen encountered salt water and were forced to quit. This pit was considered to be the air shaft which, until this time, could not be located.

A committee appointed by the Nova Scotian shareholders was then relegated the task of continuing the operations. The committee, working with vigor and enthusiasm, soon located the platform left by previous diggers just above high-water mark in the Money Pit. Below this, the shaft was opened to about 108 feet, as it

Operations of the Blair Company, circa 1915.



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had been abandoned by the Halifax Company. The cribbing was so badly twisted and out of alignment, however, that a hoist could not be satisfactorily operated. A connection therefore was made near the bottom to a shaft that had been opened up nearby.

Once this was done, the Money Pit was cleared out and deepened to 111 feet. At this point an opening about two and a half feet wide was found on the side of the shaft nearest Smith's Cove. It was loosely filled with beach stones which permitted the ocean to pour in with great force. As they dug below this opening, exposing more of the tunnel, water pressure increased in volume. The tremendous flow quickly neutralized the efforts of the pump; flooded the pit to tide level, and brought operations to a halt.

This opening was, without question, the pirate tunnel which carried water from Smith's Cove to the besieged Money Pit. Its sides were clean-cut and perpendicular, and the top was square across. A small quantity of sand and gravel removed from the upper part of the tunnel was found to contain a chip of wood, a piece of bark, and a bird's bone—strong evidence that the material in which these were found was originally on the surface and placed by man where discovered, as these articles could not be conveyed by water some eighty feet below tide level.

It was finally decided that it would be less expensive to stop the tremendous flow of water than to resume the pumping, and therefore the committee began boring near the shore in an attempt to intercept and plug the water tunnel.

Five holes, each five inches in diameter, were drilled at Smith's Cove about fifty feet from high-water mark. Dynamite was then packed in each hole; the hole filled with water, and the dynamite detonated. During the tests, fifty pounds of explosives were placed in the first hole and about seventy-five in holes number 2, 4 and 5. Water had not been encountered during the drilling of these four holes; and when the dynamite was detonated, the water which had been used as a primer was blasted over a hundred feet in the air.

In hole number 3, which had been drilled on the supposed line of the pirate tunnel, salt water and rocks were encountered at 80 feet. This hole (in which the water rose to tide level, then ebbed and flowed with the tide) could not be filled with water. When a charge of 160 pounds was discharged in this hole, no water whatever flew from the opening. It was also observed that the water in the Money Pit boiled and foamed for a considerable time after the explosion, proving conclusively a direct link with hole 3.

WHILE crews were conducting drill tests along the shore, others were preparing to bore into the Money Pit once again. With the explosion set off in hole number 3, they were confident the pirate tunnel had been plugged.

It should be noted that up to this point none of the searchers gave any thought to the existence of treasure below 118 feet, the depth of the deepest shaft sunk to date. Also, as mentioned at the beginning of this story, the soil of Oak Island is a very hard blue clay to a depth of approximately 110 feet, below which is found a very hard brown marl. In *none* of the numerous pits and drill holes sunk previously all over the island was the clay formation found to exist below that depth—except in the Money Pit where ". . . it was found in a puddled condition by boring, all the way from 125 to 170 feet."

William Chappell, lumberman and manufacturer from Amherst, N.S., was, with Capt. John Welling of Saint John, N.B., in charge of operations on the island. Chappell later prepared a sworn affidavit on the results of the drilling:

"The pit had been opened down to 113 feet, the water level being 31 to 33 feet from (the) surface, varying with the tides. Operations were conducted at the surface. The water was pumped out to about 100 feet and the holes were located from a platform placed at 90 feet from the surface. This was done so as to enable us to place the holes over as large an area as possible, and with the assurance that they were not too close together. The cribbing of the pit was so badly twisted that only a small portion of the bottom could be reached with a plumb line from the top. A 2½" drill was used in a 3" pipe.

"Several holes (more than three) were bored, and this statement is a Composite report of all holes drilled except in so far as is necessary to give in soft and what appeared to be disturbed ground; blue clay was encountered between 130 and 151 feet, and also between 160 and 171 feet. In one hole we appeared to be in the channel in which the water was coming up and being pumped out at the rate of about 400 gallons per minute. It was the generally disturbed and loose conditions, and the blue clay, that induced the workmen to drill their first hole below 130 feet.

"Wood was struck at 122 feet and at

Right: There is some question as to whether this water-filled pit had once been an air-shaft created by the original diggers. Below: Aerial view taken over Smuggler's Cove.

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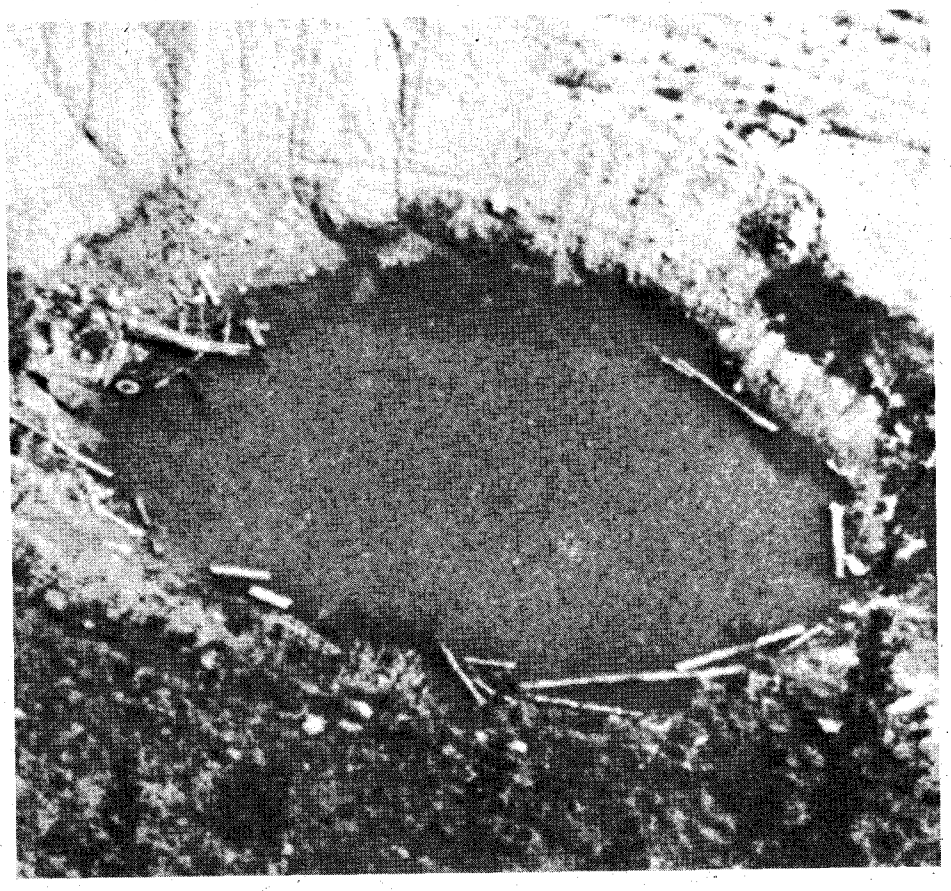

126 feet and deeper, as stated herein. Iron was encountered at 126 feet in one hole, and it stopped the pipe. The pipe proved to be on the edge of the iron, but efforts made to drive it past resulted in failure.

"A 1½" drill was put down past the obstruction and it went through the blue clay to 151 feet and struck what appeared to be a soft stone. Cuttings of this stone when compared, looked just like cement, and an analytical chemist subsequently pronounced samples from this material to have the composition of cement. We struck wood, a few chips from which were brought up. An auger was substituted for the drill and 5" of oak wood were bored through.

"When the auger passed through the wood it dropped from 1½" to 2" and rested upon a substance the character of which no person would attempt to state. After considerable twisting of the auger on the substance, it was carefully withdrawn and the borings brought up therewith were preserved by Putnam. The drill was then again put down when we found we were apparently on soft metal that could be moved slightly, thereby forming a crevice or space into which the drill, when in alignment, would drop and stick or wedge. This happened a number of times and it was often necessary to pry the drill loose. After working for two hours or more, we managed to get down 4" when the drill worked easier, but it would not go down under the ordinary method of drilling (raising and dropping the rods) but by a continuous twisting and turning of the rods under constant pressure, we managed to get 18" to 20" deeper, a total of 24" of material bored through under the wood. The drill then struck a substance similar to that encountered immediately under the wood. No special effort was made to get through this.

"In working down the 20", the space made by the drill would fill at once under the tool as it was raised, and it would fill up nearly the 20" when the rods were raised that much. We worked over five hours in getting down the 2 feet, and the drill came up as sharp as when it went down.

"The conclusion was that the first 4" consisted of metal in bars which were pushed aside by the drill enough to permit it to pass, and that the additional 20" consisted of coin or metal in small pieces that fell into the space left by the tool as it was drawn up; also, that under these small pieces, there was more metal (not iron) in bars.

"It was at once decided to secure this drill hole by piping below 126 feet and then to obtain a sample of the small metal pieces. To that end, a 1½" pipe was lowered through the 3" pipe and forced past the iron obstruction at 126 feet. It was discovered, however, that this obstruction had turned the small pipe from its course and it struck hard ground, supposed to be the wall of the pit, instead of going down to the cement.

"The 1½" pipe was then withdrawn and the drill again lowered through the larger pipe, but it followed the hole made by the small pipe below 126 feet and the hole to the cement was thereby lost. When the 1½" pipe was withdrawn it was found that in forcing it past the obstruction at 126 feet, a "V" shaped piece extending for about one-third of the circumference of the pipe at the lower end and up about 3", had been cut out.

"The 3" pipe was then reset and another hole drilled, and the pipe put down until it rested solidly upon the cement. At 153 feet we apparently touched wood on one side which extended down about 4 feet, the cement extending about 3 feet further to a depth of approximately 160 feet, with a total thickness of about 7 feet from top of wood to bottom of cement.

"We then bored into a quite firm, blue clay possessing the characteristics of puddled clay. This extended down to 171 feet where iron was struck. This iron was very solid and the metallic sound could be plainly heard at the surface. We drilled on it two hours or more, getting into it not more than ¼". The drill was taken out, sharpened and tempered for iron and two more hours were spent in drilling and getting down another ¼". The drill showed no wear when withdrawn; it was given a few raps on stone which took the edge off. The clay and material at the bottom of the hole were brought up with

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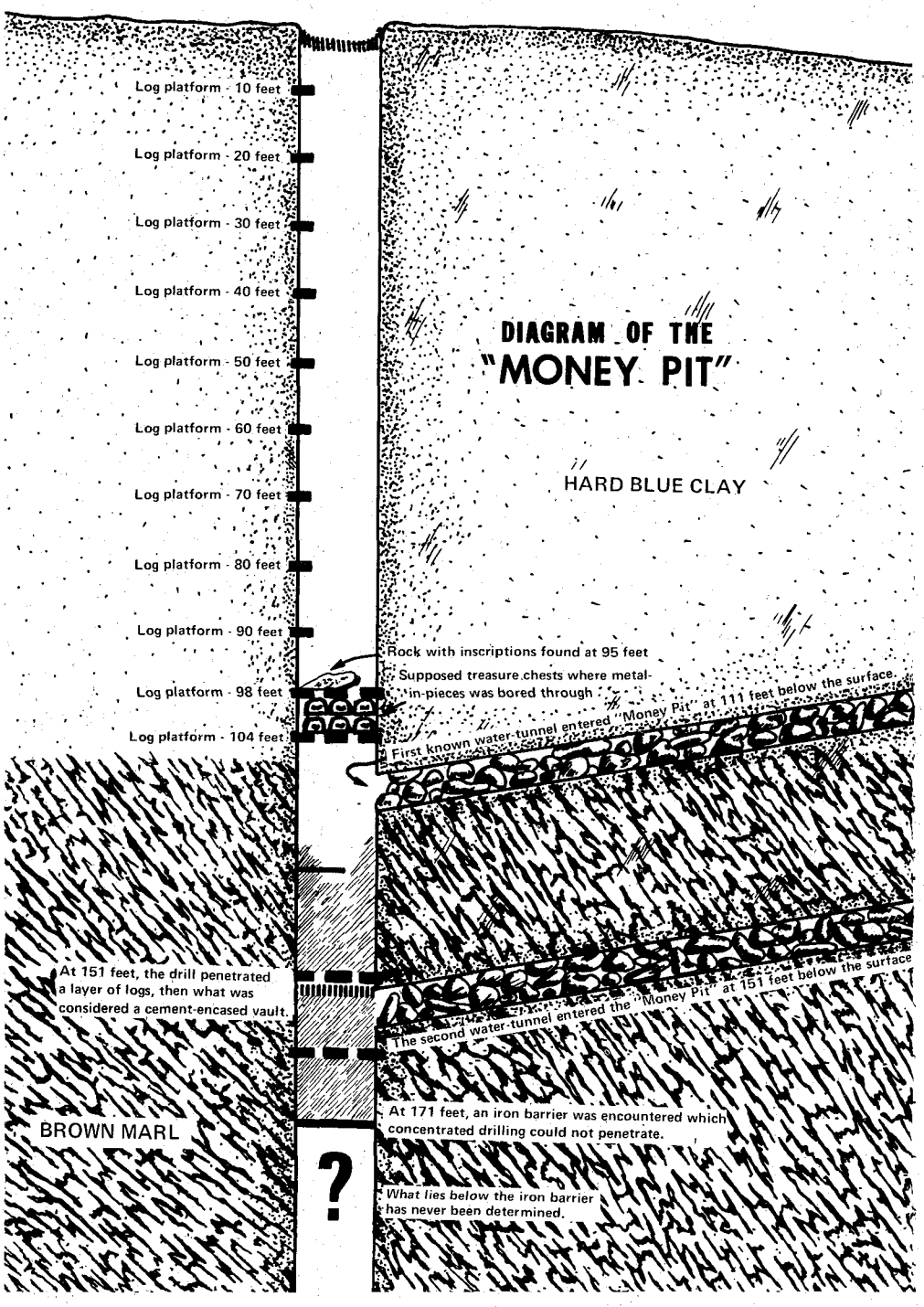
a sand pump. A magnet was run through this material and it loaded up with fine iron cuttings thereby producing conclusive proof that it was iron we had been drilling on at 171 feet. No further attempt was made to go through this iron."

Mr. Chappell's statement was sworn to by him and recorded by G. Guy Black, Notary Public in Nova Scotia.

In his affidavit, Mr. Chappell refers to stone cuttings which he thought resembled cement. Two samples of this stone were forwarded to London for analysis, with no information whatever given as to their source. Boake Roberts & Co., who examined the cuttings, gave the following analysis: "Lime 37.40%, Carbonate 33.20%. Silica 13.20%, Iron & Alumina 10.19%, Moisture 0.34%, Magnesium, etc. 5.67%." Asked their opinion as to the nature of the stone, the analytical chemical firm replied that it was of the opinion that "it is a cement which has been worked by man."



ALSO referring to Mr. Chappell's affidavit, you will recall that after twisting and working the auger on the substance struck beneath the oak wood at 153 feet, it was carefully withdrawn, and Putnam personally examined the borings brought up, cleaning the auger himself and removing all the dirt and materials it contained. "These consisted very largely of small chips of wood, but amongst them was noticed a few shreds of something of a very different texture."

This strange fibre was later examined by Dr. A.E. Porter of Amherst in the presence of a dozen men. Under the magnifying glass it resembled a compact ball ". . . about the size of a grain of rice with fuzz or short hair on the surface." After a few minutes Dr. Porter managed to flatten it out, at which time it took on the appearance of a small piece of parchment. But immensely more fascinating were the characters written in black ink which looked like parts of the letters ". . . ui, vi or wi." Experts later confirmed that the fibre was indeed parchment, and Dr. Porter later swore under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act," that the above statements were true.

Frederick Blair, of Brookline, Mass., formerly of Amherst, N.S., was the next to tackle the perplexing Oak Island mystery. Blair, who had a long association with the island, obtained the rights to dig there for a fifty-year period, 1894-1944. However, his funds were soon exhausted, and in 1903 operations were halted for a period of six years.

In 1909 Franklin D. Roosevelt, former President of the United States, entered the scene. He had been vacationing at nearby Campobello Island, N.B., when he and a few associates raised an estimated $5,000 for an attempt at the treasure. Roosevelt was a real treasure buff, having searched for a lost room of gold near Fort Huachuca in the U.S., as well as the legendary Cocos Island horde. The Roosevelt group, though poorly financed, came up with the scheme of sending divers into the Money Pit. However, this idea had to be discarded due to the danger of a possible cave-in. Drills were again brought in, but nothing of interest was discovered and work was again abandoned.

William Chappell, whose father had been associated with the Oak Island Treasure Hunting Company of 1893, made two further attempts to recover the treasure; in 1922 and again in 1931. During the 1931 effort a steam hoisting engine was taken to the site. Chappell's only success came in sinking a new shaft 160 feet deep in the vicinity of the Money Pit in which no water was encountered.

In 1933 Thomas M. Nixon, of Victoria, B.C., organized the Oak Island Treasure Co. Ltd. After securing a one-year lease, Nixon began sinking a series of holes in an attempt to chart the course of the

(Continued on page 49)

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A Horse Beneath Me—Sometimes

(Continued from page 37)

every day of the show except Monday, the opening day. It was a five-day rodeo. Mother was invited to sit in the Duke's box. That seemed more sensational on our return from Canada than my winning the World's Championship. My brothers and sisters kept asking over and over again for the details.

"Mother, did you sit with the Duke?" they questioned.

"With the Duke," said mother proudly, "in the Duke's box."

"What's his name, mother?"

"Duke d'Connought," replied Mother. It was one of her happiest memories.

The one woman in all my career I would have feared to contest against in saddle bronc riding would have been my mother, given back her youth and placed in the same age bracket as myself. I think she would have defeated me. She was a remarkable horsewoman. At the age of seventy-six, she sat in the saddle and roped a wild mustang.

It was strange that she could take so to the West, as if a natural daughter of the plains. She had met my father in Detroit, Michigan. He was born in New York. Father came West first, and Mother came in 1871 on a steamboat up the Missouri to Fort Benton, where Father was waiting to meet her. He had been freighting with mules from Helena to Fort Benton.

Though my father ran a large horse ranch, he never rode. Mother did all the riding for him. She loved it. Mother gave me her love of horses; I was truly her daughter, although I favored Father in features.

My finest horse was a present from Mother. He was a colt from her favorite horse. I wanted to name him after some big shot, so I called him "Napoleon." I taught him to do tricks. He was a handsome pinto, and I think he would be the horse I would choose to ride to Heaven if, as the Indians believe, I could be thus ferried there.

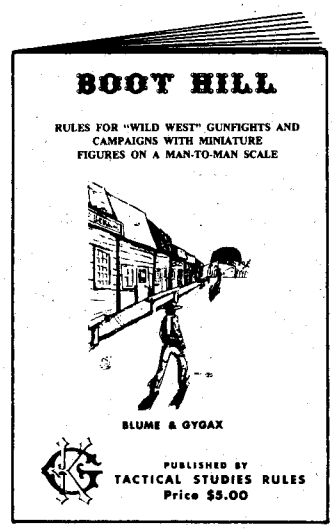
But I loved the horses that bucked me off as well as those that served me faithfully. There was one called "Watch Me" that I drew in New York. He was a wicked bucker, and piled me hard one day when the pick-up man came in to take me off and his horse accidentally hit my knee, causing me to lose stirrup. It didn't take Watch Me but a few seconds after that to unsaddle me.

That same year, I drew Watch Me again in Kansas City. Some of the rodeo people bet I wouldn't ride him again, because he piled me. But I never turned down a horse in my life. I rode Watch Me in Kansas City, and the bronc put me in the top money.

There were other outlaw broncs I liked: Memphis Blues, Morning Glory, Dismal Dick, Highpockets, Little Swede, Midnight. Midnight was probably the toughest bronc I ever rode, but he was not the Midnight of rodeo fame the songs sing about. Still, he was a fast, hard-hitting sun-fishing bronco, and I felt fortunate and proud to be able to qualify on him.

I had many saddles, and was never

Go for your gun!



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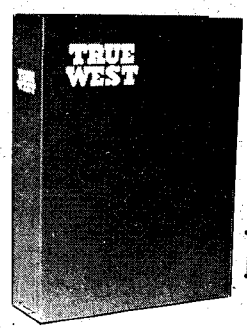

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superstitious about using the same one. Most of my saddles had a 15½″ tree. One was a Cogshell Saddle made at the Miles City Saddlery. It was a fine saddle. I hated to wear chaps when rodeoing, and seldom came out of the chutes in a pair of them.

OF THOSE who have complimented my riding ability, I think I have liked best the article penned by Bill Huntington, author of *They Were Good Men and Salty Cusses.* Lest I appear immodest in quoting from it, please excuse an old woman who holds the past close to heart (the elderly warm themselves at old fires).

From "Bill Huntington Spins a Tale," June 17, 1953: "In the numerous stories that I have told about the professional riders, ropers and bulldoggers I haven't mentioned the cow girl. I take my hat off to them whether they work at home on a ranch, or in the rodeos. They are good and do an efficient job.

"Of all the women riders that I ever saw on the hurricane deck of a bucking outlaw horse, Fanny [Fannie] Sperry had them all cheated. I first got acquainted with her at Deer Lodge in the early 1900s. At that time she lived in Deer Lodge Valley and had a reputation of being an expert on a bucking horse.

"She rode her bucking horses slick, fair and honest. She never cheated a horse, never hobbled her stirrups nor pulled any leather. In later years she was the undisputed champion woman rider. She rode at the Minneapolis State Fair in the early 1900s when the fair management got their bucking horses from Miles City and their cowboys from Montana and Wyoming. They had the best horses and riders they could get and it was a red-hot show. Fanny rode with the cowboys and rode in her turn.

"There never were any easy horses picked for her. They filled the chute and Fanny rode whatever horse her number called for. There was several cowboys that got their backs dirtied but she rode all her horses.

"Fanny Sperry was a well known rider in Montana, a quiet, dignified lady, that everybody liked. She didn't care for notoriety, for with her personality, looks and ability, she could have went far in the movie world. I never knowed of Fanny riding in a contest that she didn't win first money. She was undoubtedly the champion woman bucking horse rider in the United States."

God bless you, Bill Huntington!

NEWSPAPERS in the last of 1956 carried an account of the death of "old-time woman rodeo performer" Goldie Irene Hillis, who passed away in Brooks, Alberta. She was Goldie Irene St. Claire in my day. I rode against her in 1913 at the Calgary Stampede. Her death, and those of others against whom I contested, tell me that I, too, am an old woman, if my arthritis didn't already have a loud say in the matter.

Goldie was a good-looking woman. She always rode hobbled, which as I stated before called for a lot of daring, and she was one of the better women bronc riders against whom I contested. When I competed against her at Calgary, I was as always riding "loose," a term used when one does not have stirrups hobbled.

At Calgary I stood by her husband when Goldie's bronc came out of the chute. He kept yelling to her, "Look back, Goldie, look back!" He wanted her to play to the grandstand a little, for any audience appreciates a touch of showmanship. But Goldie couldn't look back; the bronc she had drawn kept her too busy for that. They were all tough horses to ride at the Calgary Stampede, tough for men, tough for women. Guy Weadick was known to acquire the best money could buy.

I remember Guy Weadick well, and have among my souvenirs letters and autographed pictures from him and his wife. At a rodeo at High River, Guy called me up to the microphone and asked that I say a few words. I couldn't think of anything to say, but I managed to mumble a few words about being "glad to be here." Then he called on Mrs. Weadick to say something. She couldn't think of anything either, so she echoed my comment. When his wife finished, Guy said: "You just heard another woman of a few words."

Weadick was a showman, and one of the most handsome men in rodeo. He was a clever rope artist, as well as an outstanding producer. His death was felt by us all. Yes, Bill Huntington, they were "good men and salty cusses."

The rodeo contestants of today are just as good, but I cannot feel the same about the horses. I have become involved in a good many friendly arguments on this score. I am of the belief that the days of the bucking horse are numbered, for no more are there wild horse bands scattered across the country. Here in our West they are a thing of the past. Where I was born and raised, they ran in large numbers and we spent glorious days chasing them.

Every year the bucking horse auction held at Miles City dwindles in the number of horses offered. It, too, I fear, will become a thing of yesterday. Talk to the old-timers about the subject, and they will say what I too have observed—that the spirit of the bronc is not what it used to be. You may think we are clouded in sentiment, but the eye does not deceive us. We who have seen thousands of bucking broncs have our standard of comparison. But maybe it is better if we sit in silent judgment. We have had our day; we have seen the best the West had to offer. We must not let our remarks spoil for today's generation the glamour that will always be rodeo.

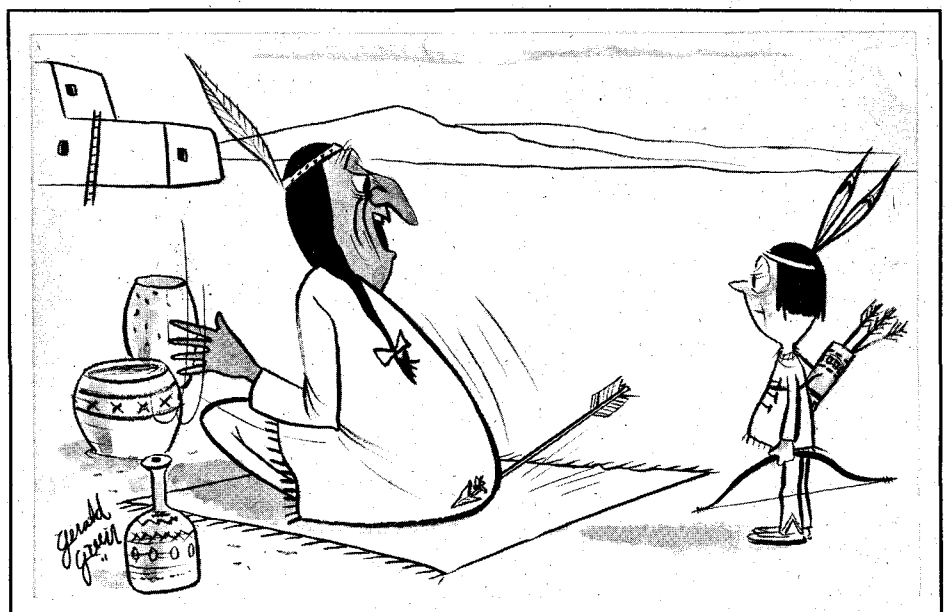
I have never tired of rodeo in my life; I have never seen one show too many, be it good, bad or middlin.' I hope there's an arena in Heaven—that's where you'll find me.

I know exactly what that great old black man, Will Harbut, meant when he, grooming "Big Red" (Man O' War), said: "I've got the biggest job in the world. I'd rather have this job than be President!" He loved that horse, and the horse loved him. Old Will died first, October 3, 1947, and Big Red one month later. You can't tell me that horse didn't die of a broken heart—it was just plumb lonesome.

Sometimes it takes a lot of grit to do what you want to do, but I can't see how people can stand the monotony of doing work at which they are not happy. Rodeo teaches you that death is right around the corner, and the "now" is all you have, so make the most of it. It may be the old Anglo-Saxon creed, "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you die," carried over into rodeo, but it fits. We live each day as if it's our last.

☆ ☆

Note: Fannie Steele now lives in Helena, Montana at the Cooney Nursing Home.



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The Orton Circus

(Continued from page 31)

OVER the years, all the Orton family took part in the show, and Miles, the eldest boy, developed into an expert rider. In 1860 the Orton circus had a big top a hundred feet long. All animals were housed in the one tent. Hiram's sons, Miles and Dennis, took care of the trick and fancy riding. Hiram's cousin, Tyle Orton, was an expert rider, also. Charlie Tubbs was featured as the strong man, and George Constable was the joey, or clown, although Hiram often donned clown make-up too.

In his novel, *Huckleberry Finn*, Mark Twain has Huck tell of sneaking into a circus and seeing a disreputable looking tramp ignore the protests of the ringmaster, mount a horse and gallop around the ring, divesting himself of his outer clothing, revealing spangled tights, then doing trick and fancy riding. Twain may have gotten the idea from the Orton circus, for this was an act used by Miles Orton to the delight of the spectators.

In April 1857 disaster struck. The tent burned at Montgomery, Alabama. By this time Hiram had formed a partnership with Pardon A. Older and the show was known as Orton and Older's Great Southern Circus. The partners were able to survive this setback, and fortunately were able to leave the Deep South before the outbreak of the War Between the States. Fayette L. Robinson, better known as Yankee Robinson, was not so lucky. His horses, wagons, and canvas were confiscated.

In 1866 the Orton circus played at Adel, Iowa, and after that their winter quarters were in that area. The family farm, known as Ortonville, is still on many maps. It lies between Adel and Des Moines.

In 1867 the show opened as the Miles Orton American Circus. Miles Orton was manager and bareback rider; W. W. Cole, who had a financial interest in the outfit, was in charge of tickets. Dan Leon, Andrew Gaffney, George Williams, a man named McDougall, Bill Andrews, Mrs. Miles Orton, Irene Orton, Celeste Orton and Jesse Orton were all performers.

A big attraction was the Silver Cornet Female band. Arzy Orton, then a lad of fourteen dressed as a girl and played in the band when one of the regular cast was indisposed.

W. W. Cole left the Orton group and started Cole's Colonial Shows in Quincy, Illinois. With him in the enterprise was his mother, Mary Ann Cole Orton, Miles' wife. The mother and son broke with the Ortons because the latter insisted on playing only the smaller towns, and the Cole aggregation wanted to break into the big time.

For a time Miles Orton traveled with the Burr Robins circus, and in 1880 started a show that traveled by rail, but hard times doomed this venture. Undaunted, he abandoned travel by rail, and organized the Mastadon Royal Menagerie in 1882. Al Fields was the manager. Miles continued to star as a bareback rider and his act featured a small boy in a Lord Fauntleroy suit who stood on Miles' head as he galloped around the ring. Miles Orton's brothers—Dennis, Lester, and Arzy—were with his show, too.

In 1886 Miles and his second wife, Lizzie, worked the New Mastadon Dime Circus and Menagerie in association with Sam K. Tribby. Instead of investing each year's profit in a larger show, as many circus owners did, the Ortons invested in city property. It was also in 1866 that Arzy Orton married and built an eight-room house at Ortonville. When his wife, Sarah died in 1931 she had spent all of her married life—over sixty years—under the "Big Top."

IN 1892 Miles joined George W. Rentz's circus and was also associated with O'Brien and Dearley's Great American Circus and Menagerie. This show had four cages of animals, eighteen cars, two elephants, three camels, eighty horses, two bands, and a calliope. Miles Orton starred with his trick riding; George Rentz was manager; and H. W. Link, agent. The performing tent was 110 feet in length and the menagerie tent 100 feet. There was also a side show in a tent 70 x 130.

In 1898 the Orton Brothers Circus joined with the Children's Lilliputian Dog and Pony Circus. Miles was manager; Arzy, secretary and treasurer; Mrs. Miles Orton was in charge of entrance; and Mrs. Arzy Orton handled the privilege. S. K. Tribby was advance man; Gorton Orton, rider; Norman Orton, jockey rider; Myron Orton, slack wire artist and juggler; Bernard Orton, trapeze artist; Miles and Bayard Orton, acrobats; Grace Orton was a contortionist; and Larry Orton was the clown.

The Ortons toured in 1899 and 1901, then Arzy took over and it became the Arzy Orton Family Show. In 1901 Miles joined the Harris Nickel Plate show as featured rider. In 1915, one of the Ortons—most likely Miles—was billed in the John Robinson show as "Orton's Great Buggy Riding Act."

Circus life was a series of major or minor crises. Arzy purchased an elephant called Hero from Honest Bill Newton which was so unruly one of the Newtons was hired to handle the beast. At Elkton, South Dakota, the elephant refused to push a wagon into place and deliberately upset it. Newton was asleep inside and escaped unhurt. Another man, wearing Newton's coat, was chased by Hero, but ducked under a car and got away. Hero then trotted out into the country and had to be destroyed by gunfire.

After Arzy's health began to fail, he spent the winters in San Antonio, Texas. He died there in 1923 at the age of seventy and his eldest son, Criley, took over management of the show.

An idea of the Orton itinerary may be gained from a review of the first ten days in June 1927. On June 3, Homer, Nebraska, population 320; then nineteen miles to Wakefield, population 1016 on the 4th. On the 6th, Winside, population 416; on the 7th, Hopkins, population 587. On the 8th, Battle Creek, a seven-mile jump to play to a population of 430.

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Then Meadow Grove, nine miles away. The largest town was Broken Bow, population about 3,000, and the smallest town was Gandy where but 41 persons lived. The show also played Whitman, Ashby, Bingham, Lakeside, Eli, Rosebud, Okreek, Vivian, Vega—and Gann Valley which had no population at all!

In 1929 Criley Orton died. By then the show had seven trucks, five horse-drawn baggage wagons, five animal cages, and a big top 70 x 130. The menagerie tent was 40 x 60; the dressing tent 9 x 14; and the cook tent 12 x 30. The show had thirty-one horses, an ostrich, and three elephants.

Since the Orton Circus began in 1854 before photography became widespread, it is doubtful if any early pictures exist. Even those taken in later years were probably snapped by private individuals. Professional photographers concentrated on the larger outfits where there was more glamor and a greater variety of animals; where costumes were splendid and more demand for colorful pictures could be anticipated.

In 1932, the little Orton Circus played a few stands in Kansas, but the great Depression and low prices for farm produce proved too much. The circus disbanded and the performers and roustabouts sorrowfully went their own ways.

Miles Orton settled down in Ortonville, and the saga of a circus that had lasted from 1854 to 1932 came to an end. It had been a never-ending struggle, but readers who remember seeing this show may well recall the joy and excitement it brought into their lives.

Finally, Alaska!

(Continued from page 3)

be the best place to find a friend who was supposed to meet us and hadn't shown up among the Eskimos, Orientals and a sort of "sonofabitch stew" of the world's people—including a few hippies with packs on their backs!

After two hours, the bare hint of some mix-up grew strong enough that we caught a cab and headed for the first hotel that wasn't full—after seven calls. Even our taxi driver was a frontiersman. He had been in Alaska for twenty years. His wife was the real pioneer, he told us. They built a cabin in the wilderness and she stayed with three children 150 miles from where he worked—and loved it! In the beginning he would only take sporadic trips to town to work when they couldn't live off the country. He had run a trapline and had just about done everything else we ever heard of being done in that wild land. He told us that wolverines were the most overplayed animals in stories of cunning and destruction. Those people talk about the unusual and dramatic in such a casual manner and with such positive fact that you've just got to believe them. Every person we met, including a waitress and a chambermaid who had been in Alaska over two years, has a real story to tell!

Bob Hope called Fourth Street in Anchorage "the longest bar in the world." It was partially destroyed by the earthquake but two-thirds of a block left standing across the street from our room in the Holiday Inn reeled off a continuous show of what our influence is doing to some of the Eskimos. There were four saloons in this partial block and I could write a book on what we saw! We had a ringside seat to one of the busiest skid rows in the world! The Eskimo's system has very little tolerance for liquor. Two drinks and he is reeling. It is the first time I had seen well dressed, nice looking women staggering and falling on the sidewalk! One lady of about forty-five fell down three times, was hoisted to her feet by the milling humanity and fell a fourth time, her head striking the gutter in what I thought surely must have caused a concussion. She lay there for a long time before someone finally dragged her to a taxi and we saw no more of her. This happened constantly—they came in taxis and they left in taxis. Eskimos have money—federal money—and seemingly they can't resist the lure of liquor.

A teen-aged girl sat down in a doorway, keeled over and passed out. A wino tried to rouse her but there was no response. Another teen-aged girl nearly passed her by, turned back and sat down beside her. She also tried to rouse the girl but to no avail. Finally, she too passed out, lying partially on the first girl. No one paid them the slightest attention except the old wino, and he finally left. They were there when we went to sleep at 11:00 p.m. I have wondered ever since what happened to those two girls.

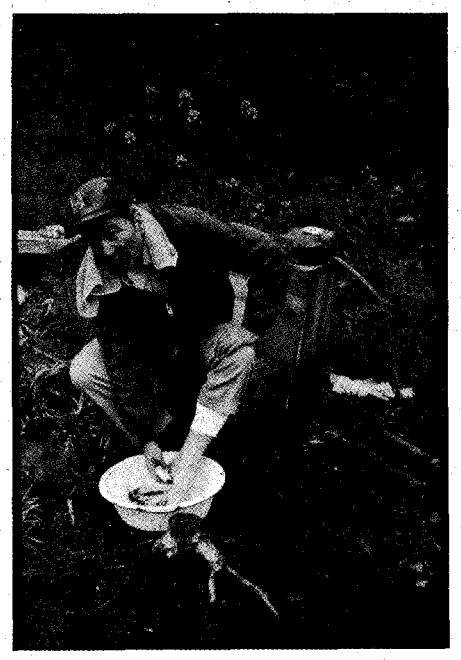
At 3:30 a.m. Cac was awakened to the sound of fist on flesh. He called me and we were at our show window again. Six Eskimos were fighting in the street. One fell down and the other five were kicking the living daylights out of him when we heard a siren. They dragged him out of sight and quickly disappeared.

Next morning it was exactly the same—no one was sober with a hangover. There were four American winos. We never saw them eat or sleep. They were seemingly accepted by the Eskimos. They would pass a bottle of wine around and each man would take a quick snort. Later we learned that if he took more than one drink he wasn't asked to participate again!

I am completely frustrated in trying to condense so much into such a short space. I was never good at trying to cram a pillow into an empty Bull Durham sack but I have got to condense here or there won't be any room left for the good stories!

WALTER showed up next day and Bill Howard, Regional Manager for the Alaska-Canada Division of Marathon Oil Company, drove us to the airport. At a highway intersection I nearly had heart failure when I saw a big twin-motor plane coming right at us. Bill calmly pulled off the highway and informed us that airplanes have priority over automobiles on Alaskan highways! He further informed us that there were more licensed pilots than licensed automobile drivers!

The flight from Anchorage to the Post River country is just about unbelievable! It isn't hard to understand why Alaska will never be an agricultural state. Snow-



This is the closest I came to a bath while in the Post River country. Gawd, that water's cold!

covered peaks, saw-toothed ridges, up and down valleys—raw wilderness beauty. Only a float plane pilot would have a chance to come out alive if engine trouble forced him down in that country.

How do you find one particular stalk of grain in a wheat field? By the same measure I couldn't figure how Walter found any particular valley in the maze of wild country we were flying over. He even found his gravel bar and we came to a jolt and stopped in a wilderness I'll never forget. The film crew was there to meet us—eager for news of the outside world. We took a brief tour of the immediate surroundings. I had to find out about tundra. It consists of moss, grass, etc. that freezes in winter and is a very soft cushion in summer. Muskeg is a sort of marshland—tundra in water, you might say. Walter lived in a tent while carving out a cabin from the surrounding forest. It is amazing what some people can do with a few tools and their bare hands. You can talk about beauty until people get tired of it, but that cabin sits on a high spot that overlooks the valley and is surrounded by snowcapped mountains in a setting that absolutely defies description!

Our "Post-Hilton" hotel was a small tent with a tiny heater—very rough but it kept us alive and that seems to be the name of the game in that part of the country. Our first introduction to wild life was to witness a caribou trotting along the opposite bank just before dark. He was in an obvious hurry. We saw the reason for that a few minutes later in the form of a giant black wolf on his trail.

Walter took us downstream to an old abandoned silver mine called "Millionaire Heights." He had collected several lumps of silver ore—one of which I could hardly lift. The owners of that mine are stymied—they can't get in with machinery to

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mine it and they can't figure a way to get the ore out if they do.

A great deal of time was spent in shooting scenes for the movie but there was plenty of time left for exploring. A beautiful little creek ran into the Post River in front of the cabin. I would have loved to have had time to pan that creek from beginning to end.

I was beginning to feel like a real old sourdough when time was about up, so we packed, took off from that gravel bar and headed for a lake for a quick fishing trip. In a matter of minutes the weather ahead looked rough and we had to turn back.

We headed for Anchorage while we could still make it. Next morning Walter headed back to camp and Bill Howard flew us to a little stream off the west side of lower Cook Inlet. We walked a hundred yards up from where Polly Creek enters the sea, and started fishing. In five minutes I had hooked onto something that had its own ideas about where it was going. What fighters those silver salmon are! They fight like a tarpon and look a little like that great game fish. They all weighed over ten pounds. To me, those few hours of fishing were the high point of our trip. I had never caught a salmon in my life and neither had Cac. We were both hollering and running around like excited young boys—and that is exactly what we were during the hours we spent on Polly Creek.

An old sourdough was fishing just across from us. He talked almost constantly. "I don't have to go up to the fork—plenty of fish for me right here. I smoke them and lay in a supply that lasts all winter. Got two boys. They are rich. The government sees to that." I could see some bleak buildings in the distance. He had an Eskimo wife and had seemingly found utter contentment. "I'm happy," he mumbled. "Wouldn't go back to the city for all the gold in Alaska!"

In my excitement of catching those salmon I didn't get a chance to talk at length with the old man. We were lugging our catch and equipment back to the plane when I began to realize that I had missed a tremendous story. The only thing he sees of civilization is an occasional fisherman or hunter. He is closer to Russia than to his own state capital. I think of that old man and his philosophy every day and I wonder why life has to speed by so fast that you can't crowd in something as important as finding out more about this old man's story. It is one of those fleeting opportunities you have to grab hold of something really fascinating—and you miss it because. . . .

As the plane lifted out over the waters of Cook Inlet, I looked down on the bleak little building that was his home. Even during the exultation of talking about our successful and exciting fishing I felt deep down sad for a moment when I realized that I would never see him again.

I have got to cut this off somewhere and I guess this is as good a place as any. See you later.—Hosstail.

Fantastic Money Pit

(Continued from page 44)

troublesome pirate tunnel. After a dozen unsuccessful attempts, claimed Nixon, ". . . the auger struck timbers at 142 feet, and then dropped until it hit something solid at 176 feet that sounded like a hollow drum." It should be noted that these holes were *not* in the Money Pit.

Just when Nixon appeared confident of success, his funds ran out and his lease expired, and before new funds could be obtained a New Jersey firm took up the option. It was an unfortunate break for Nixon who had apparently accumulated enough money to purchase the island outright—just two days late!

Headed by Gilbert Hedden, the American group attacked the problem with modern machinery, including a powerful 1000-gallon-per-minute electric pump. This pump kept the water under control while powerful electric drills probed the subterranean depths for the treasure chamber. The mutilated Money Pit was again tackled and cleared to a depth of 155 feet. In the next two years Hedden sank yet another shaft, about 25 feet in diameter, near the fabled Money Pit. A tunnel was then driven into the Money Pit so as to form a diversion for the water-filled shaft. In the end, however, it was always the same; the water problem could not be overcome, and this group had to abandon work also.

In 1950 Oak Island's fantastic Money Pit was ravished first by a 12-ton, then 20-ton, steam shovel. Both were unsuccessful.

In 1955 a group of Texas oil firms began drilling in the original Money Pit which, over the years, had been all but obliterated. Their findings tended to confirm the existence of a massive, cement-encased vault or treasure chamber. This led to the contention that the "metal-in-pieces" detected at 98 feet had merely been a ploy to discourage searchers from locating the massive treasure chamber below.

IT IS ALMOST as astonishing as the rebuffed treasure attempts that no lives had been lost on Oak Island. On several occasions collapsed pits and flooded tunnels had nearly crushed or drowned the workers; but it wasn't until 1965 that a tragedy occurred.

Robert Rextall, a former circus performer from Hamilton, Ontario, acquired search rights to the island in 1960 and, together with wife Mildred and sons Robert Jr. (24) and Ricky (14), took up residence there. With finances totaling $80,000, which included his life's savings, Rextall resolved to solve the mystery of Oak Island. He was determined he could succeed where others had failed. Part of the equipment with which he hoped to accomplish this feat was a powerful gasoline pump whose purpose would be to control the flow of water.

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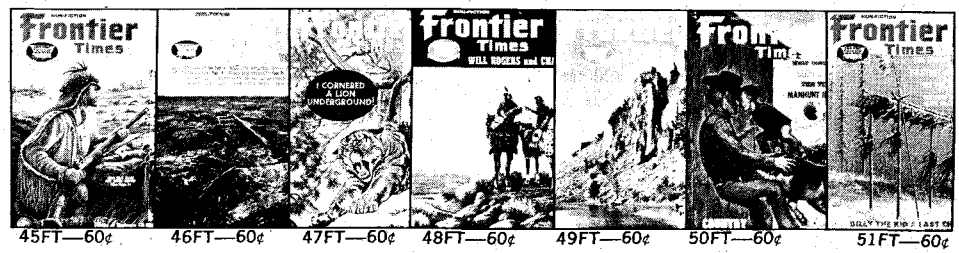

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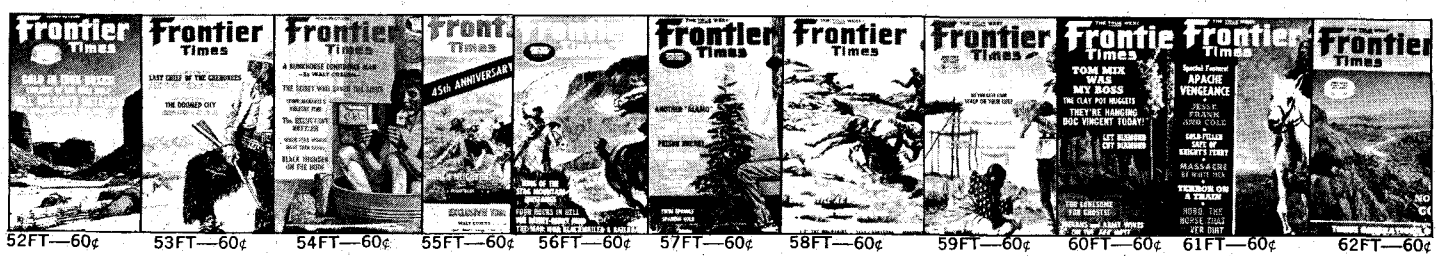

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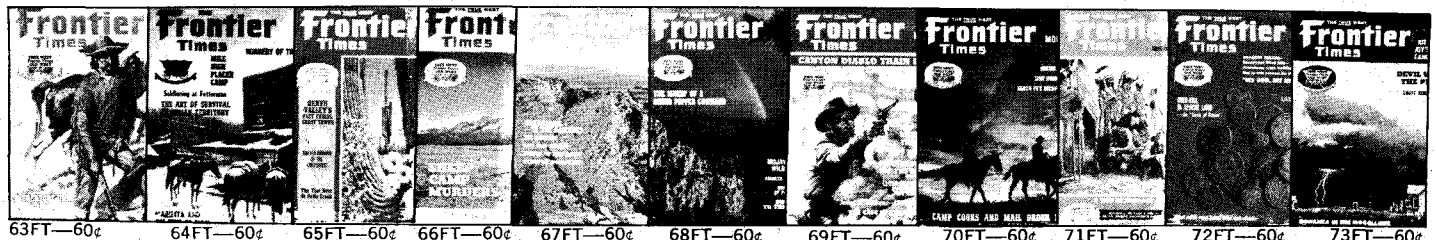

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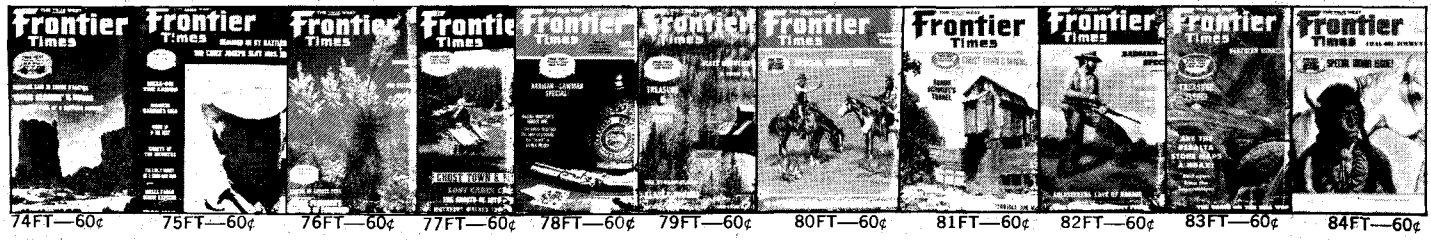

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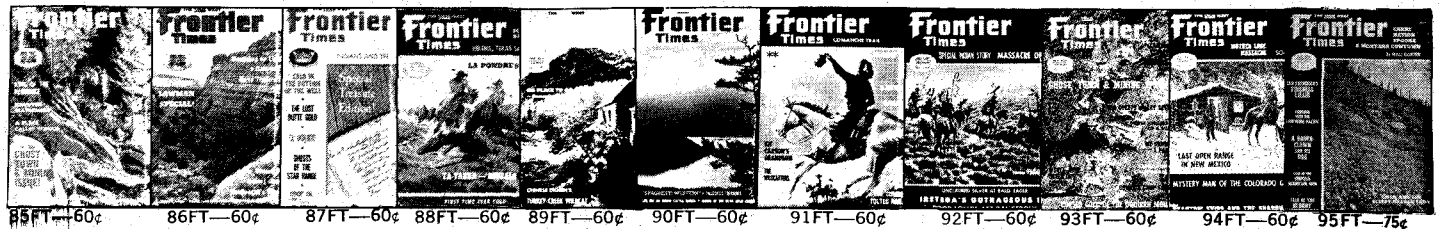

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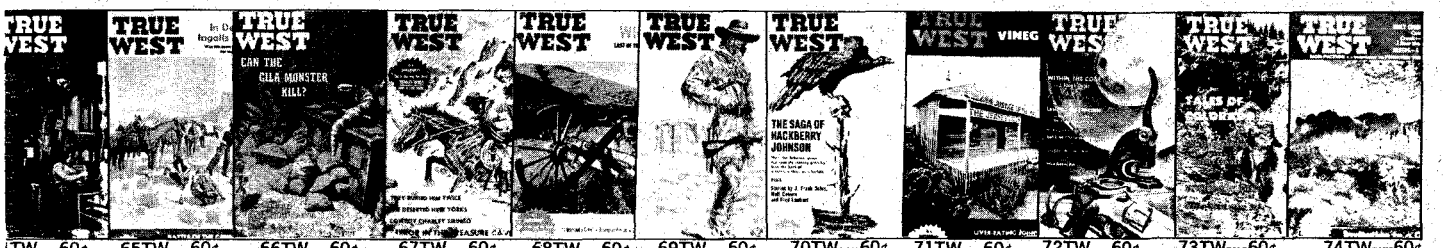

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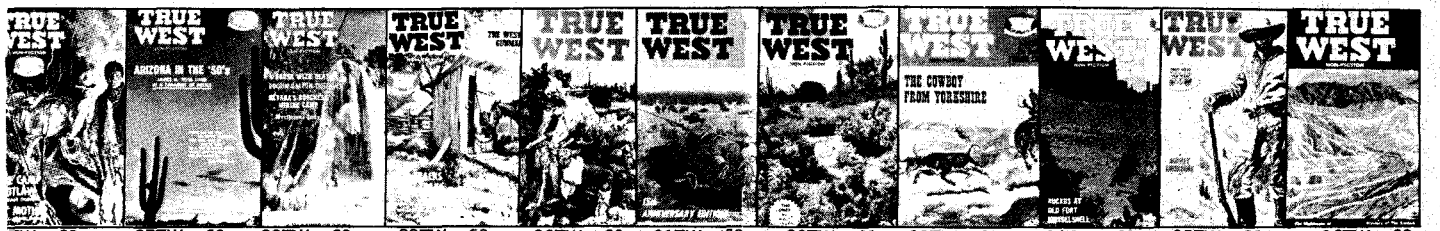

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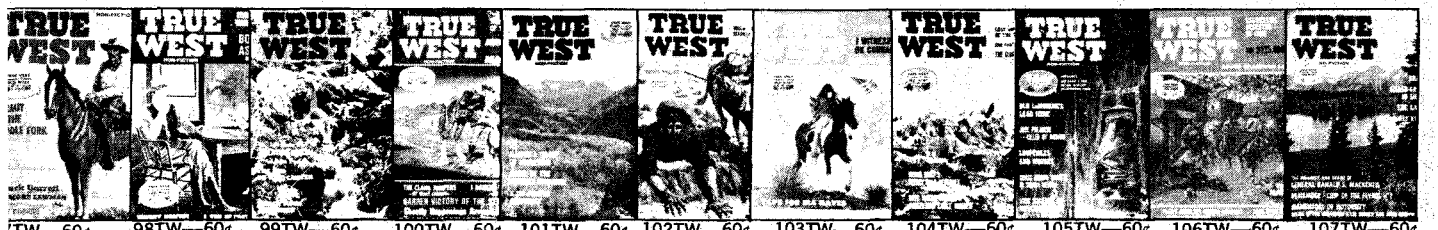

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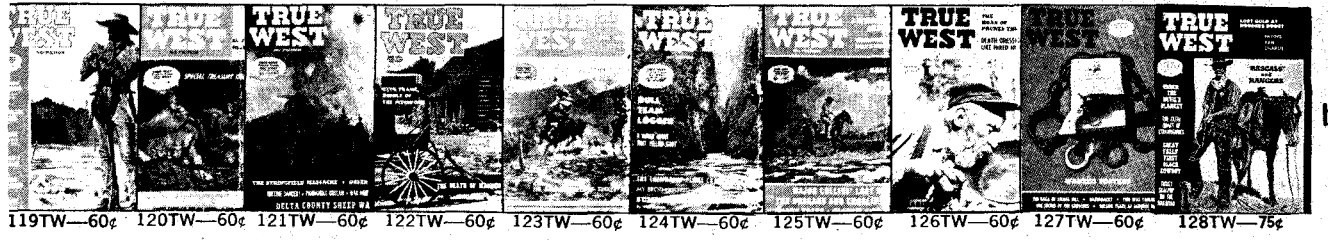

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OLD WEST back issues

next page

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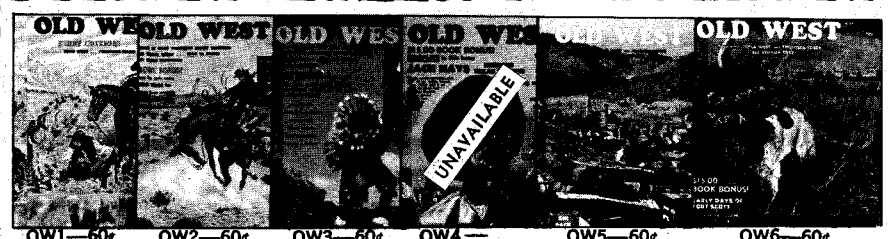

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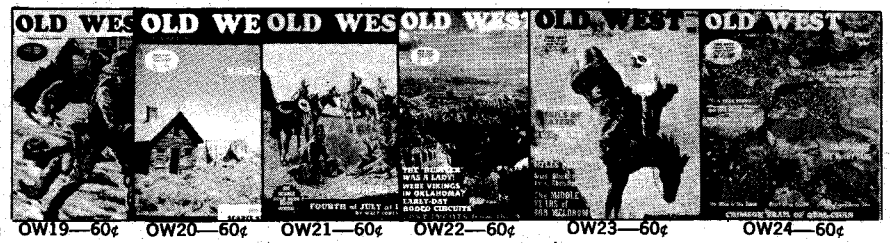
OW13—60¢ OW14—60¢ OW15—60¢ OW16—60¢ OW17—$3.00 OW18—$3.00



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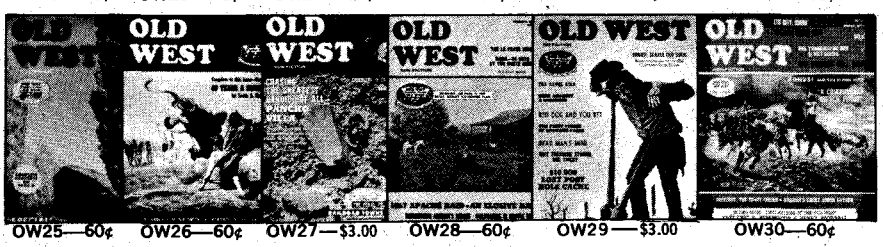

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OW31—60¢ OW32—60¢ OW33—60¢ OW34—60¢ OW35—60¢ OW36—60¢

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The day of the accident, in August 1965, Rextall was digging along the shore of Smith's Cove, working in a pit, when he was overcome by carbon monoxide fumes emitted by the gasoline pump. Robert and two local workers leapt into the 27-foot shaft to rescue him, but they also died. The tragedy came only a few short months after Rextall announced that he had located the drain.

The death of these four men, however tragic, did nothing to dampen other men's enthusiastic search for the legendary treasure. Robert Dunfield, a petroleum geologist from Los Angeles, California, first became interested in the treasure while Rextall was working on the island. To raise money to continue the search, Rextall had been forced to sell Dunfield more and more shares, and thus, more and more control. The two men then became involved in a power struggle over how to proceed. Dunfield preferred heavy excavations, while Rextall maintained that such work would destroy all surface and underground clues.

After Rextall's death, Dunfield and his eleven-man group brought to the small island a 97-ton claim digger. He was intent on excavating a 50-foot-wide trench across the Money Pit to a depth of 180 feet, if necessary.

Through the later days of November and early December the work progressed smoothly, and Dunfield reached a depth of 136 feet in the first thirty days. Then Christmas rolled around and the crew, refusing to work over the holiday, returned home. They ignored his pleas to continue. Dunfield tried without success to hire a new crew to complete the digging. An unseasonal thaw hit the area and the ground grew softer with each passing day. When the workmen returned, the pit was in danger of collapsing; and Dunfield, poorer by $100,000, was defeated.

It was shortly after this effort that David Tobias, a Montreal manufacturer, became interested in the island. Tobias approached Mr. Chappell for permission to dig. Chappell, you will recall, was directly involved in the treasure hunt of 1932, but his association with the island dates back to his father's unsuccessful efforts of 1897.

In 1967 Tobias contacted Dan C. Blankenship, a Miami construction contractor who was one of the men who had been involved with the Dunfield Company. Blakenship had first visited the island after reading an account of the treasure hunt in *Readers Digest.* At first he was content with purchasing shares in the Dunfield operations, but in the next three years he become disillusioned with the massive and fruitless excavations, and was determined to be in charge of the work himself. Unfortunately, he had invested heavily with Dunfield, and when the latter failed, Blankenship did not have the finances to continue on his own.

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Under Tobias, Blankenship was put in complete charge of the operations. His first order of business was research. He spent weeks going through all pertinent data on Oak Island and the work which had been done there. He examined maps, diaries and correspondence—some dating back to 1795. After examining every lead and clue Blankenship proceeded to go over the island inch by inch.

Finally they began drilling with a new kind of percussion drill which was designed to reach great depths quickly. The first tests detected a number of cavities (considered to be rooms) in the vicinity of the Money Pit. Some were below bedrock at a depth of 212 feet. This was a far greater depth than any of the previous diggings, and when the drill was withdrawn it brought up small chips of wood, tiny fragments of china, and even a piece of brass—the latter from 196 feet!

Encouraged by the early results, Tobias returned to Montreal for backing, and early in 1970 Triton Alliance Ltd. was formed. The Company included Donald Webster, a Toronto financier; George Jennison, former president of the Toronto Stock Exchange; Kerry Ellard, and of course Tobias, Blankenship and Chappell. With backing from nearly two dozen investors, they amassed over $500,000 for the search.

In the spring of 1970, Triton began construction of a new cofferdam at Smuggler's Cove (formerly Smith's Cove) in an attempt to block off the drain system first discovered in the 1850s. Remains of the old cofferdam were quickly located and, to the satisfaction of the workers, were found to be 120 feet within their own.

Then they made a new discovery. Buried beneath the sea bed near the inside of the 1970 dam was found the first of three 30-foot logs. The logs were precisely notched at each four-foot mark, and each had Roman numerals carved in them. It was supposed that the notches had been cut to hold square uprights doweled into place. The logs when found, formed a "U"-shaped structure with the open end facing the shore. It was therefore assumed to have been part of a cofferdam constructed by the original diggers to protect the workers on the complex drain system.

Kelly Ellard, in a 1971 issue of *Weekend Magazine* declared; "Carbon-dating performed on samples of the uprights indicate that they are approximately 250 years old, and a nail drawn from the logs has been identified as handmade wrought iron, probably forged prior to 1790."

IT IS SAID that the Triton organization recovered a hand-crafted, heart-shaped, stone which was forwarded to the Smithsonian Institution for examination. The Institution reported that identical stones had also been found in pirate communal banks in Haiti and Madagascar. The discovery was considered important because it seemed to indicate that pirates were the mysterious builders of the Money Pit and its supposed treasure chamber.

The most exciting discovery was yet to come, however. Encouraged by preliminary drillings, Triton Alliance brought to the island a special waterproof television camera which was gently lowered into the bowels of the earth. On September 16, 1972, while Blankenship monitored in a nearby shaft, the closed-circuit camera was eased down the 27" wide shaft. At 240 feet below the surface the camera recorded what appeared to be a large vault or chamber. Blankenship was certain he saw three chests, though he cautiously admitted, "After all this time, I may be seeing what I want."

The technology of television soon revealed an even more dramatic and grisly scene however, for in the same chamber as the three chests, Blankenship is convinced he also saw a hand. The hand, still with flesh, was thought to have been severed at the wrist by the drill. This discovery also lends credence to pirates, for it was their common practice to bury one of their own men with a treasure so that the spirit could stand guard.

Excitedly Blankenship summoned other members of the group to view the object. One by one they confirmed his opinion that it was indeed a hand. One man, replying to Blankenship's suggestion that the object was a glove, declared, "Glove, hell! I can see the damn bones sticking out!"

It was generally reported that there were no photographs of the treasure chamber with its chests, hand, or skull. Recently I examined hundreds of photos of the work done by Triton Alliance, none of which included closed-circuit pictures of the underground vault. However, in the February 1973 issue of *Esquire* were two photographs of particular interest. One was supposed to be a picture of a human skull, while the second was said to depict a chest and a hand.

After close examination, I failed to find any resemblance whatsoever between the photo and a human skull. However, the other picture was much more promising. Although understandably blurry, it did indicate a box-like object which could be a treasure chest. To detect a hand in the picture requires an even greater imagination. True, the stump of a wrist with finger-like protrusions is vaguely apparent. Overall, however, the picture is much too vague for such a definite assumption as was put forth.

Borehole 10X, the name given to this particular shaft, is located some 200 feet northeast of the Money Pit. Blankenship, like a growing number of people, felt that the Money Pit was merely a diversion to keep searchers from discovering the treasure chamber in another location. The images seen on the closed-circuit

(Continued on page 56)

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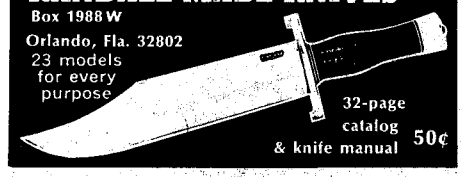

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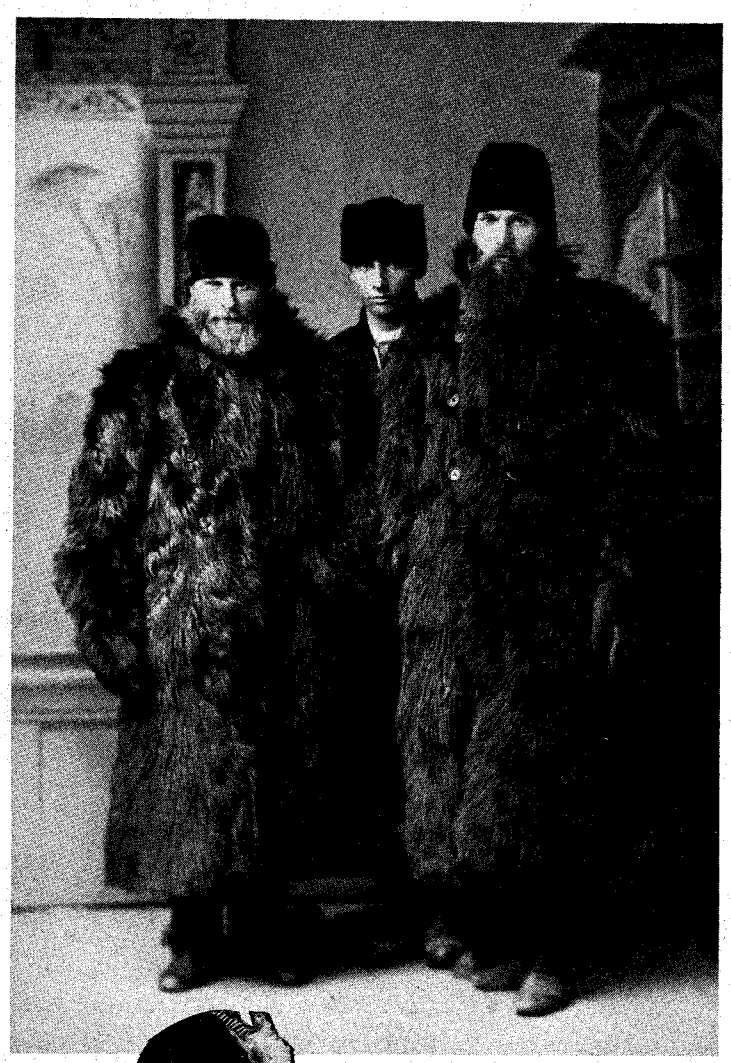

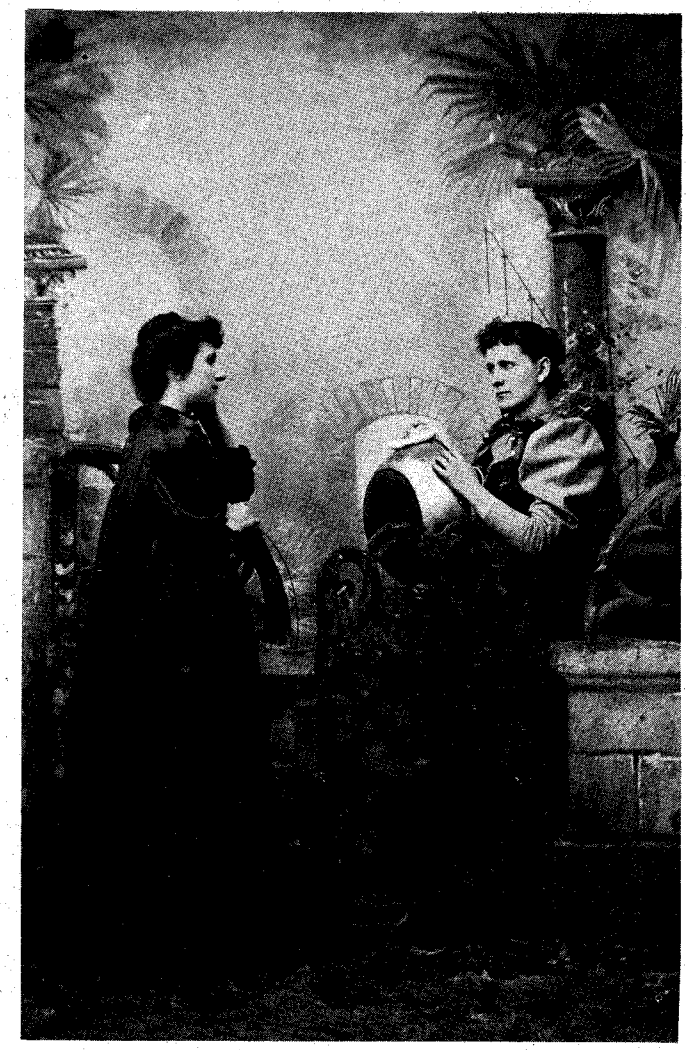

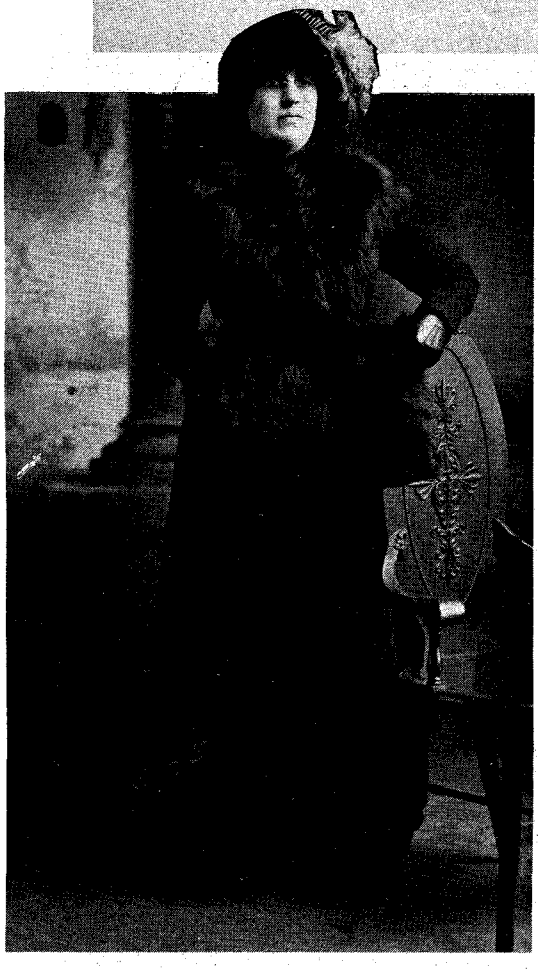

DO YOU KNOW

Here's a passel of

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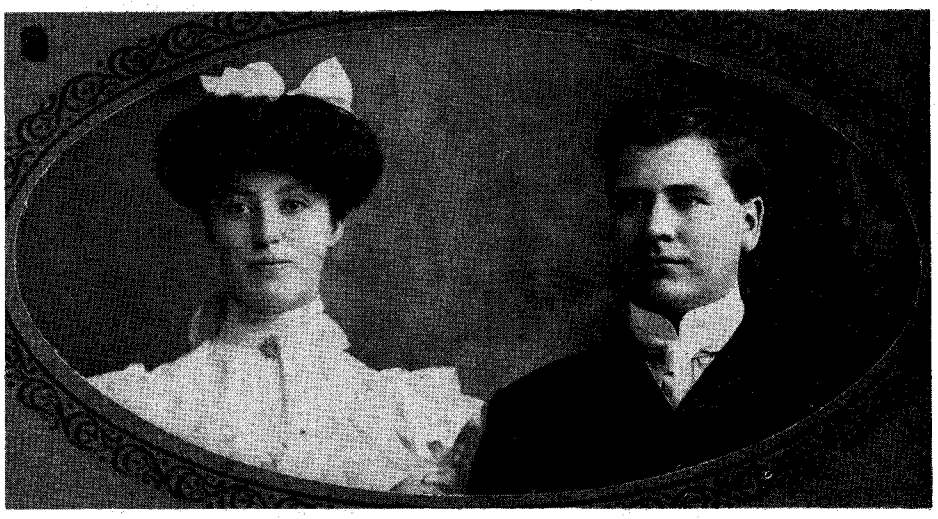

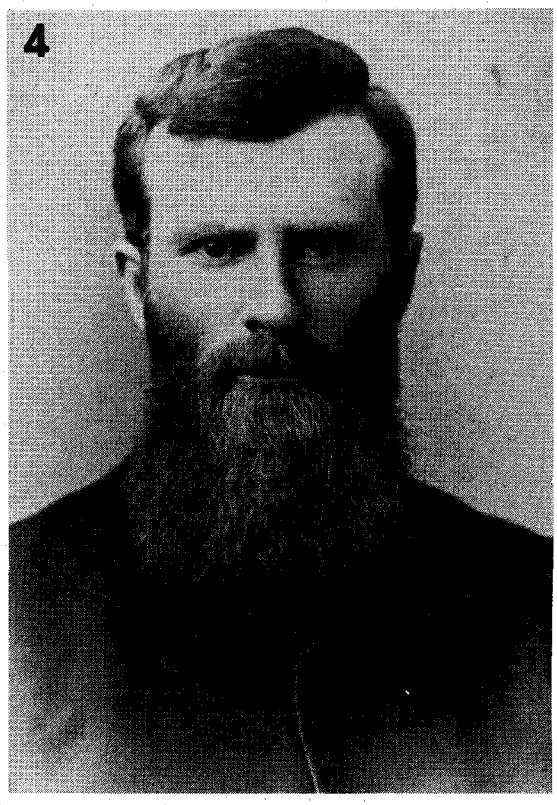

The following fragments of information are all we have. On photo number 1, the following is written on back: Drs. Miller, Caldwell, & Furguson. Photo 2: on front, Purcell's Studio; Little Sioux, Iowa. Photo 3: on front, West Side Studio; Nevada, Missouri. Photo 4: on back, L. Burno, Photographer; Little Sioux, Iowa. Photo 5: on back, Will L. Hoff, Portrait & Landscape Photographer, South Side Iowa Avenue, Dunlap, Iowa (1882). Photo 6: no information. Photo 7: on back, Grandma, Grandpa, Ella, & Doctor; Mrs. E. F. Miller, Verdella, Missouri. Photo 8: postcard photo, no information. Photo 9: on front. Dixson (photographer); Liberal, Missouri. Photo 10: on back, W. P. Groube, Photographer; Logan, Iowa.

THESE FOLKS?

ystery photos!

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(Continued from page 53)

camera in borehole 10X led Blankenship to conduct a series of dives into the narrow water-filled shaft. Borehole 10X extended 240 feet below the surface and bedrock, and into some sort of chamber. The first 180 feet of the shaft was reinforced with a 27" wide metal pipe.

Because of the murky waters Blankenship was unable to distinguish anything. He was certain, however, that he was indeed within a chamber, but he could not tell whether it was natural or man-made. During one of these dives, 120 feet below water-level, Blankenship nearly became the island's fifth victim. During a routine dive his air hose got kinked and his main oxygen supply was cut off. An article written by Tom Tiede for the Saint John newspaper, *Evening Times-Globe* in 1972, records Blankenship's statement. "I had this emergency air tank strapped to my leg. Good thing. I told my men to get me out of there. As it was, by the time I got out (slowly to prevent the bends) I had one breath of air left."

Although Oak Island has stymied treasure seekers throughout the years, regardless of equipment, ingenuity, or finances, Triton Alliance Ltd. continues to search for what is considered to be the greatest treasure trove of all time. No one can confirm or deny the existence of such a treasure, but let us consider the facts.

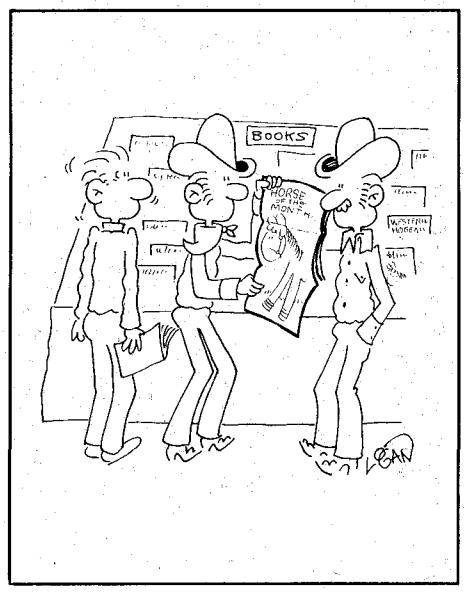
(1) A shaft was sunk to at least 170 feet and systematically refilled, placing logs at each ten-foot mark.

(2) The shaft was protected by at least two artificial tunnels which conveyed water from the ocean. One entered the pit at 111 feet, with a second entering at about 150 feet.

(3) A complex drain system was constructed along a 145-foot stretch of Smith's Cove now called Smuggler's Cove. From it five sub-drains led into the water tunnel.

Ignoring for a moment the discoveries of parchment, link of chain, inscribed stone, metal-in-pieces, iron at 171 feet, large treasure chambers, etc., consider the time and energy required to complete the above construction. It is estimated the task must have taken at least 200 men at least two years to complete. Calculating the work involved, it is sheer fantasy to imagine there is nothing buried below; that, as skeptics would have you believe, it is merely one fantastic hoax. Imagine, if you can, 200 men busily employed at hard labor for two years just to create a hoax—and in the 1500s at that! It is absurd to visualize the construction of such an elaborate system for any purpose *other* than the concealment of a massive fortune.

What is the treasure and who buried it? Although its value can only be conjecture, most agree it must be fantastic indeed for someone to have taken such elaborate measures to protect it. What



the treasure is, and who the original diggers were, are considered the greatest mysteries of all. Although other suggestions have been brought forth, pirates are considered the most likely. However it seems unlikely that pirates would have the patience to complete the task. More important, they were a rough and lawless breed and weren't exceptionally adept in the skills and ingenuity required for such a massive undertaking.

Dan Blankenship offered another theory which is not as far-fetched as some of the ideas put forth. During the mid-1500s the Spaniards were busy transporting gold and silver from the Americas. Blankenship suggests that it would have been easy for a large fleet of treasure-laden ships to divert part of the convoy to Oak Island. While these vessels buried the wealth they had on board, the remainder of the fleet continued to Spain. Once there they would record the diverted ships as having been lost in a storm, not at all uncommon. Using this procedure it would not take long to amass an unbelievably large fortune.

Over the years many theories of what the treasure actually is have been brought forth: Inca treasure, the treasure of Tumbez, Crown Jewels of France, the booty of Captain Kidd, and even the Holy Grail.

Since its discovery, the Money Pit has been ravaged so many times its precise location has long since been lost. Meanwhile the surface of the small crescent-shaped island has been marred by the relentless efforts of at least fifteen major operations. Shafts have been sunk, tunnels pushed through, holes drilled, dams built, and huge pits excavated; yet no one seems to be nearer to recovering the treasure and unlocking the secret of Oak Island than were the original finders.

According to a write-up in *The Wall Street Journal* of August 26, 1975 the "go-for-broke" effort by Triton will take place in the summer of 1976.

The President and the Gunfighter

(Continued from page 21)

of an old Dodge City crony, Michael Westernhouse Sutton:

Office of the
Advertising Manager
The Morning Telegraph
Long Acre Building
Broadway, 43rd and 44th Streets
New York

Dec. 21, 1911

Col. Theodore Roosevelt
The Outlook,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Roosevelt:-

I enclose you herewith a page of the Morning Telegraph on which you will find a letter written to me by Judge Sutton of Dodge City, Kansas. Judge Sutton, in my opinion, is one of the best posted men, politically, in the west. He has lived in Kansas since the buffalo days and has always been a consistent and aggressive Republican. I think highly of Judge Sutton's opinion.

With best wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy new year, I am, ...

Sincerely yours,
W. B. Masterson

During the latter part of their Dodge City years, Bat and Mike Sutton were bitter enemies. Obviously the passage of thirty years had healed their differences. Roosevelt's reply was short and sweet:

Dec. 23rd, 1911

Dear Bat:

That is an interesting letter from Judge Sutton. Do come and let me see you sometime.

Sincerely yours,
Theodore Roosevelt

AT the same time Roosevelt wrote this note, he was emerging as a key figure in a notable political movement. Many Republicans were dissatisfied with Roosevelt's successor, William Howard Taft. There was a serious party split, and several Republicans, called "Progressives" established what was dubbed the "Bull Moose" party. During 1912 Theodore Roosevelt became its standard bearer. He coined a phrase when he told reporters: "My hat is in the ring."

Before he became the official head of the Progressive Party, however, T. R. made one more stab at winning the regular Republican Convention in Chicago. Bat sent him this message on the eve of the big event:

The Morning Telegraph

June 1, 1912

Col. Theodore Roosevelt
Associate Editor,
The Outlook,
New York City.

My dear Colonel:-

I have arranged to attend the Chicago convention to do all I can against you, of course. Before going, however, I would like to have a few moments talk with you and would like for you to suggest a convenient time for me to call.

It seems to me that the only place

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in which you have not slugged the bosses over the ropes is right here in New York, but you'll get to them in time and when I see them taking the count maybe I won't laugh.

Sincerely yours,
W. B. Masterson

June 3rd, 1912

My dear Mr. Masterson:

Your letter has come to the office this morning and I think the best plan is to reply straightaway that Mr. Roosevelt could see you at the Outlook office either tomorrow morning or tomorrow afternoon before four o'clock.

Faithfully yours,
(Unsigned)
Secretary

The Republican Convention opened in Chicago on June 18. Roosevelt suffered a resounding defeat when President William Howard Taft was renominated by his party. The final tally was 561 votes for Taft and 107 for Roosevelt. The latter now had little choice left but to join the Progressive Party.

Office of the
Advertising Manager
The Morning Telegraph
Long Acre Building
Broadway, 43rd and 44th Streets
New York

July 9, 1912

Col. Theodore Roosevelt,
Outlook office,
City.

My dear Colonel:-

I would like to see you sometime Thursday afternoon on what I consider a matter of more or less importance in connection with the Progressive campaign this fall. I think I can explain matters so that it won't be necessary to take up more then ten minutes of your time. If you will have your secretary indicate to me if the time I have suggested will be convenient for you, or, if not, fix the time for me to call, I will make it a point to be there.

Very truly yours,
W. B. Masterson

Roosevelt's reply is not included in his papers. On election day Roosevelt beat Taft by a vote of 4,119,507 to 3,484,956, and was defeated in turn by the Democratic candidate, Woodrow Wilson.

The next few letters between Bat and Teddy Roosevelt dealt mostly with Progressive politics:

Office of the
Advertising Manager
The Morning Telegraph
Long Acre Square
New York

March 1, 1913

Col. Theodore Roosevelt
Outlook Office,
287 Fourth Ave., City.

Dear Mr. Roosevelt:-

I enclose herewith a letter from Franklin Bernard which might interest you. You will probably remember that I showed you one of Mr. Bernard's letters some time ago and you told me the next time Mr. Bernard came to the city you would like to see him. You can read this letter at your leisure and if there are any suggestions you wish to make you can advise me of same or write to Mr. Bernard personally. Mr. Bernard is an active Bull Mooser in Colorado and a stanch supporter of yours.

With very best wishes for your good health, I am,

Sincerely yours,
W. B. Masterson

March 4th 1913

Dear Bat:

I am much interested in Mr. Bernard's letter, but I hardly like to advise when necessarily I cannot know all the facts. I wish that Democratic Progressives could be taken in as well as Republicans, and I think it would be ruin for the Progressives to make an alliance with any of the old gang of the Big Steve and Archie crowd. I wish I could answer you more definitely.

Faithfully yours,
T. Roosevelt

Sept. 1, 1913

Col. Theodore Roosevelt,
The Outlook,
287 - 4th Avenue,
New York City.

My dear Col. Roosevelt:-

I send you herewith communications which I received from Mr. Franklin Bernard this morning. Mr. Bernard seems to be having some trouble in keeping the politicians and office seekers of the Progressive party in Colorado in line. I conclude from his letter that he would like to have you lay down the law to the Colorado Progressives.

Mr. Bernard is a sincere, conscientious worker for the Progressive cause and knowing the character of the general run of Colorado politicians as I do, I can well imagine the trouble Mr. Bernard is having in holding the Progressives together.

I'm satisfied you'll know what to do and say when you read these communications.

Very respectfully yours,
W. B. Masterson

September 2, 1913

Dear Bat:

In the same mail with your letter came a letter from Mr. Bernard to me. I thoroughly sympathise with Mr. Bernard's difficulties, but I do not want to lay down the law anywhere at present. I shall take the matter up with the heads of the Progressive Service. I am just about to start for South America, and I will have to take this whole matter up when I get back in the spring...

Sincerely yours,
Theodore Roosevelt

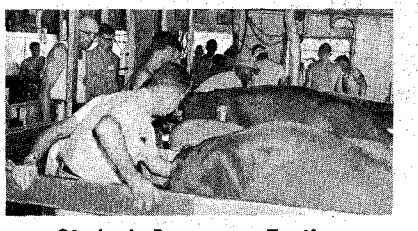
Sept. 23, 1913

Col. Theodore Roosevelt,
The Outlook
New York City.

My dear Col. Roosevelt:-

I would like to drop in before you leave for South America and pay my respects to you. If you will kindly set

CATTLEMEN



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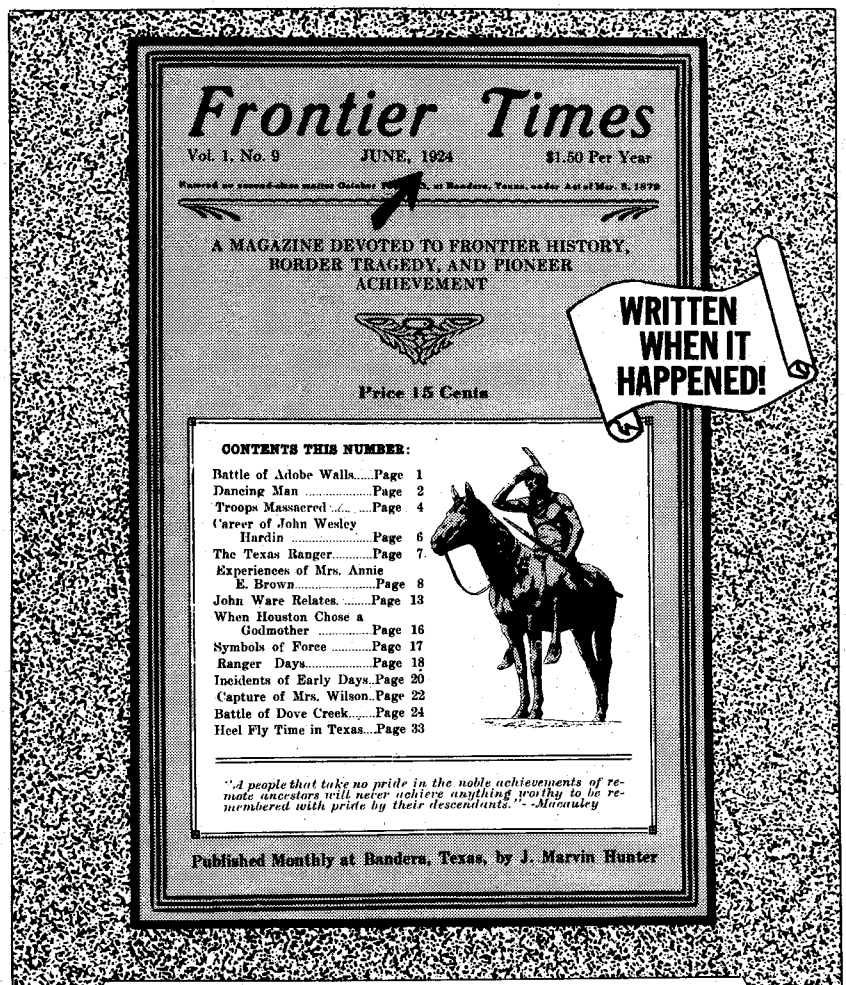

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the day and hour for me to call I will be greatly obliged.

Sincerely yours,
W. B. Masterson

ROOSEVELT and his party of six sailed for South America on October 4, 1913. Their purpose was to collect specimens for New York's Museum of Natural History and to map Brazil's River of Doubt. Roosevelt's health was broken permanently by this trip. He contracted jungle fever and almost died. When he arrived back in New York on May 19, 1914 Roosevelt was thirty-five pounds lighter, and had to be assisted down his ship's gangplank. It is not known if Bat was aware of Teddy's health when he wrote his next letter:

The Morning Telegraph
June 23, 1914
Col. Theodore Roosevelt,
c/o The Outlook
287 - 4th Ave., City.

My dear Col. Roosevelt:-

It would afford me great pleasure to call and see you at the office of The Outlook whenever convenient to you. made no effort to see you on your return from South America for the reason that I realized you would be in something of a jam with leaders of the Progressive party and well wishers generally, and that your time would be fully occupied until you left for Spain.

If you will kindly let me know when to call I will regard it as a very great favor. Meanwhile I wish you the best of health and good fortune.

Sincerely yours,
W. B. Masterson

June 26, 1914
W. B. Masterson, Esq.
Morning Telegraph
New York City.

My dear Mr. Masterson:-

Mr. Roosevelt asks me to say that if you will call at this office next Wednesday morning at ten o'clock he will be very glad to see you.

Sincerely yours,
(unsigned)
Acting-Secretary to Mr. Roosevelt.

Most likely, Teddy really wanted to see Bat. Unfortunately, upon arrival for his appointment, Bat was informed of Roosevelt's serious illness, and Bat was discreet enough to leave. He sent a letter to Roosevelt in which he played dumb on his friend's actual condition:

The Morning Telegraph
July 6, 1914
Col. Theodore Roosevelt,
Oyster Bay, N. Y.

My dear Col. Roosevelt:-

I didn't wait to see you last Wednesday morning as I was informed by your secretary, Mr. McGrath, that you were pretty well tired out from your trip also, that you would be quite busy with personal matters after reaching your office.

As I had nothing important to take up

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with you and called merely to shake you by the hand and express my gratification at your safe return from the jungle I decided to leave and wait for a more convenient time for you to see me.

I would like, however, to make an appointment with you for Wednesday, the fifteenth, at Progressive headquarters in the Forty-Second Street Building at any hour you name. Also, I would like to bring along Captain Donnelley, of Nevada, whose card I enclose herewith. The Captain is a Western pioneer and an excellent citizen and informs me that he once met you at Reno some years ago when you spoke there and would be delighted to renew the acquaintance.

With very best wishes, I am,
Sincerely yours,
W. B. Masterson

Bat was obviously optimistic enough to think that it would only take Roosevelt nine days to bounce back from his illness. In truth, Theodore Roosevelt never really recovered from the effects of his South American jungle fever.

At this point a lapse of three years occurs in which, presumably, no letters were kept. By then Bat Masterson was sixty-three and Roosevelt was fifty-eight.

On April 2, 1917 President Wilson asked Congress to declare war upon Germany. One week later, the fifty-eight-year-old Roosevelt saw President Wilson, and requested permission to lead a Rough Rider-type regiment against the Germans in France. While Roosevelt was waiting for Wilson's reply he got some good-natured kidding from his old friend Masterson.

The Morning Telegraph
Editorial Department
W. B. Masterson

May 14, 1917

Col. Theodore Roosevelt
Metropolitan Magazine,
432 Fourth Avenue,
New York City.

My dear Col. Roosevelt:-

I wish you would arrange for an appointment with Tex Rickard and myself to meet you at your office when convenient. We want to tell you how to organize your European expedition and how to win your battles when you get there. You know Tex and I are wonders in matters of this kind. Anyway, I would like to have you make a date for us.

With kindest regards, I am,
Sincerely yours,
W. B. Masterson

Tex Rickard was, of course, the famous boxing promoter who built the new Madison Square Garden and promoted prize fighting's first "Million Dollar Gate." Rickard was a highly colorful character whose friends included Wyatt Earp and Al Capone. When Bat Masterson died Rickard was one of his pall bearers.

May 15, 1917
Dear Mr. Masterson:

With reference to your letter of May 14th, will you call at Metropolitan Magazine office, with Mr. Rickard at about 12 o'clock noon, Saturday next, May 19th?

Sincerely yours,
Theodore Roosevelt

Thus ends the known correspondence betweeen Bat Masterson and the twenty-sixth President of the United States. Roosevelt never got a chance to serve in World War I; President Wilson turned him down. Teddy's four sons did serve, however, and one of them, Quentin, was killed in an aerial battle on July 14, 1918. Roosevelt was a broken man. On January 6, 1919 he died in his sleep at the age of sixty.

The end came for Bat Masterson only two years later, on October 25, 1921, in his office at the *Morning Telegraph*. After finishing his daily column, he took out a pack of Chesterfields. Bat never lit his cigarette. A massive heart attack killed him instantly.

I want to express special thanks to John Kavanaugh of the Microtext Division of the Harvard College Library, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for his tireless assistance in locating and photographing the Roosevelt/Masterson letters that were buried in a collection of over 100,000 Roosevelt papers.

Broncs and Stompers

(Continued from page 16)

"Frenchy" borrowed Amberson's spurs, chaps and saddle. Boyd snubbed Black Demon up to be saddled while Taylor got set to keep the bronc from bucking into the crowd. Stanley had already ridden among the spectators and his hat was heavy with silver coins he had collected.

The little horse was saddled without trouble, then Frenchy stepped up and across him. The horse went straight up, so Amberson threw the buck-rein in the direction of the rider and the show was on. Frenchy never did get his foot in the "off" stirrup. He froze to the horn with both hands, hung on and rattled. Speaking of rubber necks, he really had one, for at the top of every jump the back of his head would whack him between the shoulder blades. When the horse hit the ground, his chin would bounce off his breast bone. Black Demon was a running bucker. He jumped fast and lit hard. He bucked away from the crowd, toward a church and schoolhouse standing side by side with a twenty-foot space between. The horse whirled and went between the buildings. When he emerged, Frenchy's head was still attached, so Al Taylor took out after them. The horse bucked about fifty yards farther then settled down to run, but Taylor soon had the buck-rein and brought him to a stop. The rider dismounted and walked back with a big smile while the crowd razzed and kidded him.

Stanley rode up and said, "Say, feller! That was the damndest ride I ever saw, but I reckon you sure earned the ten dollars!"

About a month after this Logan rodeo, I read a news item stating that Dick Stanley had become champion rider of the world at the Cheyenne Frontier Days

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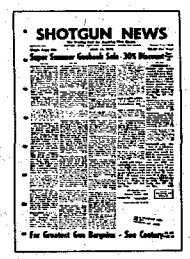

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It was in September, 1914, at the Montana State Fair in Helena that I saw "Steamboat." Irwin's Wild West Show was putting on the entertainment between races. During the show, a cowboy led out a black horse with three white socks and the announcer introduced him as the original "Steamboat." He was showing his age but still bucking, not like he did in younger days, of course, but his spirit was never broken. As a contest horse he was successfully ridden only twice. Once at the "Mountains and Plains" Denver celebration at the turn of the century by Lew Minor of the Owyhee country of Idaho, the other being Dick Stanley's ride at Cheyenne in 1908.

Soon after his Helena appearance, the horse was killed accidentally at Ogden, Utah. The Irwin Wild West Show was unloading its stock from railroad cars and the old horse fell and was crippled so badly that he died.

Dick Stanley was also killed while he was riding Black Demon on exhibition. The horse fell with him while bucking. After riding bad horses most of his life, after riding Steamboat to become world champion, and after making many rides on Black Demon, it was that showy little horse that did him in.

MONTANA has produced many lady bronc stompers. There was Brownie Reynolds, mother of the riding Reynolds boys Ben, John, and Louie. They hailed from Melrose. Then there was "Buckskin" Marie Gibson from around Havre; and the Greenough girls, Marge and Alice, of Red Lodge to name a few. The best of them all, though, was Fannie Sperry of the Helena Valley. She was the gal who would bring the crowds to their feet when she would come out of a chute with her spurs hung high in the bronc's shoulders. There were no hobbled stirrups for Fannie. She rode like a man. The only thing unmannish about her rides was the hair she wore in a long braid that would swing and pop in the air with every jump.

When I was attending the St. Charles boarding school in Helena, I chanced to notice a beautiful hand-carved silver mounted saddle hanging in a hardware store. The printed inscription read: "This is the saddle won by Fannie Sperry of Helena, Montana, a world champion bronc rider at Calgary Stampede, 1912."

That fall Fannie got permission to use the St. Charles baseball and football park to stage a show, with the stipula

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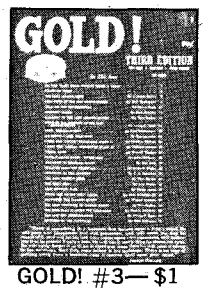
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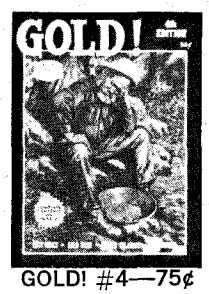
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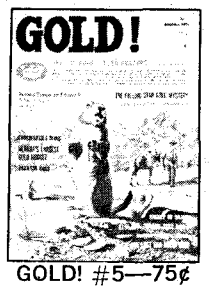
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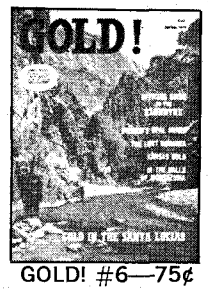
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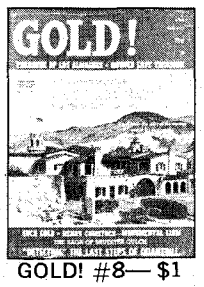
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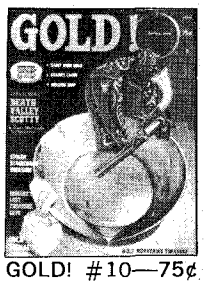
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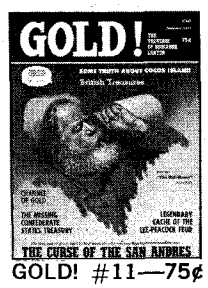

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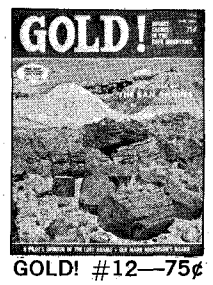
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tion that all students be admitted free. It was a chilly, blustery day and I don't believe there were six paid admissions on the grounds. All we students were there, so the show went on anyway. Fannie, her husband Bill Steele, and her brother Walt each rode a couple of saddle broncs and a couple of bareback broncs.

Fannie made most of the North Montana and Canadian shows for many years. In the early days Margaret Getts, a champion relay race rider, and Fanny made the shows together. Margaret, a good cowgirl, grew up and got her training on the N. S. Ranch northwest of Cascade, Montana. Those two were a hard pair to beat in their respective acts and generally came home winners.

Margaret married a cattle buyer whose name was McCartney. They settled on a ranch in the vicinity of Square Butte between Cascade and Fort Shaw, and she gave up race riding. Fannie, on the other hand, didn't give up bronc riding for many years.

Her husband, Bill Steele, was quite a horse trader and somewhat of a stomper but not as good as Fannie, and he admitted it. Once when a rancher was dealing with him for a saddlehorse, he inquired if the horse were gentle.

Bill said, "That horse is plumb gentle. My wife rides him!"

The names, Margaret Getts McCartney and Fannie Sperry Steele, are both entered in the Cowboy Hall of Fame. I know of no other names in all Montana more entitled to the honor.

"WHO CARES" was a bucker that made quite a name at the big-time rodeos. I first saw this horse when our family was living at St. Peter, Montana, where my dad had leased the Mission Ranch.

As a yearling, Who Cares strayed from his range in the Sullivan Hills into a pasture belonging to Laurin LeFevre, our neighbor. Since he had no brand, Laurin notified the stock inspector. Nobody ever claimed the colt, so the brand inspector called an auction sale. Some man bid five dollars, then Laurin bid six, and the colt was his. Right then the colt was named "Five and One" which was the title he bucked under the first couple years of his career.

As a four-year-old, Five and One was turned over to Tommy Lemire to be broken to ride. Tommy was a good rider but strong on using the spurs. If a horse had a jump in him, he would surely buck with young Lemire in the middle of him.

The horse was inclined to be gentle, though, and Tommy had no trouble with him on the first ride when he used Five and One to bring in a bunch of horses. After the horses were corralled, Five and One was turned in with them, still wearing the saddle and bridle, while we roped out a couple of broncs. Nothing seemed to bother him; he just walked around keeping out of the way. I was amazed to see a green horse act so calm.

Next morning, Tommy rode Five and One to the Sullivan Hills accompanied by his brother and a young neighbor. They started a wild bunch of horses in the Sheep Creek vicinity. The horses took off up the side of the high steep Sheep Mountain with the boys in hot pursuit. About half-way to the top, something went wrong—something that caused a good saddle horse to be spoiled in the making, but caused a good rodeo horse to be born. Maybe it was the fact that the horse was out of wind and the pain of those everlasting spurs in his ribs aggravated him. At any rate, Five and One whirled and came back down the hill making fifty-foot jumps with plenty of twist in them.

Young Tommy Lemire was unconscious when the two boys reached him, so they carried him to a spot where they could pick him up with a Ford Model-T. He was bruised badly and was crippled for a week, but no bones were broken. A month or so later he decided to try the horse again, but was barely seated in the saddle when he again hit the ground.

During the summer of 1925, the town of Wolf Creek, Montana staged a rodeo every Sunday. Each time Five and One drew a different rider, and each time was able to unseat him. Finally Mick O'Mara managed to make a ride on him in a clamp saddle, or a "saddle with a roof" as they were called. Those saddles were built on a Fremont tree with high-dished cantle and a sixteen-inch fork that came back over the rider's thighs. Clamp saddles were barred from rodeo competition but could be used for exhibition rides.

Mike and Fred Reed, rodeo performers of Stanford, were buying up stock to put on their own shows, so they bought Five and One. They immediately changed the bronc's name to "Who Cares."

On the Fourth of July in 1925, I was in the bleachers at a Great Falls rodeo where they were using Reed stock. Out of a chute came John Shipp riding Who Cares. Now, John was a threat for first money at any rodeo, but on the fifth jump he went out of the saddle and came down behind the horse, standing straight on his feet. He never moved a muscle, just stood there and watched the bronc buck away from him. I can imagine the language he was using as he stood there like a statue.

Who Cares successfully unseated many more bronc busters. Finally, a qualified ride was made by Pete Knight, a world champion and travelling professional rider.

And speaking of rodeo riders, when someone tells me that bronc riders aren't as good as they used to be, I have to disagree. For one thing, the stock they use in the big shows are in top condition, full of oats and rearing to go. They are stronger and more willing to perform than the grass-fed buckers of years gone by.

Also, since rodeo riding has become a top sport in our nation, we have plenty of professional cowboys around. The competition is tough and the rider's rules are more strict than they used to be. To get in the money, they have to be good; damned good! My battered Stetson is off to every one of them.

Even so, my heart is still with the old-time bronc riders, long gone, that I heard about, saw perform and personally

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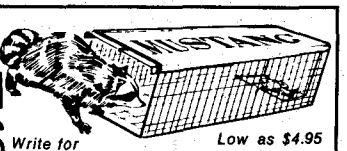

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knew. It's my hope that they are all on the heavenly range with good salty broncs between their knees, or are walking the golden streets in high-heeled boots.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION required by the Act of Congress, August 12, 1970; Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code. TRUE WEST, published bimonthly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher, Joe Austell Small, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Editor: Pat Wagner, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704; Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder. Average number of copies printed during last twelve months: 213,687; last single issue: 201,702. Average number of sales during last twelve months through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 87,439; last single issue: 81,698. Average mail subscriptions during last twelve months: 26,685; last single issue: 26,361. Average total paid circulation during last twelve months: 114,124; last single issue: 108,059. Average Free distribution during last twelve months: 500; last single issue: 500. Average copies distributed during last twelve months to news agents but not sold: 98,063; last single issue: 92,143. Average total distribution last twelve months: 114,624; last single issue: 108,559. Average number during last twelve months unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 1,000; last single issue; 1,000. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 23, 1975.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 7)

fool didn't even slow down when we hit the farmyard driveway—just nicked my leg on the open gatepost as he sailed through. Straight to the barn he ran to set 'er down on a dime with the fastest stop in history. Any other time I would have sailed head over heels, but this time I stuck.

Ollie's brother Gary stepped out of the barn grinning from ear to ear and I knew right off I'd been had! He had to pull me off because I was stuck like glue.

Sometime later Ollie rode in on my motor bike and we all had a good laugh. That was the first and the last time I ever rode the Barnsour Racehorse.—Gene Lamoreux, 313 Bartlett Street, Muscatine, Iowa 52761

Wealthy at Six; Bankrupt at Seven

Regarding "Outwitting the Daltons," in the August '75 TRUE WEST, so did I get "outwitted" at Taloga, Dewey County, now Oklahoma. Dad and both my grandfathers made the "run" in '92. Granddad Marlett, Mother's dad, put in a grocery store just south of Taloga a few miles. But Dad and his father went back to Old Erin Springs and "Murray Mansion," now an historical monument in central Oklahoma. I was born nearby in 1901.

In 1907 Dad, Mother, and I moved back to Dewey County and settled just across the road from Granddad's store at Oakley. The fall before, Dad had paid me the unheard-of price of $5 per 100 pounds for picking cotton for him. Mother and Dad had bought me a coin purse, a big one. I stuffed 'er full—nickels, dimes, quarters—I wouldn't spend a penny. "A tightwad," Mother said I was. "The original Mr. Scrooge."

In the fall of 1907 Dad had another crop of cotton to be picked, but I had money—I'd retired. A candy store across the road influenced me more that fall than ANY cotton crop. So I advised Dad to pick it himself, turn the cattle in on it, or whatever. Sad but true, before the snow fell I had wised up and gone broke—well, first I went broke. I learned there were two types of people in this world, capitalists and damfools. At six years of age—wealthy; at seven years of age—a bankrupt. Still am at 74!—Lem Ball, 55317 Onaga Trail, Yucca Valley, California 92284

DECEMBER '75 OMISSION

We failed to credit Mr. Warren Loose's book, *Bodie Bonanza*, as the source of photos and text for his article, "Bodie—Archangel of the Mining Camps." It was published by Exposition Press, New York, 1971.

Old Ways of Hunting

Would you like to know some of the hunting tricks used by the Indians of Texas 300 years ago? They lived in villages of domed straw houses that somewhat resembled oversized beehives and prepared for their hunting forays with imagination and meticulous care.

Deer calls were fashioned from hollowed pieces of cane, and elaborate decoys were constructed to lure deer into the Indians' hunting blinds. To make a decoy the Tejas hunter selected the head of the finest deer that had been killed the year before and carefully scraped the flesh, cleaned out the brain cavity, and drew the skin back into place, much as a modern-day taxidermist might do. Then he placed the head on sticks until the hide and head dried.

Tejas hunters were masters at using their decoys to lure deer toward places of concealment. Holding the deerhead on a stick the hopeful huntsman would imitate the mannerisms of deers he had observed and coax his victim within arrow range.

When a deer was slain the tribal priest would examine the fallen animal, then whisper in its ear begging its spirit not to be angry for the violent way it had met death.

The deerskin was used many ways—for shelter, clothing, bedding and the making of *faons*. These watertight bags, sealed with a cement made from tallow and cinders, were filled with valuable bear oil and considered quite precious possessions.

Duck decoys, made from gourds, were part of the Tejas hunter's stock in trade. The hunter, sighting ducks on a likely pond, would release his decoys and watch them bobble across the pond, frightening the ducks, then patiently retrieve them and repeat the process until the ducks had grown accustomed to seeing the gourds on the water. Succeeding in this the hunter would cut eyelets in a special gourd and fit it over his head. Wading across the bottom of the pond, bobbing his head in the same motions made by the gourd-decoys around him, he would carefully creep up on the ducks, grab them one-by-one by the feet and shove them into a sack. The ducks, thus imprisoned, would drown noiselessly and the gourd-headed hunter could creep about taking his pick of the flock until his sack was full. Try it sometime!—W. O. Hatfield, Jr., Box 181, Tilden, Texas.

"Smart" Attorneys and a J. P.

It's easy for me to understand why people rushed out to western North Dakota to homestead, but I don't know why so many professional men left the cities to settle in small towns in the West.

Beach was the county seat of Golden Valley County, which was split off of Billings County, and was only a couple miles from the Montana line. Somehow, Beach had more than its quota of skilled doctors and lawyers. One of these lawyers, long after he had left Beach, told me this incident when I visited him at his office in Southern California.

Doc Stoddard was the justice of the peace in Beach, when I was a youngster. He appeared to be a kindly old man to all of us kids, although I doubt if he was sixty. He never doctored anything that I ever heard about, but he was liked and trusted, and the people elected him to be their judge.

Keohane and Gallagher were two able attorneys, and they handled most of the legal cases until a young, brilliant college graduate hung out his shingle. His name was Mark Jones, and it was he who told me about a head-on collision with Mr. Gallagher!

The case came before Judge Stoddard, with Jones for the defense. Mark said he knew he did not have a very strong case, but thought that he might get the case thrown out of court through some technicality, so as soon as he could he challenged Mr. Gallagher on a point of law. Soon the argument took off on tangents, and law books and reference books were brought out as each lawyer tried to outdo the other. At last, the judge pounded the desk with his gavel and announced recess for lunch.

When court resumed at two o'clock, Mr. Gallagher addressed the court: "Your Honor, before resuming presentation of the case before the court, and with the consent of the defense, could we have the opinion of the Court on the question argued before the Court adjourned for lunch?"

Mark said to me that he thought he had done everything he could to muddy the water, and gave his consent for a ruling.

The judge tapped the desk with his fingers, peered down over his glasses at one, then the other, lawyer, leaned over and spit toward the spittoon, then said, "Well now, gentlemen, just what was the question?"—Howard Steiner, Route 1, Box 700-6, Tuolumne, California 95379

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 17)

Oldham may also be related.— W. F. Barrow, 511 ½ N. Geneva Street, Glendale, California 91206

Daniel W. Gray

I am trying to trace descendants of Daniel W. Gray, born February 10, 1811 who lived in Shell Knob Hill, Missouri

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The best information I can gather is that he was married twice. His first wife's name is not known, but their five children were John, Thomas, Amy, Alice and Elizabeth.

His second wife was Hanna Goodrich and their seven children were Unice (spelling questionable), Will, Nat, Abner, Homer, Ruth and Ross. I will answer all correspondence.—Jerry W. Johnson, 44 Finance Section, APO New York 09164

Andrew Jackson (Jack) Cox

I would like to hear from any friend or relative of Andrew Jackson (Jack) Cox, born May, 1900, I think. He was in Palmyra, Missouri in 1921. He married my mother, Lena Meyer, in April, 1921 and they separated in August of that year. I have never seen him and would like very much to hear anything about my father.—Louise Elizabeth Barnard, 4822 Steele Street, Denver, Colorado 80216

Easterwood

I am seeking relatives or people who knew my father, William James Easterwood, born in Milam County, Texas, February, 1876. He cowboyed in Texas, Oklahoma, Wyoming and Montana. It is believed that he was married in one of those states prior to marrying my mother in Canada in the early 1920s. Any information will be greatly appreciated and I will answer all letters.—Rod Easterwood, P. O. Box 527, Colusa, California 95932

Williams

My great-great-great-grandfather, John Williams, was born in 1804 in North Carolina. He married Annie Conner and they had four sons: Wm. L. (Bill), who was a Texas Ranger in the late 1880s; George W.; John T.; and James Daniel, my great-great-grandfather.

John and Annie founded a town in the heart of Texas called Williams Ranch. They are buried there. James Daniel married Eliza A. Conner. They had sixteen children, the second born was my great-grandmother, Martha Ellen Williams. I will appreciate and answer all letters.—Mrs. F. R. Alread, 4057 Debbyann Pl., San Diego, California 92154

Case

My parents were Elisha S. and Narcissy Burnett Case. I am the eldest of their three children, and the only one living. The younger two were boys, Roy B. and Carl S. Case. Roy and I were born in the Cherokee Strip before it became a state. Mother died in 1911 and is buried in Monett, Missouri. Dad remarried a woman named Mary Alice Scott. I would be delighted to hear from anyone who thinks they might be related to me and promise to answer all letters.—Jeraldine Case Ryder, 2805 I St., Apt. 4, Sacramento, California 95816

Wise-Massey

I would like information on my great-grandparents. I do not know their given names but their last name was Wise. They lived on Cow Creek in Coryell County, Texas. My grandmother, Evelyn Louise Wise, was born on Cow House Creek May 4, 1867. She was married to Mont Hardin Goode of Bell County on June 10, 1886 in Gatesville. They remained in Coryell County until 1898 when they moved to the Pecos River Country of west Texas. Five of their nine children were born in Coryell County before they moved west. I think my great-grandmother's maiden name was Massey. I have always been told she was Indian or part Indian on her mother's side of the family. I have been told her father was killed by Indians in the "Big Foot Massacre" but I cannot find any history relating to this massacre. I would appreciate any information about the Wise and Massey families.—Mrs. Cecelia Goode Stirman, 8080 Greenwood Court, Denver, Colorado 80221

Lamb

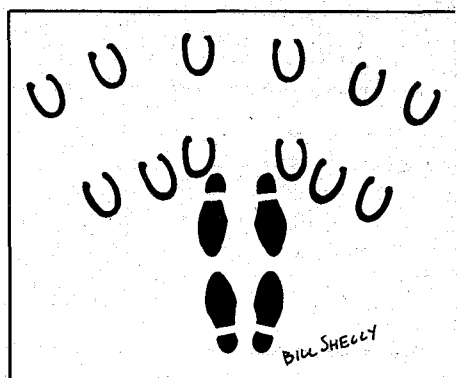
My great-great-great-great-grandfather, Thomas Lamb, was born October 11, 1793 in Derbyshire, England and immigrated to the United States in July, 1819 by way of New York with his cousins, William and Mary Davids North. He settled on a farm on Lamb Road near Millbrook in Mercer County, Pennsylvania. In 1821 he married Elizabeth Grace, daughter of John and Milcah Redding Grace who had immigrated to Pennsylvania from Ireland by way of Maryland.

Thomas and Elizabeth Grace Lamb had six children: John B.; Nancy, who married a Westlake; Mary N., who married Isaac Jacobs; Milcah, who married a Hogue; Elizabeth, who married a McLain; and Sarah, who first married Andrew Jacobs, brother of Mary's husband, Isaac, and then married a Stoddard. He helped found the Wesleyan Methodist Church near Millbrook and served as its third pastor.

Thomas Lamb also established the anti-slavery movement in Mercer County and personally aided many slaves en route to Canada. He died in Mercer County in 1881. His farm was willed to his son, John, who died in Mercer County November 2, 1893, leaving the farm to his sons, Charles and George. They sold the Lamb farm and left the area. No one has heard of the Lambs since then, and I would like to get in touch with the descendants of John B. Lamb. I hope they will be able to tell me who the parents of Thomas Lamb were, where in Derbyshire he was born and anything else they know about the family.—Gail Habbyshaw, 515 East Market Street, Mercer, Pennsylvania 16137

John H. (P.) Weaver

Since older members of my family, who might have known my grandparents, are gone, I was wondering if any of your readers might remember. My grandfather was John H. Weaver, although we have seen the middle initial listed as "P." on occasion. Born in Massachusetts in 1845, he was very young when he came to the Searchlight-Eldorado Canyon area and spent nearly all his life there. In his early years he carried mail between some of the small Nevada towns. He married Nancy Jane Riggs, daughter of Washington L. Riggs and granddaughter of James B. Riggs who came to Oregon in 1845 by way of the "Lost Wagon Train" through Meek's Cut-off.



"Pinto Kid, you're under arrest for hoss stealin'—and quit sayin' 'What hosses?'!"

John and Nancy married in 1875 in Mohave and had three children, two of whom, Laura and Frank, were born in Eldorado Canyon. Eva Ann was born in Polk County, Oregon. Nancy Jane died near Creswell, Oregon in 1898 and is buried there. John also mined and dealt in mining stocks, etc. He remarried about 1900 or 1901. Although he spent most of his life in Nevada, it is known that he was also in Arizona, California and Oregon. He died in 1922 in Searchlight.

I do hope someone can give me more information on my grandfather as this is all anyone seems to know and he must have been quite active in those exciting times.—Mrs. Glen Hulsey, P. O. Box 133, Veneta, Oregon 97487

Robinson-Pitman-Cole-Hall

George and Dinah Pitman Robinson died between 1863-1870 leaving their three children with relatives in Wisconsin. The children were: Thomas Fredrick, born June 8, 1858, Brandon, Wisconsin; Susan Mary, born January 5, 1863, Iola, Wisconsin; and Anna, on whom there is no information.

Thomas Fredrick married Marguerite Stuart-Carter Hall on January 28, 1886 in Alto, Wisconsin. I have an old photo of "Aunt Della" by a Hall grave. The date, 1773, has been pencilled in, but who is Aunt Della, and which Hall grave is she near? The Halls and Robinsons were farmers in Wisconsin in the 1800s.

I'd also like to hear from anyone who had an ancestor who served in the 49th Missouri Volunteer Infantry, Company H. in the Civil War. Barnard Cole enlisted at Mexico, Missouri, August 11, 1848 and served as captain. Timothy Cole, his brother, enlisted November 2, 1864, a private. Barnard was wounded at the siege of Spanish Fort, April-May 1865, and I would like to know more about this battle and others the Missouri 49th fought.

Th Cole family lived on the old MacKay plantation near Clarksville or Hannibal, Missouri. Relatives say Jesse and Frank James were related to the Coles, and I would like to verify this.—Bette J. Cole, 4157 West 170th Street, Lawndale, California 90260

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